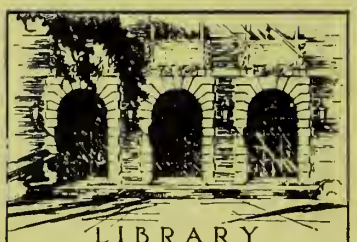
A Journey Across South America.

By Paul Marcoy.

Six Hundred Engravings.



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

From the library of
William Spence
Robertson

9918
Sa2vEr
1872
v.1

Return this book on or before the
Latest Date stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

University of Illinois Library

APR 1 5 1967

JUL 7 - 1967

JAN 1 1975

L161— O-1096

A JOURNEY

ACROSS

SOUTH AMERICA,

FROM

THE PACIFIC OCEAN TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

By PAUL MARCOY.

Illustrated with Six Hundred Engravings on Wood, and Ten Maps printed in Colours, after Sketches and Drawings by the Author.

IN introducing this important and magnificent Work to the British public, the Publishers are glad to be relieved of the necessity of presenting their own description of it, and to be able to lay before the reader extracts from the remarks made by various journals of high repute, both French and English. The following extract is from the *Saturday Review:*—

"M. Marcoy's splendid record of a recent journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, through the whole breadth of Peru and Brazil, is a work which must be seen in order to be appreciated. It is impossible by mere analysis or description of their contents to do justice to the two handsome, not to say sumptuous, volumes which transcend even what we are accustomed to consider the normal standard of a Parisian *œuvre de luxe.* Almost every page brings before the eye some illustration of the rich scenery of the tropics or some characteristic type of native physique or manners, executed in M. Riou's highest style from the writer's sketches, or engraved directly from M. Marcoy's own drawings. The letterpress, enhanced by paper of the finest tone, forms a triumph of typographical taste and skill. We would, however, by no means be understood to point to M Marcoy's *Journey Across South America* as simply an ornament for the drawing-room. It is no mere album of the gorgeous landscapes, or of the singular native models, of Brazil or Peru. The author, while keenly alive to all that is picturesque in nature or piquant in humanity, and gifted with the artist's power to set each and all in their most striking phases before the reader's eye, shows himself no less competent as an observer of all that appeals to the reason and arrests the thoughtful attention of the traveller. We find him careful, while delineating the bold outline or dazzling summit of the Cordillera, or catching the wild grace of the semi-savage of the Pampas, to note and generalize the geographical or geological phenomena of those varied regions, as well as to store up and reduce to system the facts, whether of observation or popular tradition, bearing upon the condition, the origin, or the history of their multiform population. The result of his ardent and philosophical pursuit of knowledge and adventure is to enrich our literature with a mass of matter imperfectly, if at all, accessible heretofore, embodied too in a form suited in a peculiar degree to attract and even fascinate every reader who is susceptible of the impressions of art.

"Few countries are less known to the ordinary public than the rich regions of the southern continent of the New World stretching from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. . . . We welcome, therefore, whatever means of information can be added to our slender stock, whether by the studies of philologists or by the personal observations of travellers as energetic and intelligent as the writer before us.

"In no other portion of the globe perhaps is the contrast more strongly marked between the artificial habits and modes of life imported from Europe and the primitive manners of the children of the soil. In Peru, Chili, or Brazil, the traveller has only to pass the city gates to find himself in contact with Indian tribes as rude or quaint in aspect, customs, or belief as those which greeted the gaze of Cortes or Pizarro. It is chiefly with the aboriginal population that M. Marcoy seems to have felt sympathy, and it is with a feeling of relief that he passes from the flimsy conventionalities, the tasteless fashions, or the coarse orgies of the capital, to the free and picturesque life of the Pampa and the teeming banks of the Amazon. Landing from Liverpool at Islay, the port of Arequipa, he gives us a rapid but graphic sketch of that chief city of the earthquake zone, anticipating by a year or so the terrible visitation which has since left its permanent impression upon the whole length of the South Pacific seaboard. . . .

"From Arequipa to Cuzco the traveller's route lies over the lofty passes and glaciers of the Andes, of which an impressive panorama is given by our artist. Striking near this point the head-waters of the Amazon, he followed downwards the course of that mightiest of rivers to its outfall into the Atlantic. In the terrible drifts and storms of the Sierra Nevada the traveller meets with but rare and rude halting-posts, such as the lonely hut we see figured at Huallata. Often his sole refuge lies in the rude but solidly-wrought tombs of the old Aymaras. . . .

"M. Marcoy's stay at the capital of Peru gave him an opportunity not only for the study of the geological features of the country and the varieties of its native types, but also for the pursuit of researches into the anthropology and early conditions of life belonging to those regions. His treatment of these important problems will be found deeply suggestive, as well as marked with careful and critical erudition. . . . The facts collected by M. Marcoy form valuable materials for the ethnologist, while the student of comparative philology will find much to interest and instruct him in the lists of words brought together by him from the principal Indian dialects. These features of the book confer upon it a scientific value far beyond that which we are wont to attach to narratives of travel."

No book of travels has hitherto been published in this country equal to this Work in splendour and profusion of illustration, and in elegance and luxury of paper and typography. This Translation will be found in every respect—in size, in paper, and in printing—to rival in elegance the original edition in French, so justly lauded by the writer of the above extract.

*** The Work will be printed on super-royal 4to, and published in Sixteen Divisions, price 4*s.* each; or in Four Half-volumes, cloth extra, gilt edges, price 21*s.* each.

LONDON: BLACKIE & SON, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS;
GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH

EXTRACTS FROM LITERARY NOTICES.

FROM THE ADDRESS OF

SIR RODERICK I. MURCHISON, Bart., K.C.B., D.C.L., &c.,

President of the Royal Geographical Society, at the Annual Meeting of that Society held May 23d, 1870.

"In our early days, the copiously illustrated quarto books of voyages, which were then the usual form of publication, were the delight of young readers imbued with the spirit of adventure; but the production of this class of works seems of late years to have been abandoned by our English publishers. In France, such books continue to appear, and with a profusion of beautiful engravings and a luxury of type and paper which excite our astonishment, more particularly as they appear intended for, and succeed in obtaining, a wide circulation. One of these works is the 'Voyage à travers l'Amérique du Sud,' by M. Paul Marcoy. . . . The illustrations, apparently from drawings by the traveller, are to the number of many hundreds, most beautifully engraved and printed, and the landscape views more particularly convey a vivid idea of the wonderful and varied scenery through which the author passed. A work of this nature, in two large quarto volumes, and evidently intended for popular reading, could scarcely be undertaken by an English publisher, although one would think that such books, as conveying much knowledge of distant regions, by the pictorial illustrations alone, would be well received by the British public."

From the TIMES.

"M. Marcoy has a full share of the spirit, vivacity, and garrulity which make a French traveller the most charming of companions in his own book. With sufficient science to write with intelligence and exactness of the flora and fauna of the countries he visits, of the ethnological and idiomatic distinctions which characterize their tribes of Indians, his strongest point and the chief attraction of his work is his great skill as a draughtsman. He sketches nearly everything which he describes, and gives us 600 pictures of the life, manners, and scenery which come under his eye. Such a book is a treat which the English reader does not often get. The patronage of English readers is no less munificent than that of French readers, but it seems to run in different channels. With us such an *œuvre de luxe* as this is a venture; it has to be published in half-volumes, for its commercial success can only be secured by laying it very gently on the back of the public. Yet, what better book could we have of the sort? . . M. Marcoy's pages are a shifting panorama of South American scenery. As we look through them we may light upon a party of sombrero and poncho-clad travellers galloping over the dead level of the Pampas towards the rising sun, their long shadows and the dust streaming behind them, their way marked by the skeletons of mules and horses which have perished in the waste, and on whose white bones perch troops of heavy vultures, scanning the riders with their cruel, withered eyes. On the next page we may reach a roadside *cabaret* and the Indians who haunt it; on the next a village of the Sierra, then a town and various illustrations of its holyday and work-a-day aspect, its people, manners, and buildings. Another chapter surrounds us with the dreary solitudes of the Andes; snowy peaks and high table-lands, with cold lakes lying in their hollows, stretch from horizon to horizon, and we are glad enough to turn over the leaf and to descend to the villages of Cabana and Cabanilla, deserted by their Indians, who are away searching the rivers and brooks of the neighbourhood for gold-dust or fragments of silver ore. . . . If, which we hope will not prove to be the case, the British public will not believe that there is more sound instruction in such a work as this than in a geographic manual and more amusement than in a novel, we can only say, let him alone."

From the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"This is a superb book in two thick imperial quarto volumes, with 600 engravings of the Indian tribes of Peru and Brazil, and of the landscapes, fruits, birds, flowers, animals, plants, and fish of South America. Many of the landscapes are of quarto size, almost all form charming pictures (M. Marcoy, who has travelled twelve years in South America, is his own artist), and there are few engravings in the book that are not executed in the best style of modern art as applied to book illustration. . . . We may safely pronounce this *edition de luxe* to be a most agreeable book of travel. The style is easy and pleasing, and the engravings fit well into the narrative—no small point."

From the STANDARD.

"Messrs. Blackie and Son have ventured on a reproduction from the French of M. Paul Marcoy's magnificent book, 'A Journey in South America,' the original edition of which created no small sensation when it was given to the world in Paris some two years ago. The English publishers issue it in four volumes, the book before us being the first of the set. . . . 'No work of travels has hitherto been produced in this country equal to this work in splendour and profusion of illustration, and in elegance and luxury of paper and typography,' says the preface, and we can endorse every syllable of the remark. In the complete edition there are six hundred engravings, a fair proportion of them being presented in this volume. Their variety, their excellence, their interest have never been surpassed in a book of the kind. They illustrate manners and customs, natural scenery, accidents of adventure, popular superstitions, methods of sepulture, and we have no room to say what beside. But the interest of the work does not depend on its engravings, profuse and excellent as they are. The narrative is enthralling. Never has there been given to the world such a picture of South America, in its grandeur and its depravity. . . . Facts, traditions, superstitions, geology, geography, and anthropology, history, botany, and architecture, shoulder each other through the entrancing pages of this imperial quarto, for which European science owes a deep debt of gratitude to M. Marcoy."

By M. EMILE DARIER, in *Le Siècle.*

"M. Marcoy is a type of the model traveller. No quality, no talent, is wanting to enable him to use, to the best advantage, the succession of objects and of picturesque scenes that open to his gaze. A naturalist, he describes with a master's hand the fauna and flora of these countries; an archæologist, he restores from the ruins they have left the temples and palaces, shattered monuments of the power of the Incas; an ethnologist, he carefully distinguishes each of the Indian tribes through whose territory he passes; a linguist, he gives

a specimen of their idioms, showing the differences and analogies between them; a musician, he notes down their death-songs, their laments, their dance tunes; a draughtsman, lastly, his album has furnished the originals of the engravings with which, to the number of six hundred, M. Rion has enriched the published account of his journey. His wanderings are enlivened by a good humour that is proof against every mishap, and is heightened by more than one comic incident. Less than this might account for the splendour with which the book has been brought out."

By M. PAUL DE SAINT VICTOR, in *La Liberté.*

"It is no more than the truth to say that this journey is as full of marvels as the imaginary peregrinations of Sinbad in the *Arabian Nights.* The accompanying engravings bear witness to its truth—if that could be looked on as doubtful. These strange types of humanity, these fairy landscapes, these interiors, and these pictures of eccentric customs, are evidently drawn from the life. Such things may be copied but not invented."

From the MANCHESTER EXAMINER AND TIMES.

"A more magnificent specimen of typography, or a more splendidly illustrated book, we have seldom seen, and we may add also that the record of travel which comes before us under such favourable circumstances is by no means unworthy of the brilliant treatment it receives. . . . M. Marcoy gives us an account of his journey across the South American continent. The country through which he travelled is comparatively unknown to the majority of English readers, and his descriptions have therefore, to a great extent, the charm of novelty. His vivid style has been so faithfully reflected by his translator that the most prejudiced hater of stories of travel, who will once give ear and eye, must succumb to its charm, and admit that M. Marcoy is a writer who can be copious in detail without being either garrulous or diffuse, and who can relate his personal adventures without being either dull or egotistical."

From the LIVERPOOL MERCURY

"Seldom indeed has any one journeyed with so agreeable a travelling companion as M. Marcoy. His thorough good sense, his unfailing cheerfulness, and the vein of genuine humour—untinctured with flippancy—that runs through his narrative attract the sympathies of the reader, and afford him a continual source of amusement. He does not, like some travellers, complain of the hardship he has to suffer or abuse everything that is not altogether to his taste, but philosophically takes things as they come, and makes the best of them. If he does lose his temper for a moment, it is only a mere superficial ebullition, at which he is himself ready to laugh the next moment, and to admit the reader to the same privilege."

By M. LOUIS ASSELINE, in *La Gironde.*

"M. Marcoy has rendered with a picturesque exactness these varied scenes, these noble landscapes, where plants the most marvellous intertwine with incredible vigour; these immense rivers, carrying down along with lifeless débris living alligators; these types, graceful or grotesque, which are fashioned according to patterns quite different from all the well-known models of the human head; . . . these hunting and fishing adventures, as exciting as combats; these flowers and these animals of rare form. This struggle between narrator and artist has produced the most amusing, the most instructive, and the freshest book that could enchant poor people chained to the chimney-corner by destiny, and unable to travel, alas! except in thought and by the eye."

From the WESTERN DAILY PRESS (Bristol).

"This magnificent gilt-edged, super-royal quarto describes a journey across the comparatively unknown countries which lie between the two oceans at the points where they are divided by the widest part of the South American continent. What does the average reader know of the people who reside in this great region; of the history and customs of the civilized inhabitants, the semi-civilized, and the savage; of the religion, the domestic life, the festivals, amusements, and dress of the different races? How much is known of the geology, or the flora and the fauna, of the geographical aspect of the country, with its glories of tropical vegetation, its sandy deserts, its mountains, lakes, and rivers? To even intelligent readers this vast expanse of territory is almost a *terra incognita.* . . .

"In its artistic beauty the work is an album, possessing a continuous and deep interest; while in its literary aspect it possesses merits which are very unusual in books of travel, the narrative being full of variety, the description of the scenery graphic, and the personal experiences strange and amusing."

By M. ANDRÉ LEFÈVRE, in *L'Illustration.*

"On foot, on muleback, in the native piragua, under the snow and over the ices of the Andes, across the Pampas, through the half-civilized towns and the miserable hamlets of the Conibos, Chontaquiros, and other Indians, hunting the lamantin, the cayman, the jaguar, the ant-eater, attacked sometimes by legions of fleas, sometimes by troops of peccaries, with difficulty saving his papers in a dangerous shipwreck in the unknown rapids of some nameless stream, always cool, sagacious, indefatigable, and fortified with the gaiety of a Frenchman, which gives additional point in his case to a stroke of irony—perhaps of bitterness,—our countryman has explored all Lower Peru in particular, and descended some of the most distant affluents of one of the greatest rivers of the globe. . . . Text and engravings mutually aid each other, and form a book of perpetual enchantment."

From the DAILY COURIER (Liverpool).

"This is a work of great beauty and of deep interest, affording to the reader as it does vivid delineations of an extensive region, varied in aspect, conformation, and productions, both natural and artificial, and but little known among the civilized nations of Europe. . . . The author of the book, M. Paul Marcoy, pursued his travels, observations, and researches in this comparatively unknown region and among its equally unknown people during the long period of twelve years, and in the work now under consideration he has thrown his experiences into the form of a narrative of travel and adventure across the continent of South America at its broadest parts. . . . M. Marcoy, an artist and naturalist of a very high order, has gathered into his narrative brilliant as well as vivid descriptions of the geological, mineralogical, and metalliferous formations of the vast region, together with an able exposition of its wide-ranging flora and fauna."

From the NORTH BRITISH DAILY MAIL (Glasgow).

"It is a charming narrative of travels through a most interesting portion of South America. . . M. Marcoy has all the gaiety and lightheartedness of his countrymen, without the levity of which they are sometimes accused. His never-failing cheerfulness enabled him easily to put up with all the petty annoyances that a traveller has to endure. He looks as little as possible at the dark side of things; he generally tries to catch their comic aspect so as to get some amusement out of them for himself and his readers. He has, in a marked degree, the happy knack of setting clearly before us what he has to describe, without obtruding himself as the showman."

BLACKIE & SON: LONDON, GLASGOW, AND EDINBURGH.

A JOURNEY

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA

FROM

THE PACIFIC OCEAN TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.



PAUL MARCOY.

A JOURNEY

ACROSS

SOUTH AMERICA

FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

BY

PAUL MARCOY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIX HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,
DRAWN BY E. RIOU,
AND TWELVE MAPS, PRINTED IN COLOURS, FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

HALF-VOL. I.

ILAY—AREQUIPA—LAMPA—ACOPIA—CUZCO.



LONDON:
BLACKIE AND SON, PATERNOSTER ROW;
GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.
1872.

GLASGOW:
W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS,
VILLAFIELD.

PRINTED (OR MADE)
IN GREAT BRITAIN.

F 918
La 2 v. E.
1872
v. 1

CONTENTS.

FIRST STAGE.

ILAY TO AREQUIPA.

PAGE

Ilay and its shores.—The *Vicar of Bray.*—A bachelor's breakfast.—*I pede fausto.*—While the muleteers drink, the author gossips.—The Pampas and their bones.—A tampu or hôtel bill in the desert.—Bird's-eye view of the valley of Arequipa.—Scientific details in which the general reader will feel but little interest.—Halting-places and peeps of sceuery.—A pleasant little prospect from a bridge.—Arequipa and its etymology.—Earthqnakes.—An eloquent plea in favour of the volcanic cone Misti.—Churches and convents of Arequipa.—Something about religious people in general, aud religious ladies in particular.—The streets, the houses, and the inhabitants of the city.—The fair sex of Arequipa.—Matrimonial traps.—Modes and fashions.—Iudian carpet-bearers.—Impartial *coup-d'œil* from a fountain.—Pen-and-pencil sketches.—Joys of the carnival.—A capital of 800,000 francs represented by egg-shells.—Pleasantries of Shrove Tuesday.—*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es.*—The author remembers that he has a long journey to go in a short time, ... 1-65

SECOND STAGE.

AREQUIPA TO LAMPA.

The Pampilla and its charcoal-burners.—Station of Apo.—What the traveller finds, and what he experiences on arriving there.—*The soroche.*—Occasional gossips *en route.*—Disappointment at Huallata.—A storm 15,000 feet above the sea.—Hospitality in a sepulchre.—Retrospective *coup-d'œil* of the Aymara nation.—The Lake of Gold and Lake of Silver.—Elegy on a rooster.—A night at Compuerta.—The landscape and other things worth observing.—Cabana and Cabanilla.—A priest, according to the gospel.—About a giant humming-bird and yellow Ranuuculi.—Aspect of Lampa at nightfall.—An importer of printed cottons (*rouenneries*).—Manner of honouring the saints.—Effect produced on the organs of vision by the sharp applicatiou of a bit of *foie de volaille.*—The strawberry of Chili, and its use as a stimulant.—The day after a revel.—The author resumes his journey, reflecting on the past history and the present state of the province of Lampa, ... 67-110

THIRD STAGE.

LAMPA TO ACOPIA.

The plain of Llalli.—How to soften the heart of the Indians and procure a dinner.—Affecting history of a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law.—*Manibus date lilia plenis.*—A royal courier.—If day succeeds day in Peru with little in which they resemble each other, village succeeds village with little in which they differ from each other.—*Apachecta*, a monument crowned with flowers.—Pucara, its etymology and its fair.—A sick man and a doctor.—A new balsamic preparation recommended to any good wife who has a bully for a husband.—Dithyrambic essay on the subject of streams.—Drunken

PAGE

farewells.—The curé Miranda.—A pastoral with a curious accompaniment of stone-throwing.—Santa Rosa.—A fête in the midst of the snows.—The postmaster of Agnas-Calientes.—Something that distantly resembles the marriage of Gamache le Riche.—The author discloses in a familiar epistle the blackness and perfidy of his soul.—The temple of Huiracocha.—Two miraculous crucifixes.—Useful notes on the beer of Combapata, and the manner in which it is brewed.—Remarks upon the past history of the Canas and Canchis Indians.—The question arises whether Cæsar shall pass the Rubicon.—At Acopia, ... 111–150

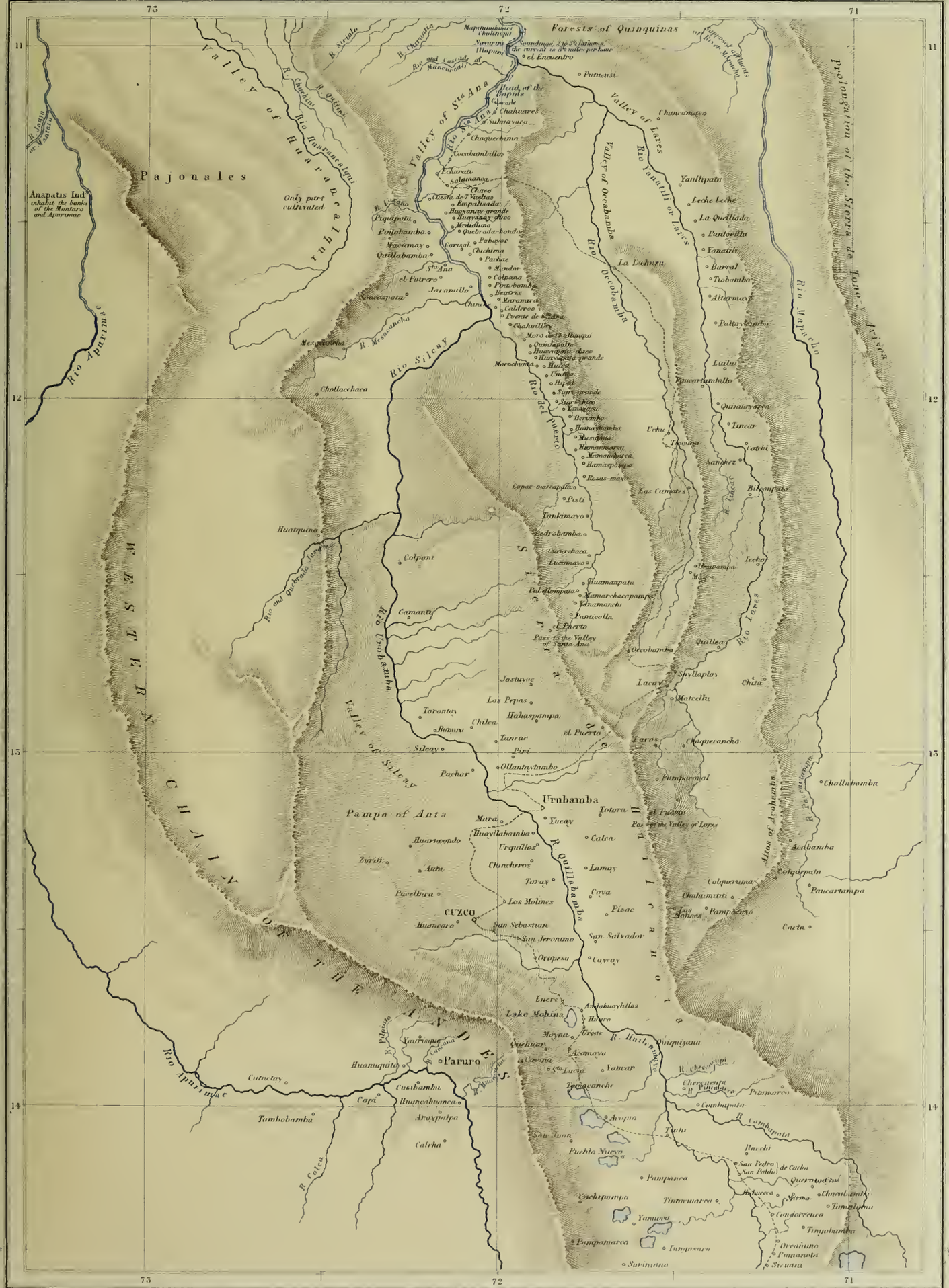
FOURTH STAGE.

ACOPIA TO CUZCO.

Dissertation on the province of Quispicanchi, which the reader may pass by.—Acopia, its pretended ruins and its tarts.—Compromising hospitality.—The widows Bibiana and Maria Salomé.—A demonstration that if all men are equal in the sight of death, they are not so in the sight of fleas.—A dream of happiness.—The Quebrada of Cuzco.—Andajes and its pistachio-puddings.—The Chingana (or cave) of Qquerohuasi.—A quarry worked in the time of the empress Mama Ocllo Huaco.—A botanical discourse which all the world may comprehend.—The traveller laments his spent youth and lost illusions.—A muleteer may be at once a herbalist and a logician.—Quiquijana and the great stones of its little river.—Something about Urcos, the chief village in the province of Quispicanchi.—The Mohina lake and its lost chain of gold.—Zoology and arboriculture.—Huaro, its steeple, its weather-cock, and its famous organ.—Valleys and villages characterized, *en passant*, by a word.—The village of Oropesa.—Why called Oropesa the Heroic.—The traveller has another squabble with his guide.—Sketch of San Jeronimo.—San Sebastian, and its noble families.—The tree of adieux.—The convent of La Recoleta, its prior and its monks.—The Corridor-du-Ciel and the Devil's Pulpit.—A monolithic chamber.—Three sorcerers of Goya in a holy-water font.—By what road we arrived among the descendants of the Sun.—Silhouette of a capital.—Last words of counsel from the lips of Wisdom in the person of a muleteer.—The author packs his trunks with one hand, while writing his memoirs with the other.—Cuzco, ancient and modern, ... 151–312



BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

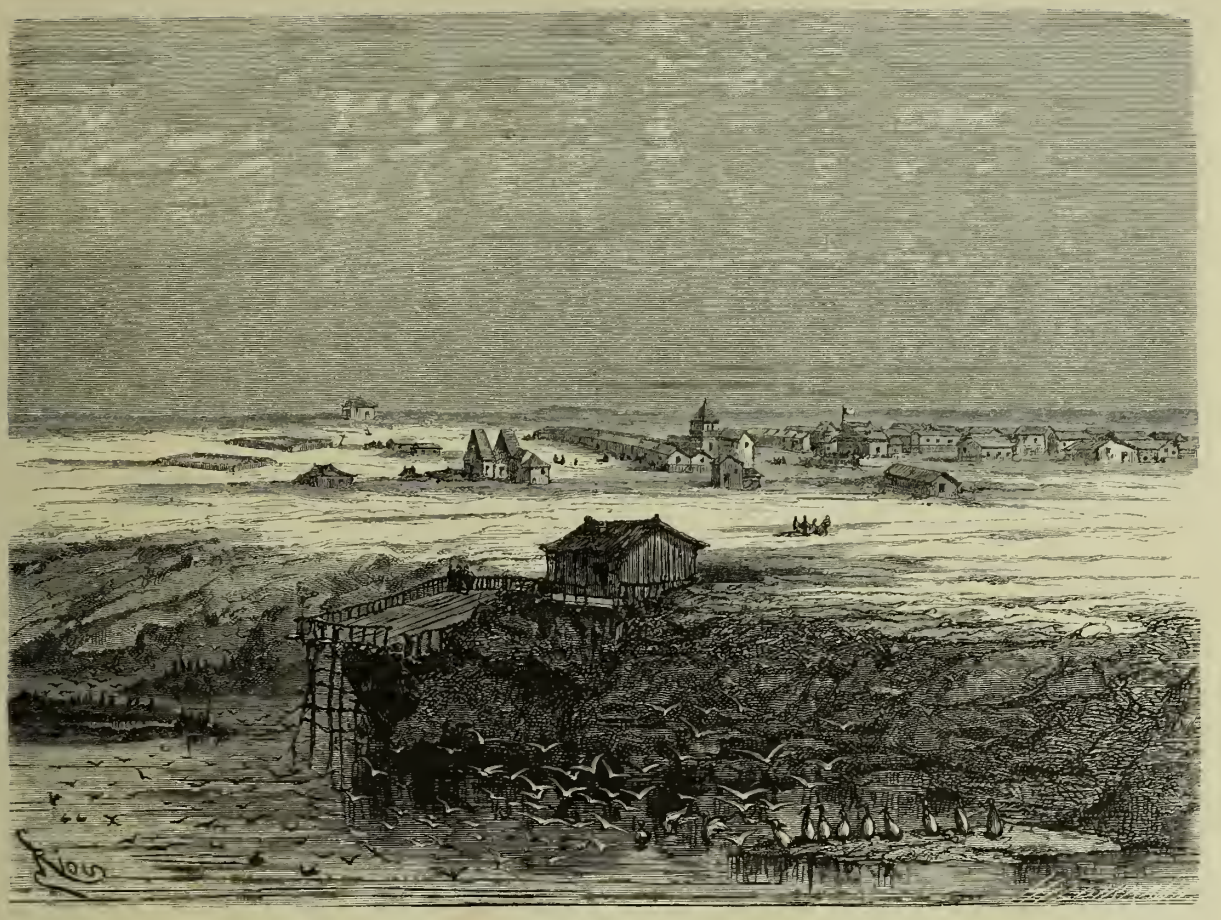

Forests of Quinquinas
Valley of Sta Ana
Valley of Huarancalqui
Valley of Occobamba
Valley of Lares
Valley of Silcay
Pajonales
Anapatis Ind
inhabit the banks of the Mantaro and Apurimac
Only part cultivated
Pampa of Anta
CUZCO
Urubamba
Paruro
Lake Mohina
Rio Apurimac
Rio Silcay
Rio Yanatili or Lares
Rio Occobamba
Rio Sta Ana
Rio Quillabamba
Rio Huarancalqui
Rio Mesacancha
Rio del Puerto
Rio Tarahuasi
Rio Lares
Rio Paucartampa
Rio Huancarani
Rio Calca
Rio Cosnipata
Rio Pinipini
Rio Challabamba
Rio Chaupimayo
Rio Chunchusmayo
Rio Pichari
Rio Ene
Rio Tambo
Rio Perene
Rio Urubamba
Rio Vilcanota
Rio Huatanay
Rio Cusibamba
Rio Huancahuanca
Rio Araypalpa
Rio Cutuctay
Rio Yaurisque
Rio Huanquite
Rio Cachimayo
Rio Chuquichaca
Rio Huaracaya
Rio Huayllabamba
Rio Vilcabamba
Rio Pampaconas
Rio Challabamba
Rio Cosnipata
Rio Pinipini


Huasta
Cuntamana
Soundings, 2 fathoms
Sierra de Cuntamana
R. Ruenaya
R. Tellaria
R. Calvaya
R. Cayattia
R. Chamajaha
R. Capoucinia
Virgin Forests
Remos Indians
Junction with Map No IV.
Sipibos Indians
Their territory terminates at Conabatos where that of the Schetibos begins
The territory of the Sipibos commences at the Rio Capoucinia
R. Apujau
R. Aguayria
Rio Ucayali
Quinata
Conibos Indians
Their territory terminates at Rio Capoucinia where that of the Sipibos begins
R. Tomaya
Tosimunco
R. Pachitea
Sacu
R. Huatpua
R. Iapijirapa
Amagaria
R. Callescen
R. Tarvita
Iacotcha
Chursia
R. Quimariana
Conibos Indians
Sipullata
Tumbuya
Paruatcha
R. Parucunchi
R. Calahuana
R. Simpa
Chontaquiros Indians
Their territory touches at Tapiche and Pachitea
R. Sicelchi
R. Manarinto
R. Sinitya
Consaya
Rio Apu Para
R. Cumaipapa
R. Apuresca
Pipichia
Virgin Forests alternating with bare and arid tracts
Soundings, 2½ fathoms
R. Pisconi
R. Sipa
Isiapintaroa
Soundings, 2½ fathoms
Chontaquiros Inds
Sta Rosa mission to the Chontaquiros
Cumaria
R. Pucria
R. Sachegari
R. Pitsitaca
R. Tsomahoa
R. Ripitsiana
Pomorogua Is
R. Pitsitaca
R. Piwaria
R. Unini
Virgin Forests
R. Mayanqua
R. Aguiene
Rio Quillabamba
R. Jahuaya
R. Tamihua
R. Pichu
R. Quintachiri
R. Quimireta
R. Pumeneta
R. Sangabachari
R. Canapachiari
Rio Camisea, Mapacho or Paucartampu
Soundings, 2 fathoms
R. Quibichate
R. Chugaruate
R. Sancavarite
R. Camperiveri
R. Panarinto
R. Pachiuta
Rio Quillabamba
R. Tangua
R. Oaviato
Antis or Campas Indians
R. Saberi
R. Tertiari
R. Simaveri
R. Tacuandinia
R. Quimariate
Soundings, 5½ fathoms
Termination of the Gorge
Cascades of the Quillabamba
Santa
Gorge of
Chanchamayo R.
Tribute Caravan
R. Yallate
Termination of Rapids
Silvicens
Mapiranum
Tupunkuiri
Santini
R. Saniche
R. Simaveri
R. Mantalo
Hinquyo Bank
Quimaveramma
R. Yavero
R. Sivinia
R. Cheriquiqui
R. Chumaiquiqui
R. Chimiate
R. Yavenate
R. Tavaquiti
R. Pachiri
R. Mamaquiti
Manaviveti
R. Tamaquiati
R. Inquiveate
Tintironi Bank
R. Ibiate
Tinsani
Talamiati
Camarinpi
Quivicampari
Pamaniate
R. Chipaleagi
R. Castiquiari
Chupalaquiri
Canari Bank
R. Sanitinia
Huantini
R. Nampiquiari
Virucamini
Rio Apurimac
Rio Tampu or Apurimac
R. Ene y Perene
Antis or Campas Indians
Inhabit both banks of the Rio Sta Ana and its tributaries as far as the Rio Bisiricaya, where the territory of the Piros or Chontaquiros Indians commences
REGION OF THE PAJONAL
This and the mountainous Region to the S from the valley of Tambopata to the head waters of the Rio Pachitea, and from the confluence of the Pangoa and Chanchamayo to the Fuerte de San Carlos, thus occupying 110 miles from S E to N W and 50 miles from S W to N E.
R. Huancabamba
R. Cheriquiqui
R. Chapo, 25 yards wide
Campaniros
Supposed affluent of Rio Mapacho
Inahui
Common Source
Junction with Map No II
Forests of Quinquinas
Rio Mapacho
Pucapaccas Indians
Sierra de Pozo y Arasca
Sierra de Huancabamba
Sierra de Tarma
Sierra de Chanchamayo
Sierra de Pangoa
Sierra de Huacamayo
Sierra de Vilcabamba
Sierra de Cochabamba
Sierra de Cochabamba
Sierra de Coch

FIRST STAGE.

ILAY TO AREQUIPA

(PERU).



PORT AND VILLAGE OF ILAY.

FIRST STAGE.

ILAY TO AREQUIPA.

Ilay and its shores.—The *Vicar of Bray.*—A bachelor's breakfast.—*I pede fausto.*—While the muleteers drink, the author gossips.—The Pampas and their bones.—A tampu or hôtel bill in the desert.—Bird's-eye view of the valley of Arequipa.—Scientific details in which the general reader will feel but little interest.—Halting-places and peeps of scenery.—A pleasant little prospect from a bridge.—Arequipa and its etymology.—Earthquakes.—An eloquent plea in favour of the volcanic cone Misti.—Churches and convents of Arequipa.—Something about religious people in general, and religious ladies in particular.—The streets, the houses, and the inhabitants of the city.—The fair sex of Arequipa.—Matrimonial traps.—Modes and fashions.—Indian carpet-bearers.—Impartial *coup-d'œil* from a fountain.—Pen-and-pencil sketches.—Joys of the carnival.—A capital of 800,000 francs represented by egg-shells.—Pleasantries of Shrove Tuesday.—*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es.*—The author remembers that he has a long journey to go in a short time.

Ilay, situated on the coast of Peru, in latitude 17° 1′ south, and longitude 72° 10′ west, is the commercial port and headquarters of the customs of the department and town of Arequipa. Its bay, of an irregular outline, may have a circuit of about three miles, and is bounded by a double range of *lomas* or low hills, of a yellowish tint and dull aspect, disposed in the form of an amphitheatre, and presenting to a third part of their height

a wall of trachytic rocks, forming a natural rampart which prevents the slipping down of the sands and marine deposits. The continued action of the waves, driven furiously against the coast by the south wind, has polished the surface of these rocks, cut perpendicularly in many places like a cliff; and at their base masses of porphyry, amygdalite, and syenite, half submerged, lift here and there their black backs above the water. At the bottom of the bay a great rock, like a ruined tower, is connected with the shore by a complicated arrangement of beams, and planks, and rope-ladders. This rock or artificial construction, call it what you will, serves to the sea-faring population as a wharf or quay, and to the custom-house officers as an observatory. The custom-house itself, represented by a mere shed built of planks, occupies one side of the scaffolding, beyond which a foot-path winding up a steep ascent conducts us in about ten minutes to the village of Ilay, built upon the shoulder of a hill at an elevation of some 600 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more desolate than the scene which lies at the traveller's feet, when, having reached the summit of this hill, he casts his eye over the surrounding country. From north to south nothing is visible but sand-dunes and craggy cliffs, shores strewed with drift-wood, long stretches of salt-petre and sea-salt, heaps of calcareous deposits, stony islets covered with guano,[1] and rocks of all forms and colours. The purity of the air, the intensity of the light, the unalterable blue of sea and sky, bring out in sharp relief all the details of the weird scenery and, leaving none of its features in shadow, impress the beholder with a sense of blinding immensity, of melancholy splendour, and implacable repose.

The Bay of Ilay when viewed from the offing is seen to be of a crescent shape, the points sharp and bent back. Viewed from Cape Cavallo on the north, or from the rocks of Ilo to the south, it suggests the idea of an immense half-submerged fish. Myriads of sea-birds, from the bloated pelican to the slender sea-swallow, which all day long hover and wheel, rise on the wing and suddenly redescend in the dazzling sunlight, complete the illusion. One might believe he was gazing on the carcass of some stranded whale, on which these voracious birds had gathered together to feast.[2]

Every year some forty vessels, bound from Europe or North America to Valparaiso and the intermediate ports, coast along the shore, and stay at Ilay a short time to receive the products of the country, which are there collected. On these occasions, for a few days a sort of galvanized life is imparted to the port and its melancholy village; the echoes, accustomed to repeat only the wailings of the wind, the murmur of the waves, and the bellowing of the seals, are awakened by drunken songs and a babble of strange tongues. Soon, however, the ship weighs anchor, and the accustomed dulness resumes its empire.

[1] Correctly, *huano*. There is no letter *g* in the Quichua idiom.

[2] Immense shoals of sardines are every year stranded on these coasts between the 14th and 22d degrees of latitude, and they sometimes draw in their wake an unfortunate whale, which is left dry on the sand, a victim to its voracity. The author himself observed this fact twice in five years.

One fine morning in the month of July—the season of winter in these latitudes—I found myself on board the *Vicar of Bray,* an honest three-master hailing from Liverpool, in company with the captain of the ship, the English consul at Ilay, and a few of the notables of Arequipa. The motive of our gathering was an invitation to lunch with the captain, which was already of fifteen days' standing. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the breakfast or lunch, which had been announced for ten sharp, was still delayed, the cook, in all probability, being hindered, like Vatel, by some small detail in his arrangements. The faces and the teeth of the invited



POINT OR SPIT OF ILAY, FROM THE SEA, LOOKING EAST-NORTH-EAST; DISTANCE FOUR MILES.

guests grew longer as time sped, nevertheless each tried to look as if he were delighted with the prospect, and cheat his stomach into believing that all was as it should be. While my companions conversed together, and their spirits rose from grave to gay, or fell again from lively to severe, I leaned against the netting, and gazed on the hills of Ilay, thinking how the wintry fogs (known in the country as *garuas*[1]) would by-and-by clear away and bring to light, for a month or two, grass and flowers, streams of water, birds, insects, and a thousand natural delights, which are there as unknown during two-thirds or more of the year as the melon in the steppes of Siberia.

At last our general anxiety was ended. One of those long drawn sighs which relieve collectively the bosom of the public when, at a theatre, the curtain is lifted after a long *entr'acte,* was breathed by our little company, when, at the sound of the bell, the steward was seen to leave the galley and traverse the deck, carefully carrying with both hands a dish, softly reclining in which, on a bed of vegetables,

[1] The *garuas* resemble the drizzly vapour commonly called a Scotch mist. They prevail on the coast of Peru from May to November, and are followed by an abundant vegetation in the region of *lomas* or hillocks—the coast country—during the months of July, August, and September.

appeared a boiled leg of mutton of a most respectable size. With hurried steps we followed this welcome apparition towards the cabin. In a few minutes it would have been difficult to distinguish any other sound than the familiar *onomatopœia* of the dinner-table broken by the furious click-click of the knives and forks, each hungry guest being resolutely bent on making up for lost time. Apart from the leg of mutton, which belongs to all countries and epochs, the repast was thoroughly English in its character, consisting of beef and smoked fish, followed by various kinds of puddings, rhubarb-tarts, and other strange preparations. For seasoning we had cayenne-pepper, West Indian cacazouèzo, Peruvian orocoto, Indian curry, and Harvey's sauce. These fiery dishes were washed down with sherry and port, beer of two kinds, and a very fair or unfair proportion of gin and brandy. Coffee that would have made all the goats of Yemen dance with pleasure was afterwards served to us in little bowls instead of cups. At length, when the sweet fumes of digestion began to mount from the epigastrium to the brain of the revellers, and their richly purpled visages expressed that beatitude peculiar to people when the craving of their stomachs has been satisfied, and cares sit lightly on them, the captain rose to speak:—

"*Señores y amigos,*"[1] he said, in a rude but intelligible Castilian, "the repast at which you have honoured me with your company is probably the last that we shall enjoy together. To-morrow, at eleven, I weigh anchor and sail for Santa-Maria de Belem do Para, where my marriage with the daughter of one of my consignees is almost decided upon. Once married, I mean to sell my ship, join my father-in-law, and become a shipowner like him. So much for the future. But these events are yet distant, and in the meantime, as the moment has arrived when we must part, you will not wonder if I refer to the wager we have before talked over, in which my conceit alone as a sailor would make me feel interested. Our friend Don Pabloy Marcoy, who while I am speaking is amusing himself, and at the same time wasting a good bit of bread, by modelling a caricature of my ship, has taken it into his head, as you know, to start for the same destination as myself, and has laid a wager that by crossing the continent from south-west to north-east, while I sail round by Cape Horn, he will arrive at the mouth of the Amazon before me. I have accepted the wager, but its amount is not yet determined. What sum shall we say then, *señores y amigos?*"

"A hundred ounces of gold," said a citizen of Arequipa who had lost his fortune by gambling, and reckoned upon a political revolution to recoup himself.

"Done for a hundred ounces!" said the captain looking at me.

"One moment," said I; "when I offered to make the bet, it was with the idea that the sum would not be inconsistent with my resources, but now that it is fixed at a hundred ounces of gold, a sum equal to about 8640 francs, I must withdraw my proposal, I can't shovel up gold like our worthy host."

"What sum then do you propose?"

"I will bet five francs."

[1] Gentlemen and friends.

"Five francs! what a melancholy jest!" exclaimed my companions.

"Gentlemen," I replied, with grave affectation, "there is nothing either melancholy or pleasant in what I propose; if the sum I offer to bet appears to you and to our worthy friend somewhat small, I will add to the amount a box of cigars."

"Do not add anything, my dear friend," said the captain, and thereupon broke down in the endeavour to hide a grimace. "Keep your five francs, smoke your cigars, and let us give up all idea of profiting by the wager, contenting ourselves with the honour. You say then you mean to start immediately?"

"I say nothing, captain, but I think that in the circumstances a challenge would be better than a wager. In the first place, the arrangement would be more satisfactory to you, sir, whose family has once given a queen to England, and who in remembrance of that illustrious past can take but little pleasure in vile lucre. In the next place, it would suit me very much better, who am but a poor devil of a naturalist, deeply interested in that same lucre, but in a position which does not allow me to risk a sum every farthing of which will be needed for the expenses of my journey. Well then, let there be no longer any question of money between us, and as you have well said, let us be satisfied with the honour, pure and simple."

"*Muy bien*, very well, very good, *Señor French*," said the English consul, "let us say no more about it, and as you do not mean to bet, I propose that we drink."

The captain made a sign, and the steward removed the empty bowls and substituted for them full bottles. The company then sat in for hard drinking; I should not like to say how much they drank, the thing would appear incredible; but when the sitting came to an end, and the clear light of day had succeeded to the dim illumination of the binnacle lamp, the cabin of the *Vicar of Bray* presented the appearance of a field of battle after an action. Not one of my jovial companions remained erect. The captain had slipped under the table; the consul had fallen upon him; the notables of Arequipa lay here and there sleeping in various postures; the glasses and the bottles had been broken in the engagement, and their fragments, like so many mirrors, multiplied the miniature scene of desolation. At my request the steward, aided by the cook, interred each corpse in one of the berths to await the hour of his resurrection. That done, I went ashore, and returned to my lodging in the house of a seal-fisher. There I felt it necessary to change my linen, which was as thoroughly soaked as if I had been in a bath with my clothes on. The brandy and gin which my companions had pressed me to drink had been poured down the sleeve of my coat instead of my throat, a trick which I had learned of a Limanian doctor, who not being able to take a drop of liquor without feeling its effects, had invented, he said, this mode of imbibition, which had enabled him to defy, glass in hand, the strongest drinkers of the two Americas.

On the next day I again went on board the vessel, to ascertain how it had fared with my companions. I found them all afoot, active and merry, and having only a confused remembrance of their lethargy of the previous evening. Tea was served upon the poop, while the sailors prepared to weigh anchor. A last toast was proposed by the captain to the success of our journey, which the company

drank with every demonstration of good fellowship. Then followed the usual exchange of hand-shakings and hearty farewells, and the captain having given me the address at Para of his future father-in-law, the ship's boat conveyed me and my friends to the landing-place, from which we watched the last preparations for departure. A quarter of an hour later the *Vicar of Bray*, leaning to starboard, and her sails filled with a rattling breeze, once more ploughed the waves of the Pacific.

Retracing the steep ascent which leads to the village of Ilay, we accompanied



SEAL FISHERMAN WITH HIS BALSERO: TYPE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

the English consul to his house. His wife and daughters, disquieted by his long absence, expressed, in guttural monosyllables, their joy at his return. After this effusion of tenderness, the ladies graciously invited us to pass the day under their roof and partake of their family dinner. Anxious to continue my journey, I declined the kind offer, and my companions, who would doubtless have accepted it, to judge by the looks of disappointment they exchanged, followed my example. Then the ladies, shocked at the idea of seeing us leave without partaking of refreshment, instantly set themselves to prepare a dish of sandwiches, which a servant offered to us all round. We washed down these edibles with a glass of Devonshire cider, and having thus concluded lunch, the consul's eldest daughter, a charming girl with golden hair, who answered to the sweet name of Stella, seated herself at the piano and gratified the national *amour propre* of her father's guests by playing the cantata

of *Manco-Capac*. My friends, the notables of Arequipa, applauded in a transport of delight. One of them, after having the air encored, began to sing the words, and the others were not slow to join the chorus. This patriotic hymn, little known in Europe, but familiar in Peru, is composed of eighteen strophes, of fourteen verses each, and ten syllables in each line, the rhymes being assonant. The words and music are attributed to an ecclesiastic of the *Sagrario* of Ayacucho. The air in the minor key, essentially plaintive and melancholy, is in harmony with the poem, in which the author laments, like another Jeremiah, not over the hardness of heart of Jerusalem, but over the extinct glories of the Children of the Sun. The execution of this national air lasted an hour and a quarter, yet we did not find it tedious: it must be confessed, however, that after every strophe the singers refreshed themselves by drinking a bumper, under the pretext of doing honour to the memory of him who had redeemed Peru from barbarism. As the wine had excited their enthusiasm, and I feared that these children of nature—who never know where to stop when once set going—might take it into their heads to dance a quadrille when the song was finished, I took advantage of the momentary silence which followed the conclusion of the last strophe to rise and bid farewell to the consul and his family. My fellow-travellers had no choice but to yield. Taking up their hats they saluted our host with an awkward air and followed me out, evidently discontented because they could not finish, in their own way, a day which promised to abound in pleasures of every kind. Our mules had been kept ready saddled near at hand. Each selected his own beast and hastened to mount. The muleteers and guides took their places at the head of the party, and we left the consul's hospitable abode, saluted as far as we could be seen by the voices and the waving handkerchiefs of the whole family. It was now about mid-day. A blazing sun inundated the sands with its intense light; every bit of mica, like the mirror of Archimedes, threw a burning ray into our faces. The three rows of wooden houses, roofed with thatch or reeds, which compose the two parallel streets of Ilay, were soon left behind us. Reaching the summit of the height we had on our right the village church, a mere shed closed during three-fourths of the year and serving as an asylum for bats. On our left were several inclosures formed by rough stones surmounted by crosses of wood, which at a distance suggested the idea of burial places, but which in fact were nothing but mule-pens. Having passed these points we descended the eastern side of the lomas and entered upon a route equally dreaded by men and beasts. This rough track, which may be correctly described as a wheel-rut cut by some gigantic vehicle, was covered to the depth of a foot with trachytic ashes swarming with fleas. It is known as the Quebrada of Ilay. A quebrada be it! but as the gloomy heights which flank it on either side completely intercept the breeze, the temperature is like that of an oven, and it is only the literal truth to say that it was with difficulty we could breathe at all. As we plodded on our monotonous way we absolutely panted for fresh air.

For two hours we traversed the quebrada, marching in Indian file, and keeping a melancholy silence, in strict harmony with the desolate aspect of the place, and imposed

upon us by the dread we felt of swallowing the dust raised by the beasts we were riding. In the midst of the general lethargy the guides alone exhibited an occasional sign of life by abusing the tardy mules. Their cries, mingled with abusive epithets and blows of the stick, played staccato to the bass of the locusts concealed in the brush-wood which occasionally bordered the road.

Happy were we to recognize some signs at last that our troubles approached their end—the hills which bordered the horizon northward and southward began to diminish in height, and open out wider and wider expanses, until in fine they sunk to hillocks. Soon we felt the sea breeze on our faces; the rising lands and the road presented a succession of steep ascents, which put us under the necessity almost of climbing. According to the muleteers we were now approaching a place called the Olivar, the natural frontier which separates the quebrada from the pampas, the valley from the plain, the belt of ashes from the region of sands. The local Flora, represented by the vanilla-scented heliotrope (*Heliotropium aphyllum*), with here and there a stunted and twisted olive and a few grasses, looked as if she meant to smile upon us under the mask of dust which hid her visage; but the smile had something so mournful in it, that instead of responding we pretended to look elsewhere as we passed along, and the poor goddess of flowers was snubbed for her advances.



Vanilla-scented Heliotrope of the Lomas in the Ashy Region of the Quebrada.

The road continued to rise, and after passing some difficult zigzags, it led us to a little plateau of an irregular form which commanded a view of the surrounding country. An *ajoupa*, formed of a ragged mat supported by stakes, occupied the centre of the space. Under this tent, so to call it, were some women in rags, and children in the only clothing furnished them by nature, squatting in the midst of their pots and pans. A low table or stall furnished with broiled fish, ground pimento, and a kind of sea-weed called by the Indians *cocha-yuyu* (sweetness of the lake), indicated one of those open-air restaurants so common in Peru. These provisions, nicely sprinkled with volcanic ashes, looked far from inviting; but muleteers are not, as a rule, dainty folk, and do not trouble themselves about such details. In the roughest manner they demanded of the hostess a double ration of these dusty viands, which they washed down with a jug of chicha. As customary before commencing the journey across the pampas, we stayed a few moments in this place to rest the mules, for which purpose we dismounted. While our attendants devoted themselves to their repast, my companions lighted their cigarettes. Leaving them to have their smoke, I went to the edge of the plateau, which, at an elevation of some 5000 or 6000 feet, enabled me to look upon the scenes through which we had passed, and which I was now leaving never more to return.

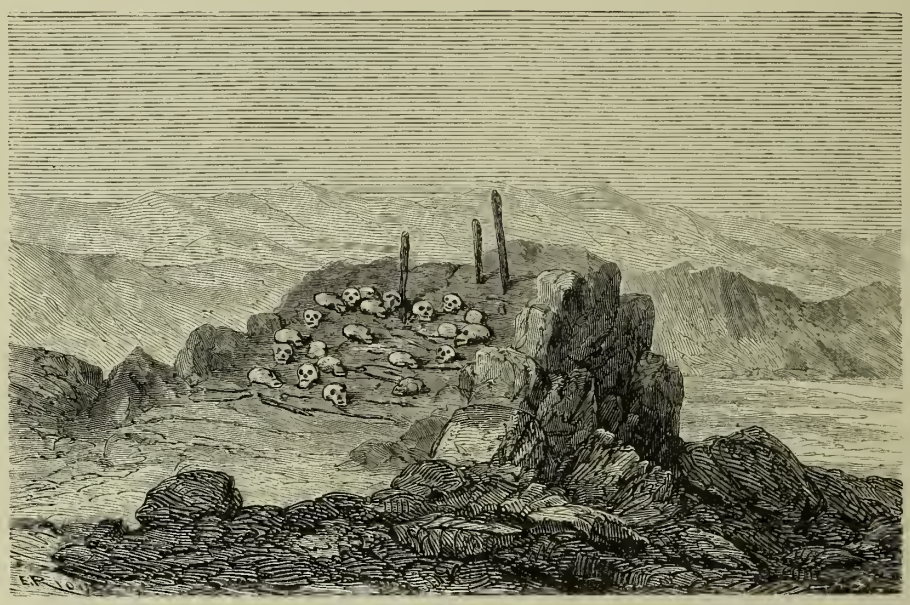
Far as the eye could see, from the foot of the plateau on which we stood to the ocean, was one uniform gray, traversed by irregular veins of a brownish colour; the numerous hills which embossed its surface, resembling at this height and distance those *phlyctænæ* or blisterings of the soil which so frequently occur in the neighbourhood of volcanoes. From the north to the south extended the line of saline hillocks (*lomas*) which bound the shore between the tenth and the twenty-third degrees of latitude.



RESTAURANT OF THE QUEBRADA OF ILAY.

Their summits and flanks presented in places a yellowish tint, which would be changed to bright green by the first fogs of winter—those fertilizing vapours which are formed during the night, and vanish again before the next day's noon. The purity of the atmosphere enabled me to distinguish at an immense distance all the features of that vast landscape. In the south I was able to make out, as a black line traced on the horizon between the double azure of sea and sky, the point of Cola and the rocks of the valley of Tambo, whose river, dry during the summer, rolls in its wintry torrent, and under its muddy waves, enormous masses of rock detached from the mountains. A little in front appeared the coasts of Mejillones and of Cocotea, with their terrace of shelly banks, their beds of guano, and their hill-sides pierced with sepulchres (*huacas*), in which, sleeping their last sleep, are thousands of mummies. Every point upon which my eye fell recalled a halt, an episode, a discovery.

Here I had lived for weeks in the company of the Llipis Indians of the great desert of Aeatama, upon nothing but sea-weed, water-melons, and shell-fish, the only food to be obtained in these regions; there I had witnessed from the height of the dunes, and without the power of aiding but by useless shouts, the shipwreck of the American hermaphrodite-brig *Susquehannah*. Farther off, in midst of the shifting sands, like a eonieal islet, the hill of Aymaras was diseernible, with its ossuary older than the Spanish eonquest, where I had eollected so many fine phrenologieal speeimens.



AYMARA OSSUARY, A FEW MILES SOUTH-SOUTH-EAST OF ILAY.

Still farther, in the south-east were the desolate lands of the Arenal, with their deposits of guano eomposed of fish,[1] unknown till then, and to which I had made it my business to eall the attention of the learned. Around these spots—landmarks which enabled me to appreciate the duration and the oeeupations of past years—extended eraters strewn with the einders, scoriæ, and pumiee of the aneient voleanoes whieh dominated this shore at unknown epoehs, and near whieh Captain Frézier in his survey of the eoast in 1713, Alexander Humboldt and Bonpland in 1804, and Monsieur A. d'Orbigny in 1836, passed without diseovering that they existed.

Looking towards the east the picture varies a little in its aspeet. A region of dreary sands, diversified with *cerros* or low rounded hills steeply inelined towards the west, sueeeeds to the voleanie ashes, and eloses the horizon like a barrier.

[1] The stranding of fish, observed in the reign of the first Incas, still occurs every year at fixed periods. The inhabitants of the coasts of Atica, ninety miles north of Ilay, and those of Mala and Chilca, under the fourteenth degree of latitude, in former times fertilized their lands with these fish, not possessing, like the people of Ilay, a resource in the guano of birds. At present, all make use of the latter compost, even in the Sierra. The thousands of fish stranded on the shores, not being utilized by the inhabitants, infect the air until they are dried by the sun. This ichthyologic detritus has formed deposits a mile and half in extent, and from three to four feet deep. The sand, the shells, the shingle, and the veins of sea-salt with which it is mixed, indicate that the sea must have covered these lands before the formation of the existing shores.

These stony heaps, formed of blocks of a quartzose or silicious grit, and of the débris of volcanic rocks and sediment, rolled, heaped up, and agglomerated by the mighty waters in their retreat from east to west to regain their bed, had often furnished me with curious specimens of the metamorphosis of rocks. Each of these detritic masses is distinguished by some fantastic name, as the "razor," the "dove," the "two friends," &c., which I had not yet had time to forget. At their base, on the edge of some trench or furrow, might be seen perhaps a few ricketty cotton-trees, olives, or figs, of a grayish tint rather than green, and scarcely distinguishable from the rocks themselves but for the shadows which they cast.

An overwhelming sadness possessed me as I gazed on a scene barren even to nakedness, dried up even to calcination, and which recalled, both by the character of its soil and the form of its mountains, the struggle of the two elements which had successively desolated it. The old and eternal conflict between the Dragon and the Hydra, between fire and water, was inscribed in every possible character upon its melancholy surface, grotesquely striped with brown, gray, or dingy buff, and everywhere of a cold, forbidding dulness in spite of the torrents of light which the sun, now in its meridian, poured down upon it. In contrast with these dull and dusty hues, which no doubt a geologist would have admired, but from which an artist would have turned his eyes in despair, two smiling, luminous colours—the pure blue of the atmosphere and the blue of the sea—could not fail to arrest the eye. At the moment when I turned towards the latter to look a last adieu, two specks might be discerned, though scarcely visible, in its vast extent. The one was a ship running almost due south—it was probably that of our friend the captain—the sails of which at this distance looked like a bit of white down carried away by the wind; the other was a steam-ship, which, with her prow turned northward, left behind her an almost imperceptible trail of smoke.

The muleteers having finished their collation, clubbed together to pay the expense, an operation which took up some little time, owing to the slowness with which each reluctantly paid his part. We then remounted our beasts, and turning our backs upon the group of hostesses, directed our steps towards the Pampas of Ilay, a sea of sand some 60 miles across and 180 in length, whose waves, so immovable yet so mobile, resembled to the eye those of the ocean which once covered the plain. With the view of crossing the plain in a diagonal direction we had set our faces to the north-east, and given the rein to our steeds in order that they might choose their own pace, it being important above all things to economize their strength. The intelligent creatures profited by the circumstance to break their ranks and re-form in column, a strategic disposition which mules prefer, I know not why, to the square of Ecnomus, the pig's head of Alexander, and even the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. This movement having been effected with remarkable precision, each animal sniffed the air strongly, bent down his ears, stretched out his neck, and fell into step behind his companion, the muleteers simply muttering their discontent.

A journey across this desert is not without its dangers. The wind of the ocean ploughs its surface, and continually changes its aspect. From morning to evening, from hour to hour, there is no more rest for these sands than for the waves themselves.

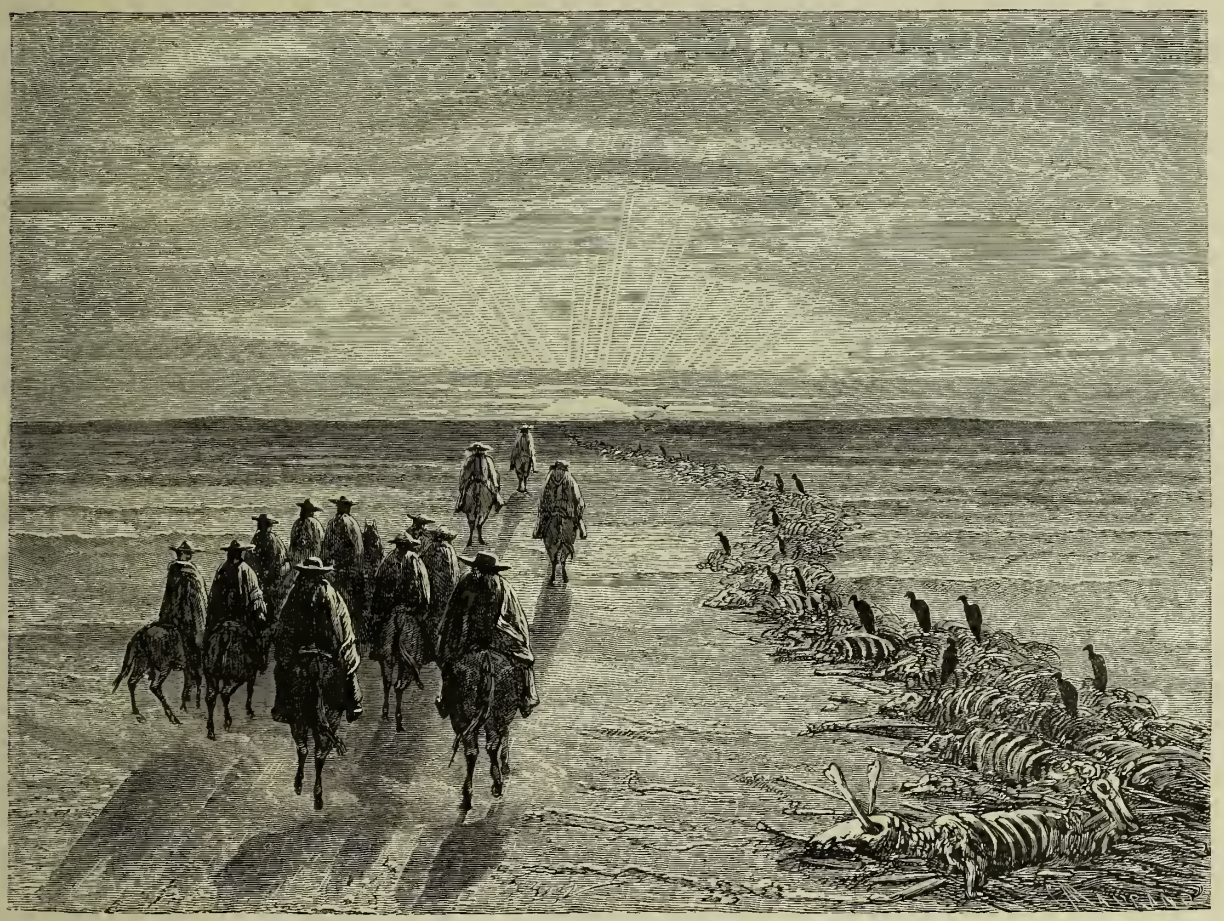
Cavities open, hillocks are heaped up, ridges form, only to close, to fall in again, to be dispersed, and succeeded by others like them. In order to steer their course over this uncertain sea, the pilots of the pampas observe the position of the sun by day, and of the stars by night. These are sure guides which never fail them, but their path is also marked out by the bones of animals that have perished in the endeavour to cross the plain. These sad landmarks indicate by their position to the right or to the left, their proximity or their greater distance, that the traveller is more or less in the right track. For this reason they are always descried with satisfaction, notwithstanding the mingled disgust and pity which the sight of them provokes. I am speaking now of disinterested and intelligent travellers. As for the mercenary and hard-hearted muleteers, these bones, recalling so much lost capital, rather provoke their ill-humour than any show of tenderness.

We had already continued our march a considerable time, often sounding the depths of the pampas with a searching glance without discovering anything that resembled a carcass, when a cry which parodied that of the antique sybil, "The bones, see the bones!" was uttered by a veteran *arriéro* at the head of the column. All turned their eyes towards the point indicated, and southward, at the visual extremity of the plain, it was possible to discern a whitish belt which resembled those veins of saltpetre or of sea-salt so frequently to be found in these latitudes. Acting upon the advice of our leader, who asserted that we ought to pass to windward of these forsaken carcasses, we bent our course to the right, and went to reconnoitre them.

Grouped in little heaps, and disposed in a single line which lost itself in the horizon, these bones were more or less blanched, more or less polished, according to the lapse of time since the death of the poor animal who had owned them. In a certain symmetry which marked their arrangement I could not fail to recognize the hand of man, although our attendants, when I made the observation, seriously assured me that it was all the work of the wind. When, however, I showed them that some of the heads of the horses and mules were adorned with thigh-bones stuck in the cavities of the eyes or ears, and that there were other grotesque arrangements of the same character, our facetious friends burst into a laugh, from which I concluded that these mournful attentions which they had set down to the account of the wind, were really the work of their own hands, or of comrades like them.

The further we advanced the more evidence we saw of recent débris added to the old, which at length they entirely covered like an alluvial bed. Some of the bones were still clothed with blackened flesh and dried integuments; some entire skeletons, perfect models of the living form, recalled to my memory the horse ridden by Death in the Apocalypse. Other carcasses still retained their skin, and under the skin, which sounded like a drum, and was as tight as an umbrella, troops of vultures (*Percnopterus urubu*), the accustomed guardians of these solitudes, had taken up their abode. Following the example of the rat of La Fontaine, who made his nest in a Dutch cheese, these rapacious birds, having first eaten the flesh of the beast, make a house of his inside. At the noise caused by our approach they came out from their dens one by one, fixed upon us their cruel, withered eyes, and returned into their holes

when we had passed. The more curious or the more starved among them would perch himself upon a rib or thigh-bone, as upon a branch, and with oblique looks seem to watch the pace of our mules, as if speculating on the chance of one being left on the road. If so, their expectations were disappointed; our poor beasts, although they carried their tails between their legs and their ears bent, were able to continue their journey without accident, to the no small satisfaction of their owners.



LANDMARKS OF THE ROUTE ACROSS THE PAMPAS TO AREQUIPA.

No incident occurred during our further progress. The sun, after it had almost grilled our heads and necks, at last went down behind us, and had almost disappeared when a gentle breeze from the Cordilleras began to blow across the plain. At first our lungs inspired it with delight, but at the end of an hour the light wind became a sharp cutting blast, and we were glad to wrap ourselves in a woollen cloak in addition to the poncho of white cotton which we had worn during the day. We marched thus till ten o'clock, through a deepening obscurity which the "clearness that falls from the stars" changed into twilight. Just then a black mass loomed before us a little in advance, and we recognized the *tampu* or caravansary of the pampas. Our mules recognized it also, and lengthening their steps soon pulled up at the threshold of that desert hostelry, where it was customary for travellers to halt for the sake of resting their beasts rather than themselves.

The *tampu*, which the Quichua Indians now improperly call a *tambo*,[1] is a long low wooden house, divided into several compartments and covered with a roof of boards. The micaceous sand of the plain serves for a flooring, and as that sand is the residence of myriads of microscopic but voracious fleas, the traveller, instead of repose, should he attempt to rest, finds himself on a bed of torture, if we may judge from his cries of rage and his angry movements. Setting this inconvenience aside, the tampu has the merit of forming a central station in the desert which separates the village of Ilay from the city of Arequipa, and of standing 3917 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean.

The point we had reached gave us the exact measure of the distance we had travelled. From noon till ten o'clock we had got over about thirty-three miles, or half the length of the entire distance. This journey, short as it may seem, had nevertheless pretty well used us up. The heat, the saltness of the atmosphere, the intense reflection of the sands had produced on our persons the most deplorable effects. We had red noses, cracked lips, and a pulse as furious as if we were suffering from an attack of fever. An hour longer in that burning sun and we must have been roasted to a nicety. The idea of a halt for only a few minutes gave us an infinite sense of relief. Leaving to the guides the care of unsaddling our mules we entered the inn, and found a profound silence reigning there. An opening in the wall of the building, without a door, led into an apartment in which it was impossible to see anything for the darkness. By beating a tatoo upon the walls we endeavoured to arouse any one who might be sleeping in the place; and in fact, awakened by the noise, the master of the hostelry was not slow to call out. To his questions we replied in two words, "Fire! water!" A moment afterwards the man appeared carrying in one hand a bottle with a lighted candle stuck in it, and in the other a pail of water and a goblet, for the possession of which we almost struggled with one another. Having quenched our thirst, we inquired if the place contained any victuals which would prevent us from dying of starvation. It seemed long now since we had tasted of the consul's sandwiches. Our host replied that his available provisions consisted simply of six chickens, alive indeed, but ready to be sacrificed at a sign from us. We, however, not trusting to his interpretation of any sign we could make, roared our acquiescence in an unmistakable manner. Our host bowed, demanded an hour's respite to awake his wife, light the fire, and kill, pluck, prepare, and serve the chickens with an accompaniment of rice and pimento. We granted his request; and by way of passing the time some of our company thought they could not do better than cut with a knife upon the wooden walls of the tampu, their names, and the date of their visit; while others cooled their faces with fresh water, and, in the absence of cold-cream, anointed them with tallow.

At the expiration of the appointed time our host reappeared, bearing an earthen dish in which, in the midst of a plentiful supply of clear liquid, floated small morsels of the devoted poultry. A wooden spoon was then given to each of us, and seated

[1] The Quichua idiom, altering by degrees through its contact with the Spanish language, has changed its terminations *cu*, *hua*, *pa*, *pi*, *pu*, &c., into *go*, *gua*, *ba*, *bi*, *bo*, &c. &c.

in a circle round the smoking viands, we scrimmaged our best. Our host, discreetly withdrawing into a shady corner, watched the repast, and no doubt felt his self-love as a culinary artist immensely flattered by the ardour with which we wielded our spoons. When the dish was thoroughly cleaned out we threw down our spoons and asked for the bill. Our host had written it out in chalk upon a piece of wood



TAMPU, OR HOSTELRY OF THE PAMPAS.

while we were eating, and he now presented it with an obsequious air. It ran as follows:—*Vel-agu,* 4·16—*Chup-suma,* 60·80. Interpreted thus:—

Vela	(candle),	4 reals.
Agua	(water),	16 reals.
Chupè	(soup),	60 reals.
Suma	(total),	80 reals.

As we had not comprehended this little bill in its abbreviated form, we began laughing, but when our host proceeded to explain the thing we laughed no longer. The tallow candle in the bottle was charged four reals,[1] the pail of water two piastres,[2] the chicken-broth represented seven piastres and a half; in a word, the cost of this sumptuous repast amounted to some two pounds sterling. A European unaccustomed to the country would certainly have abused the landlord and made a great noise about the matter; but my companions, born in the country, and myself, resident there for many years, judged the matter differently, and paid without a word, but also without giving the least *pourboire.* Our host appeared by no means hurt by the voluntary omission, but pocketed the sum and went out, improvidently leaving his dish behind him, which we carefully buried in the sand.

While this was passing in the interior of the tampu, our attendants, remaining

[1] The value of a real is about 6½d.

[2] The value of a piastre is about 4s. 2d. or 4s. 3d.

outside, had managed to take a comfortable nap winked at by the stars, leaving the mules which they had unsaddled to roll on the ground with their feet in the air, and make up by such gambols for the fodder and water they wanted. We woke the fellows up and made them saddle the beasts, a march through the pampas by night being preferable to one by day, as it enabled them to bear an amount of hunger, thirst, and fatigue which would have been insufferable in the heat of the sun. Our Palforio, who had not yet discovered the loss of his dish, assisted the muleteers in their preparation for departure, and did not return into the house until he had seen us in the saddle.

On leaving the tampu we headed for the east. The wind no longer blew from the Cordilleras, but the air was fresh and bracing. Our mules, quite restored by their short repose, were in capital spirits, taking advantage of which we made them go at a fair pace. About five o'clock a clear whiteness appeared in the sky, the stars paled their lustre, the day began to break. Soon a ruddy orange tint spread over the soil of the pampas, now become firm and compact. In a few minutes the disc of the sun appeared above the horizon, and as we marched full in the front of the god of day, we found ourselves in the midst of a luminous torrent, which so dazzled and incommoded us that to escape from this new torture we doubled ourselves up like hedgehogs. This anomalous and inconvenient posture rendered us unjust to the claims of the rising sun. Instead of welcoming his appearance with transport, we were inclined to curse him; and in the meantime, notwithstanding my own feeling about the matter, I could not help laughing at my Peruvian attendants, who in so many words sent to the devil the god they worshipped. It was not till eight o'clock that the star of day, now high above the horizon, permitted us to raise our heads. The chain of the snowy Andes rose grandly before us, cut by a zone of cerros, which bounded the pampas eastward. We now pursued, in Indian file, the narrow, sinuous, and difficult path which wound at the base of these singular formations. This barren region presented nothing living to view but tufts of cactus (*Cereus* and *Opuntia*) shrivelled and cracked by the drought, with a few gray lizards and a great number of turtle-doves. Of the latter we counted three or four varieties. The turtle, like rats, lice, and fleas, must be reckoned among the plagues of the country. It not only devastates the fields of maize and wheat, but fills the air with its continual lamentations. This melancholy bird lodges and bewails itself indifferently in any corner. One finds it in the midst of the volcanic cinders of the sea-coast, in the quartzose sands inland, among the rocks of the Sierra, beneath the trees of the sultry valleys, and even in the poetry of the Quichua rhapsodists, who, not contented with calling the silly bird *urpilla-chay* (darling turtle), compare it to the women of their nation, a figure of speech, by the way, of which I do not recognize the propriety.

The singular region which we were now traversing, and which stretches from seven to eight degrees in length by three miles in breadth at most (if one could fly across it as the turtles do!), cost us the loss of two weary hours, to say nothing of the heat and dust which we had to endure. But we were well repaid for these troubles

by the seene whieh lay before us when, having rounded the last eerro, we found ourselves upon the esplanade whieh serves as the floor, if I may so speak, of these mineral formations. At our feet lay the valley of Arequipa, a profound ravine, some 500 feet deep, about six miles in breadth, and forty-five miles long in the direetion seen from this point. Carpeted with green of various shades, it was dotted at every vantage-point with villages, farms, and country-houses, while through its eommingled light and shade meandered two rivers which entered the plain from opposite points, approaehed eaeh other, lovingly wound their way side by side for a eertain distanee, and at length merged their waters in one full stream. The whole eastern side of the valley was bounded by the first plateau of the Western Andes, that vast pile of snowy heights whose higher pathways seemed to seale the heavens. Two sierras, conneeted with the prineipal ehain of mountains, to which they served as buttresses, loomed up in front. That on the right named *Pichu-pichu,* was serrated like a saw, the other on the left, ealled *Chachani,* rose perpendieular as a wall. A spaee of about sixty miles in eireuit separated the two masses, and from the centre of that area, sloping from east to west, sprang in all its native majesty and its unrivalled eonfiguration the eone of Misti,[1] one of the finest volcanoes whieh erown the Andes at various points from Tierra del Fuego to the equator.

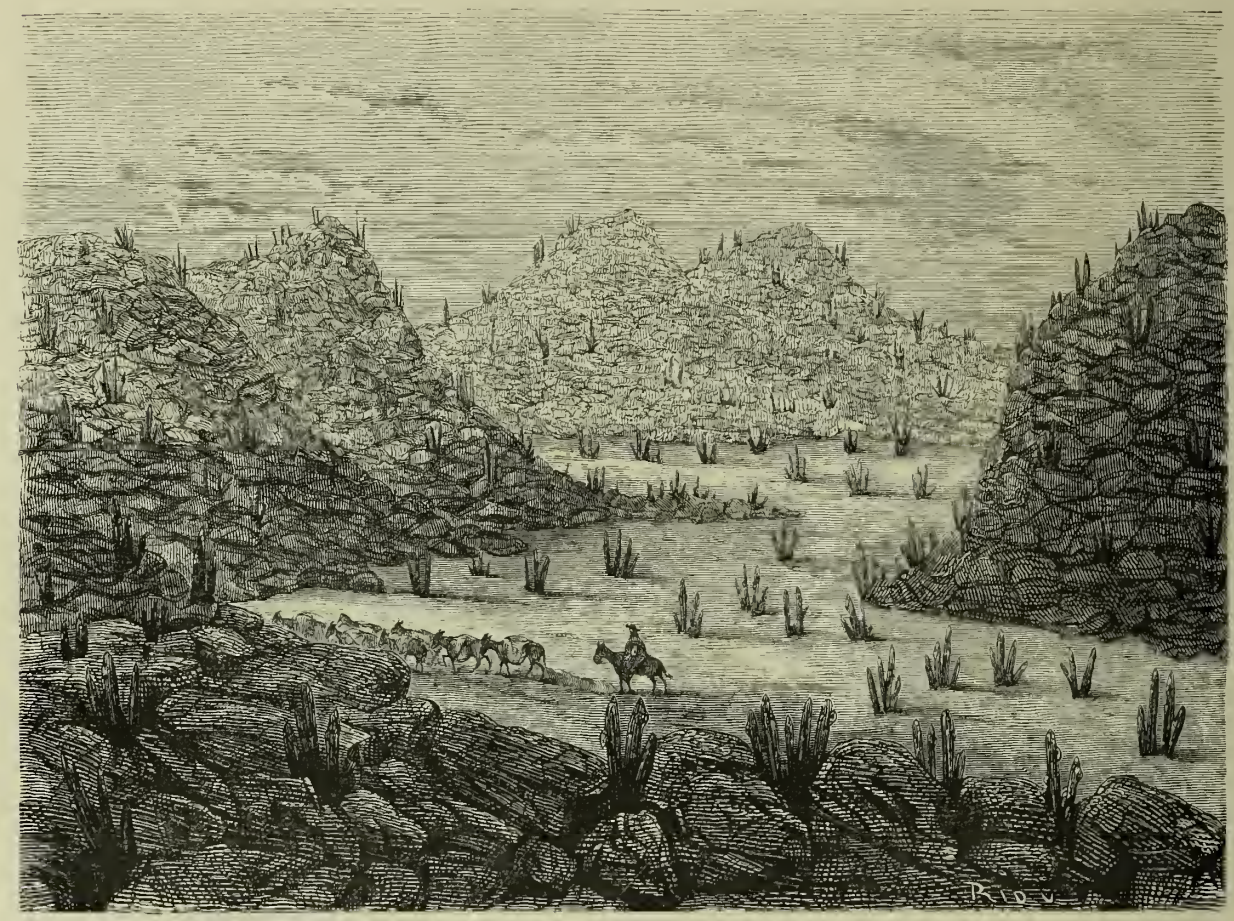


CEREUS CANDELARIS AND OPUNTIA.

The valley of Arequipa was diseovered in the commeneement of the thirteenth eentury by the fourth Inea, Mayta-Capac, who, following the example of his predecessors, left his eapital Cuzco with a view of extending the bounds of the empire, and of rallying to the worship of the sun the unsubdued tribes who peopled the littoral, and the snowy sierra. After subjugating the Aymaras of the plateau of Tiahuanaeu in higher Peru, he had traversed

[1] Modern geographers have mistakenly substituted for the *Misti,* which rises above the valley and city of Arequipa, the *Huayna-Putina,* which they call *Guaga-Putina,* and place on a branch of the Western Andes; while, in fact, this volcano is situated on the main chain, in the valley of Moquehua, above the village of Omate—that is to say, about ninety miles south-east of Arequipa. Having pointed out this threefold error, I will only add that the Misti, which some travellers have tried to ascend, is forty miles in circumference at its base. Its height above the sea is 15,223 feet; above the Tampu and Pampa of Ilay it measures 11,306 feet; and above the central Place of Arequipa, 8545 feet.

the double chain of the Andes above the sources of the Apurimac to reduce to servitude those of the Aymara nation who lived in the environs of Pari Huanacocha (Flamingo Lake), under the fifteenth degree. These two expeditions having been completed, the Inca was traversing the foot of the Western Cordilleras when he came by chance where the Sierra of Velilla opened to this valley of Arequipa, then uninhabited and called Coripuna (the plain of gold), from the name of a volcano, now



REGION OF CERROS OR RUGGED HILLS NEAR AREQUIPA.

extinct and covered with snow, which rises on the borders of the provinces of Cailloma and Arequipa.[1]

We are ignorant, and the Spanish chroniclers were as ignorant as ourselves—for they say nothing about it, and are not the people to keep a secret—what aspect that valley presented, deprived of inhabitants and denuded of culture, at the epoch when Mayta-Capac took possession of it in the name of the Sun, his divine ancestor. But the continual rising of its level during the period of volcanic activity of the Huayna-Putina—which, as explained on a previous page, must not be confounded with the Misti

[1] By the side of this volcano, the cone of which is perfectly regular, rises another named the *Padre Eterno*, now extinct like the *Coripuna*, and like it covered with snow from the summit to the base during the whole year. They are both situated in the same parallel as the volcano (*Misti*) of Arequipa at the foot of the chain of the Western Andes. They are distinctly visible from the descent of the Recoleta, near the bridge of Arequipa.

—a period which comprises the eruptions of 1582, 1600, 1604, 1609, 1687, 1725, 1732, and 1738, allows us to suppose that in the thirteenth century the depth of its bed must have been double what it now is, its slope from south to north very slight, its temperature more elevated and more equal; while as to its flora and fauna, they were the same, with the exception of a few species, as they are at the present day.[1]

The actual physiognomy of the valley is characterized by an inclination of 7113 feet, reckoning from the Sierra de Characato, where it begins, to the vale of Quellca fronting the ocean, where it terminates after a course of ninety-six miles. Its vegetation in a temperature which varies from 39° to 90° Fahrenheit, presents successively barley, rye, and the quinoa (*Chenopodium Quinoa*) of cold countries, wheat and maize, the fig and



PÉONS OF THE VALLEY OF AREQUIPA.

the raisin, the olive and the pomegranate of southern Europe, and the sugar-cane and banana of the tropics. To the traveller who arrives panting and covered with dust on the threshold of that region of cerros, this long strip of verdure, sweetly softened by the distance and varying its aspect each league, is like a land of promise, a peep of that fertile Canaan which at length terminates the desert. It rejoices his soul, renews his strength, and has the effect on his sight, scorched by the hot reflection of the sands, of an extended shade of green taffeta.

This fertile valley, so remarkable on many grounds, so picturesque in its entire aspect and details, has nothing, or next to nothing, to offer to the naturalist. Its flora and its fauna, together with those of the environs of Arequipa, are meagre in the extreme, and the catalogue of plants and animals which they comprise would not take long to draw up. Let us take, hap-hazard, and without troubling ourselves with the methodic order established by science for the classification of families, the specimens which present themselves to us in descending from the hills into the plain.

In the region of cerros, which bounds the valley on its western side, there grow

[1] The *Ardea alba*, or white heron, and the *Phœnicopterus*, or flamingo, observed in the time of the first Incas, have long since disappeared from these countries.

two varieties of cactus—the *Cereus peruvianus* and the *candelaris*. Every crevice in the rock, every joint between two stones, gives foothold to a bundle of these cacti, powdered with dust or ashes, and the gray rather than green tint of which adds to the sadness with which the aspect of these places impresses us. Here and there clumped at the base of the cerros in the sands a prickly pear (*Cactus opuntia*), rough and deformed, vegetates in company with a few grasses and a dwarf caryophyllaceous plant of the genus *Silene*.

Lower down, the order of the *Malvaceæ* is represented by a single Hibiscus, with a pale lilac flower, and three varieties of the genus *Malva*, having properties more or less medicinal. The large Indian cress (*Tropæolum majus*) tapestries the moist rocks and the crumbling remains of old walls. This is the ivy of the valley; its leaves, beautifully green, are almost as large as those of the water-lily (*Nymphæa*) of Europe. Nothing can be more charming than their foliage when the rain of the night or the dew of the morning has transformed every leaf into a casket of green velvet filled with liquid diamonds.



Farmer (Chacarero) of the Valley of Arequipa.

The order of the *Compositæ* counts in the valley seven or eight very distinct kinds. At their head figure the *chilcas* (*Vernonia*) and the *callajas* (*Baccharis*), the thickets of which cover great spaces, and supply the inhabitants with wood for fuel. After these come the genera *Onoceris, Actinea, Aster, Helianthus*, and *Chrysanthemum*, represented by poor-looking plants with sea-green almost rigid leaves, and flowers of a more or less lively yellow, growing on the side of the roads. An *Onagraria*, which the inhabitants call *tumbo* (*Fuchsia gigantea*), has a flower eight inches long, of a delicate pink colour, and forms in some places masses of surpassing elegance. In the neighbourhood of this plant, with its pendulous stalks, grows a shrub, of from five to six feet in height, of the family of *Papilionaceæ* and the genus *Amorpha*. Its flowers, growing in loose spikes, are of a bluish lilac, and have only one petal, the standard or vexillum.

The *Mirabilis jalapa* (*rubra*), or belle-of-the-night, is the only individual of the family of *Nyctaginaceæ*. In the shallow water on the margins of running streams, and mingled with *Alismaceæ* and some *Hydrocharaceæ*, grow three varieties of *Hydrocotyles* —the *quinqueloba*, the *multiflora*, and the *gracilis*—a celery and a cress, both eatable, and some *Junceæ* or reeds. Some additional specimens increase the catalogue as we descend towards the valleys of Utchumayo and Victor, which continue under other names that of Arequipa as we approach the Pacific.

The fauna of the valley is scarcely richer than its flora. In the order of *Carnivora*, family of the *Cheiroptera*, we only know of an insectivorous bat, very similar to the species in Europe known as the long-eared. It lurks during the day in holes of the walls or under the thatch of roofs, and leaves its den at twilight to commence the chase of its prey.

The first group of the digitigrade *Carnivora* numbers only one individual of the weasel species, which dwells in the crevices of the cerros, from whence in the night its odour spreads far and wide. The country people call it the *zorrino,* or little fox. I have nothing further to say of this animal, as I have not seen it; but I have smelled it more than once, and feel justified in promptly dismissing it.

In the order of *Rodentia* or gnawers, genus *Cavea,* the guinea-pig figures under the name of *coy,* and has been famous since the time of the Incas. The natives keep it in their dwellings, as did their ancestors, and eat it with all kinds of sauces. Its flesh is most delicate; its fur, in the wild state, is of a bluish gray, with a touch of white, something like the chinchilla. Other individuals of the order, less appreciated than these by the natives, are the surmulots, or rats of the country. These animals go in bands of ten or a dozen; their colour is a reddish brown; their length about ten inches, without reckoning the tail. In a single night they have been known to destroy a whole field of maize, by gnawing through the stalks and wasting the grain. Besides these surmulots we find the true rat, a little larger than our *domestic* kind, and remarkable for its singular voracity, if I may judge by the fact that one of them began gnawing my thumb when I was asleep, making a wound the scar of which is still visible.

Passing from quadrupeds to birds, the order of *Diurnal Raptores* is represented by a vulture, the *Percnopterus urubu,* which clears the country of carrion and every kind of uncleanness. Next below him is an individual of the falcon tribe, of the sparrow-hawk kind, who wages a war of extermination against young chickens. In the order of *Passerinæ Conirostres* two individuals may be mentioned, a crested sparrow of a dull colour like that of our common sparrow, and not less impudent in its manners, and a warbler with ashen gray plumage, white eyelids, and a black patch on its forehead. The tribe of *Dentirostres* comprises a blackbird with yellow beak and claws, called by the natives *chihuanco,* and the *chirote,* with a breastplate of fire (*Turdus militaris*). Of the wren family I have seen but one individual, whose plumage is of a dull olive tint, varied with white and brown spots.

Two varieties of doves frequent the valley commanded by Arequipa: one the size of a thrush, the other not bigger than a skylark. The plumage of both is very nearly the same. It is of a bluish ashen colour, with some warmer tones of yellow and a ring of rainbow hues around the neck. The eyelids are azure, the beak and feet of a pinky orange. These birds commit great ravages in the barley-fields; as do the troops of dwarf parrots, whose plumage is of a uniform green.

From October to February, the beautiful spring days and the heats of summer attract into the valley two varieties of humming-bird (*Trochilus*) of a greenish-brown colour, and a swallow with a white rump. These birds return to their homes in the Victor, Majes, and Camana valleys, when the first autumn rains and the snows which fall upon the Sierra have cooled the atmosphere.

In the frozen waters of the rivers and brooks, along the margins of which hops a species of rail (*Macrodactyle*), is to be found a gray frog called by the inhabitants *sapo-de-agua* (water-toad), no doubt to distinguish it from an enormous batrachian found

in the fields, and which they call the land-toad. These waters support, besides, some very fine crayfish, and a single fish of the carp family (*Cyprinus*), called by the natives *peje-rey*, the fish-king.

On coming to the end of this nomenclature, at which perhaps the reader has scarcely deigned to glance, I find that I had almost forgotten the reptiles of the country, and more especially the saurians. Yet the valley of Arequipa possesses two little gray lizards of very lively habits. Their omission, indeed, would not have been a very serious matter, as we do not usually keep a strict reckoning of our friends, and for a long time the lizard has been recognized as the friend of man.

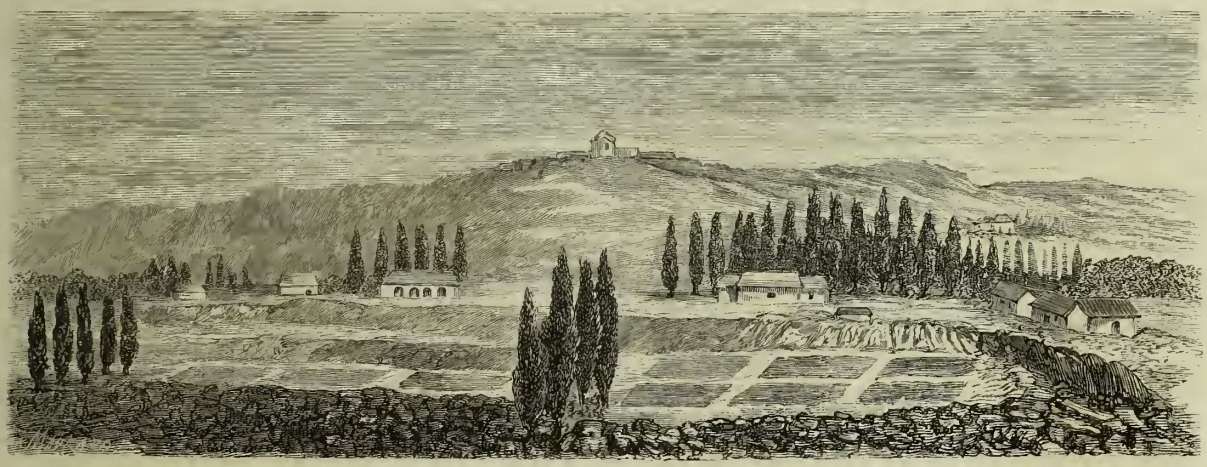


A Farmer's Wife (Chacarera) of the Valley of Arequipa.

A narrow path, forming a steep descent, led down into the valley on the left bank of the Tampu, one of the two streams by which it is watered. We crossed by a ford opposite Ocongate, a group of cottages shaded by a species of sallow, pointed in form, and so closely set as to hide with a verdant curtain the base of the hill on the summit of which stand the church and houses of Tiabaya, a small town once renowned for its drinking and dancing festivities. Till now the difficulties of the ground had compelled us to march in column; but on turning a hill we found it possible to deploy into line upon a fine and perfectly level road, bordered by cultivated fields, and the ranchos of the Indians. Henceforth we had to fear neither hunger nor thirst, neither sunstrokes nor shifting sands, and the sense of this relief gave to the conversation of our friends a turn which became more and more sportive. The muleteers, gratified at having brought their cattle in safety through the difficulties of the way, bawled their delight in ear-splitting shouts and melodies. One sang a ballad the subject of which was the delight of revisiting one's family and friends after a long absence, and at each return of the refrain—for this ode to native-land had a refrain—the very mules neighed and threw up their heels, as if they too had a domestic hearth and a family circle awaiting them. In this joyous mood we arrived at the hamlet of Sachaca, composed of less than a score of poor huts built in the sheltered crannies of a trachytic rock which bars the road. It is at Sachaca, so say the legends, that the sorcerers, the goblins, and elves of the environs are wont to assemble on moonlight nights. Unfortunates wearing cravat-wise the rope with which they had been hanged; others who had been flayed alive, dragging their bloody skins after them; and the decapitated carrying their heads under their arms, figure in these *réunions*. All that is grotesque and revolting in the world of imagination throng the paths, eat, drink, and dance, play with the bones of the dead upon the gaping coffins, and vanish into thin air at cock-crow. In vain the inhabitants of Sachaca have had recourse to the exorcists of the country to disperse these nocturnal phantoms; in vain they have placed crosses and sacred bushes over their doors. The sorcerers have burned the crosses to cook their broth, transformed the bushes into brooms, and notwithstanding all the enchantments of their rivals in art, have remained

masters of the place. To this day Sachaca is an accursed spot, at the sight of which the good women sign themselves with the cross under pretence of kissing their thumb, and which no man would dare to pass at midnight unless he had drank enough to forget his usual prudence.

As it was now eleven o'clock in the morning, and sorcerers and owls do not show themselves by daylight, our muleteers halted at Sachaca to drink a jug of the native beer (*chicha*), which they say is excellent. Our friends, curious to verify the fact, caused some glasses to be served; but notwithstanding their pressing entreaties, I refused to drink, not from any repugnance to that particular beverage, which I prefer to stagnant water, but because I feared—and the reputation of Sachaca sufficiently



VILLAGES OF OCONGATE, TIABAYA, AND UMARO.

justifies the fear—that its beer, brewed under a malign influence, might act upon my reason like the juice of the lotus, or the moly of Homer, and detain me for ever in a country which I had arranged to quit on the morrow about this very hour.

From Sachaca to Yanahuara, three miles distant, the road is admirable, and the country cultivated with great care. Fields of maize, clover, and potatoes, squares of golden grain, streams bordered with well-grown willows, mud-built houses coloured white, blue, or pink, combined to form a landscape upon which the eye rested with pleasure. Here and there, in arbours formed of trailing gourds loaded with their pale yellow fruit, and surmounted with a pennon of the Peruvian colours, the sign of a rural cabaret—town cabarets have only a wisp of straw for their emblem—men and women in many-coloured garments, with complexions like sepia, and hair flowing down upon their shoulders, swallowed their favourite drink, strummed their three-stringed guitar, tootled a cracked pipe, and frisked merrily about, now embracing, now gourmandizing, now dancing again to the accompaniment of shouts and bursts of laughter, mingled with oaths, and ending in their dropping off to sleep with their heads under the shade of the arbour, and their feet in the sun, in such attitudes as would have sent a painter of *genre* into ecstasies. These exhibitions of local manners, to which my companions paid scarcely the least attention, familiar as they were with them from child-

hood, gave me, I must confess, the greatest pleasure. My curiosity and my philosophy were alike gratified. Pictures so artistically composed, so rich in colour, so alive with movement, charmed my eyes at the same time that they supplied me with serious subjects for reflection. I found myself surprised into silent disquisitions upon the nature of man in general, and in particular upon that of these indigenes, happy under the shadow of a gourd which served them at once for house, tent, and sunshade. "Happy people!" I said to myself, as I jerked the bridle of my mule, "whose appetite



HAMLET OF SACHACA.

of hunger is satisfied with a pumpkin; a people worthy of the age of gold, content to dine on a potato roasted in the ashes, to sup on a raw onion, to forget the very necessity of eating, provided they get something to drink, and pass through life to the sweet sounds of the flute and guitar, without disquieting themselves about a battered hat, or a ragged pair of breeches; who regret nothing, and are ambitious of nothing, not even of a new shirt, though it may be the first of January, and the one that has been worn for a year may be dropping off their backs; whose only fault—a very innocent one—is to organize an *émeute* once a month, and set up a new president of the republic. Alas!" I concluded with a sigh, "to what Nova Zembla, or what Papua, innocent of civilization, would it be necessary to direct one's steps to find a worthy parallel to such a people!"

Beyond Yanahuara, a little village remarkable for nothing but its name (black breeches) and its springs of sparkling water running in granite channels, the houses are closer together, and border both sides of the road. Drinking places now become



A RURAL CABARET ON THE ROAD FROM SACHACA TO YANAHUARA, SHADED BY GOURDS.

more frequent, their white and red streamers waving in the air like the wings of flamingoes. Troops of llamas laden with dried figs, pimento, charcoal, or rock-salt, mingle in busy contact with convoys of asses and mules. Indians of both sexes pass to and fro chattering with emulous loquacity. As we advance, the crowd and the noise augment; songs, too, are heard in the distance, which, mingling with this tumult, impart to it a joyous and holiday-making aspect. These people throng the approaches of a great city. Suddenly, on turning from the Recoleta—an advanced post of squalid and blackened houses, where the chicha brewers smoke night and day like chimneys—a rapid fall of the ground brings to view, in a perspective of dazzling light and pure azure, the city of Arequipa, lying at the foot of the great volcano Misti, and crowned as with a diadem by the snows of the Sierra. The *coup d'œil* is magical. Nothing more beautiful was ever seen at an opera. Mexico in its plain, Santiago du Chili, backed by the Cordillera de Mendoza, could alone for splendour of prospect furnish a parallel to it.



Chola Washerwoman.

From the Recoleta we descended towards a bridge of six arches by which it communicates with the city. This bridge, which has somewhat the look of a Roman aqueduct, crosses at the height of more than a hundred feet the bed of the river Chile, the sister stream of the Tampu, which flows by Ocongate. A furious torrent when swelled by the melting of the snows, the Chile during the rest of the year is nothing but a common brook haunted by carp and crayfish, where the washerwomen of the city come to beat their linen, to a noisy accompaniment of shouting and singing. As these admired "cholas" wear short petticoats and chemises very loose about their necks, numbers of loungers (*aficionados*) come every day between the hours of three and six, under pretext of a promenade, to loll upon the parapet of the bridge and watch the women in the river. For three mortal hours these genteel loiterers lean on the parapet ogling the women, and delivering themselves of observations more or less piquant, all the time spitting in the water to make rings. There were none of these gentlemen on the bridge, however, when we passed, nor did a single short-petticoated chola exhibit herself on the banks of the river. This, however, surprised us little: just then all the clocks of the city were sounding the mid-day hour, at which time, when the sun is beginning to glare too fiercely, the citizens take a siesta in their houses, and the washerwomen, leaving their linen and their soap to the care of Providence, go to enjoy a jug of beer under the shade of the cabaret.

The first street into which we enter after leaving the bridge is the *Calle del Puente*, a long narrow avenue of stone buildings, the trade of which chiefly consists in provisions and drink. Every house in the street is a shop where black olives, unctuous cheese, butter put up in bladders, dried fish, fag-ends of salt pork prepared in fat, salads chopped small like minced meat, and fritters soaked in treacle, are exposed to the admiring gaze of the passengers in a state of mingled disorder, which is nothing

less than the effect of art. Leathern bottles of wine and tafia (a kind of rum) here and there showed their rounded forms. The odour which exhales from these dens of indigestion would make a European sick; but the native sniffs it with delight, gifted as he is by nature with a voracious appetite, and a stomach strong enough to digest glass-bottles.

From the *Calle del Puente* we hastened with our mules at full gallop to the great square (*Plaza Mayor*) of Arequipa. Several streets radiate like the spokes of a wheel from this place as a centre. Having to proceed in opposite directions to regain our respective dwellings, we halted at this spot as with common consent, conscious that the hour of separation had at last arrived. The dinner on board the *Vicar of Bray* rendered quite superfluous a farewell festivity, which, according to the custom of the country, my friends had not been slow to offer me. Under the circumstances they contented themselves with clasping me in their arms, while their eyes were more or less filled with tears according to the degree of affection which existed between us. "Write to us"—"Write to me"—"Yes, I will write"—were the last words which we exchanged. A quarter of an hour after this affecting scene the door of my house, situated in the Rue de Huanamara, closed upon me.

Here I find myself obliged to open a parenthesis to beg the reader's pardon if I do not invite him into my parlour, for I wish it to be understood that I really enjoyed that luxury. It was a vaulted apartment with two holes in the roof for the admission of air and light; the walls, of granite, were three feet thick and were painted yellow. The floor was paved in a geometrical pattern with black and blue and white stones. But my parlour, otherwise not unworthy of notice, is at the moment of which I write turned inside out, as the saying is. The furniture is concealed under packages; the floor is encumbered with baskets and boxes, a fine layer of dust covers everything, and the spider, taking advantage of my long absence, has stretched his web from angle to angle of the walls. It being impossible, under these circumstances, to find so much as a chair to offer my reader; and being unwilling to leave him standing in the street till the hour of my departure, I beg permission to escort him through the city, and substituting action for description, give him certain details about Arequipa which he would seek in vain in geographies, itineraries, and guide-books.

Two Spanish chroniclers of the seventeenth century, Garcilaso de la Vega, and the reverend father Blas Valera, explain the etymology of Arequipa in the following fashion. When the Inca Mayta Capac, says Garcilaso, had discovered the valley of Coripuna, some of the Indians who accompanied him, charmed by the beauty of the sight and the agreeable temperature, expressed their desire to establish themselves here. "Since the place pleases you," said the Inca, "*ariqquêpay*,"[1] that is, "by all means remain here."

Three thousand men, it is said, remained.

[1] Those who are inclined to put faith in this etymology will at least permit me to observe that the word *ari-qquêpay*, by corruption *arequipa*, formed from the affirmative particle *ari*, and from *qquêpay*, the imperative of the verb, may be understood in two distinct senses: the verbs *qqueparini* (to remain behind), and *qquepacani* (to contain within certain bounds, understood of capacity or extent), both make *qquêpay* in the imperative.



THE CITY AND VALLEY OF AREQUIPA—FROM THE HEIGHTS OF YANAHUARA.

Valera simply observes that the word Arequipa signifies "sonorous or loud-sounding trumpet." In the idiom of the children of the Sun *quêpa* does, in fact, mean a trumpet, but the affirmative particle *ari* does not express any idea of sonorousness. We believe in this etymological guess the least.

During two centuries, Arequipa, a simple Indian village, like its neighbours Sucahuaya and Paucarpata, which date from the same epoch, was governed by curacas or caciques nominated by the reigning Inca. In 1536, on the 5th of July, Pedro



THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE AT AREQUIPA.

Anzurez de Campo Redondo, one of the adventurers who followed Pizarro into America, destroyed the village, and built a city in its place. Since that period, Arequipa, eight times partially destroyed, and thrice overthrown from its very foundations by earthquakes, has twice changed its site. Let me, however, hasten to say, for the honour of the Misti at whose foot the city is built, that this volcano is by no means responsible for the calamities which have befallen the city. The author of all its evils is the Huayna-Putina of the valley of Moquehua, a fire-belching mountain which geographers of robust faith have transported into the valley of Coripuna.

The most violent eruption of Huayna-Putina took place in 1609. The first signs of the volcanic tempest were hollow rumblings beneath the earth's crust. These subterranean disturbances, accompanied by ear-splitting claps of thunder, were followed by torrents of rain, which continued to fall for fourteen days. Then the volcano began to eject cinders, stones, and sand in such masses, and to such an extent, that the light of the sun was obscured. This frightful tempest continued for forty-five days. The city of Arequipa was completely destroyed, and, as well as its valley, was covered

with a thick bed of ashes. The neighbouring rivers, obstructed by sand and stones, changed their course, leaving upon their shores thousands of dead fish, the corruption of which occasioned a pestilence in the country. Beyond Quellea, at the mouth of the valley, the waters of the sea, to a distance of ten miles, were turned to a grayish colour; and Lima, the royal capital, at a distance of more than 600 miles, could count, by the reports which from minute to minute shook the ground, every throe of the agony suffered by Arequipa.

The present city, occupying an area of about 26,000 square yards, is far from being symmetrically laid out. It is divided into five quarters, which are subdivided into eighty-five blocks (*îles* or *cuadras*), giving a total of 2064 houses for a population of about 17,000 souls. The number of cabarets is 928, a figure which at first may seem very high, but will not be thought extraordinary if we bear in mind the burning thirst of a people who live and multiply over a volcano. The quarters of the city, respectively named Santo Domingo, San Francisco, San Mercedo, San Agustin, and Miraflores, have each a church and a convent for men; besides which, there are three convents for women, a Béguinage under the protection of St. Francis, and a house of spiritual exercise, where, during the "holy week," the fair sex of Arequipa come to flagellate themselves in remembrance of the passion of our Lord. The idlers of the city, aware of this circumstance, are accustomed at night to station themselves under the windows of this pious abode, to listen to the blows of the whip which the women apply to one another in the darkness, accompanying the operation with sharp cries.

The churches and convents, constructed for security against earthquakes, present little that is remarkable in architecture. The walls are built of stones to half their height only; all the rest is woodwork, plaster, or loam. The interior arrangement of the convents is always in the form of a square more or less perfect, with a quadrilateral cloister, from which open the cells. The plan of the churches is that of a capital T, the ancient Tau, or a Latin cross. For the most part they have only a nave without side-aisles. Their vaulted roofs, which rise from forty to fifty feet above the ground, are sometimes strengthened by double arches, and supported by walls, generally smooth, from seven to eight feet thick. In an architectural point of view, the interior of these churches is no doubt a little naked, but that nakedness is more than redeemed by the ornamentation of their façades, where the architect, no longer fearing to compromise the safety of his work, has combined, according to whatever rule he finds most convenient, egg-and tongue mouldings, volutes, cauliflowers and chiccory, fire-pots and balustrades, urns and columns, aeroteria and terminals, such as characterized the Hispano-Lusitanian taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. All these toys, which at a distance one would think were turned rather than sculptured, are whitened with lime-wash, and being placed on the salient points of the straight lines as upon shelves, have the look of those ivory chessmen which are carved by the Chinese and the people of Dieppe.

If art and taste are at fault in these monuments, they are supplemented by a grand display of wealth. Gold and silver, precious stones and rich draperies, are

lavished with prodigality upon the altars and vestments of the images. The Christs—there are many in the Peruvian calendar, such as the Christ of Earthquakes, of Remedies, of the Faithful, Dead, &c.—are dressed in skirts of point-lace from England, and have crowns of the *Acacia triacanthus*, each thorn in which is composed of an emerald five inches long; the nails which fasten the image to the cross have diamond heads, and furrows formed of rubies imitate the blood of the wounds. The blessed Virgins, still more numerous, are dressed in farthingales or hooped petticoats, with court mantles of velvet, brocade, or embroidered satin; head-dresses adorned with streamers; turbans surmounted with feathers, collars of pearls, ear-rings of brilliants, jewelled rings on every finger, watches with chain and charms, brooches and scent-boxes, pocket-handkerchiefs of lace, and fans covered with spangles.



CHOLO OF AREQUIPA.

Seeing such magnificence complacently exposed to the public eye, a stranger who visits the country to seek his fortune is astonished that the petty thieves of Arequipa—who are as numerous, by the way, as the shop-keepers and costermongers themselves—have never yet thought of working this rich mine. One cannot help asking, What scruple or what motive can keep these *chevaliers d'industrie* with their hands idly tucked in their pockets? It is simply their wholesome terror of committing any outrage upon Holy Church. As for the huaso, the cholo, or any other ordinary specimen of mankind, very little would be thought of strangling him, or cutting his throat for the sake of emptying his pockets; but to steal a wax candle from a church is what these conscientious vagabonds would never dare to do, for fear of hell and eternal fire. Such an article of faith, let us admit, is most admirable! Unhappily, sooner or later it is sure to be undermined. The day will come, if it has not already arrived, when these sons of the soil, civilized by contact with packet-boats, steamboats, and transatlantic cables, will seek to rival the pickpockets of Europe, and depend upon it, their first essay will be a masterstroke.

The churches of Arequipa, often destroyed and rebuilt, are for the most part from two to three centuries old. The cathedral alone, which occupies all one side of the Plaza Mayor, is of quite modern date, having been built to replace the old structure consumed by fire—the work of an incendiary—in 1849. This structure measures about two hundred feet square, and is crowned by two wooden towers with rather squat-looking pyramidal roofs. Eight massive columns of the Roman Ionic order, and many smaller engaged columns, decorate the façade. The central entrance under this is surmounted by a pediment suitably ornamented with an acroterium and other architectural devices. Two porticoes, decorated with numerous Corinthian columns, spring from either extremity of the edifice, which is pierced with numerous windows, and whose total height from the ground to the attic near the apex of the roof may be from forty to fifty feet. This massive structure, square at the base, square at the

roof, virgin white with lime-wash, and glistening with cactus gum, stands out with singular boldness against the ultramarine blue of a sky almost always unclouded.

Notwithstanding the imposing appearance of the modern cathedral, it is impossible not to regret the destruction of its predecessor, whose walls of mouse-coloured gray harmonize so well with a style of architectural adornment on which the architect had lavished all his resources of taste. There was no salient point of the old edifice, however slight, which did not support a vase or some other kind of finial. That erection, however, possessed a greater treasure than its wealth of architecture, or the splendours of its sacristy, in its gallery of portraits of bishops, which consisted of nineteen pictures magnificently framed, all destroyed by the fire of 1849. The portraits represented the whole line of bishops who had succeeded to the spiritual government of Arequipa from the year 1614, arranged in chronological order. The figures were of full-length size, painted by native artists, and remarkable for this peculiarity, that the first of the series having served in arrangement, design, and colour as a model for the painter of the second, the subsequent artists had also thought it their duty to follow suit, so that every picture during two centuries had been an exact copy of those which preceded it, and the portraits were so scrupulously alike, so perfectly identical, that one might have supposed only a single picture existed, which was multiplied nineteen times by means of mirrors. While we grieve over the loss of this precious collection of clerical Dromios seated on gilded thrones, all draped in the same fashion, placed in the same attitude, holding the same book, and looking at the same spot, we cannot but lament the indifference of the Peruvian government in regard to danger by fire. Such an institution as firemen are unknown in the great cities of this republic.

After the churches come the convents, massive and commonplace buildings, which owe nothing to architectural art but the semicircular arches of their galleries. Without the stone cross over their gates, they might be easily mistaken for ordinary private dwellings, their exterior appearance is so poor, cold, and naked. Let me, however, hasten to say that this architectural poverty is not strictly symbolic; all the convents are rich, and they do not conceal the fact. Why should they attempt to do so? every one knows within a few reals the amount of their income, and what profit they derive, one year with another, from the haciendas which they possess in the valleys.

Besides its wealth in property and hard cash, in the costly ornaments and jewels which adorn its chapels, every convent possesses in its archives and its library, composed of some hundreds of works, often of a rare and precious character, a treasure of which the value is far from being appreciated. The monks, occupied with divers cares, have no time or inclination to bestow a thought on these dusty volumes. They are equally slow to offer any facility to others who would care for them, and it needs a powerful recommendation to be admitted with a view to literary research. By way of compensation, however, the convent cloister is open to all the world. From the hour of six in the morning to six in



THE GREAT SQUARE AND CATHEDRAL OF AREQUIPA.

the evening any one who pleases may walk up and down in the agreeable shade, and there read or smoke his cigar at pleasure.

From the containing vessel let us pass to the thing it contains, from the monastery to the monk. Though under the ban in Spain, he enjoys in Peru the highest possible consideration. As in the happiest days of his history, the monk is the adviser of men, the confidant of women, the friend of every house, the welcome guest at every feast. The sight of his frock, so far from inspiring sad and mournful ideas, is the immediate cause of mirth and gaiety. The amiable and tolerant religion of the monk is no hindrance to his enjoyment of the social board or the dance, or of whatever besides that serves to make life pleasant. Like a man of the world (from whom he differs only in costume), the monk comes and goes at pleasure, and in all respects enjoys an unlimited liberty of action. Like other people, he has his reception days and his circle of friends. In his cell, transformed into a drawing-room, chocolate, liqueurs, and cakes go the round, politics and music, religion and literature, take their turn; nor are the virtues of the fair sex excluded from the conversation, which is accompanied with a guitar and cigarettes. In a word, one enjoys in the monk's cell every lawful pleasure, though seasoned with I know not what grain of ecclesiastical scruple, which only augments its savour.

The monastic rule, much more severe in the communities of women, does not permit them under any pretext to cross the threshold of the convent where they have pronounced their vows. Even for a doctor to visit them in case of illness needs a dispensation from the bishop. A gardener is the only male individual whose presence is tolerated in a convent, this happy exception to the general rule not being a man in the eyes of the *religieuse*. Thus secluded beneath the shadow of their lofty walls, these holy women, who one might suppose wearing out their lives in prayers, tears, and mortifying ceremonials, nevertheless pass a sufficiently agreeable time. Their little cell is a thoroughly comfortable apartment, where each nun enjoys as much luxury in drapery and furniture as the fortune of her family (upon whom the cost of her installation exclusively falls) can afford. Each has her library, her pet birds, her guitar, her little garden of rare flowers, and even her bosom friend, or adopted sister, who shares in her secret ennuis, her pleasures, and her confidences. A friendship of this kind, born in the shade of the cloister, often becomes a passion. From nones to nones there goes on a constant exchange of tender missives, containing endless vows of undying friendship, bouquets of flowers and serenades, sometimes interrupted by a terrible explosion, the cause of which may be a smile, or a slight preference of some kind, shown to a rival. Unconsciously to themselves, these poor recluses play with the profane love which they fancy themselves to have renounced; and who would dream of imputing it to them as a crime?

Although these devotees cannot leave the convent, they have the privilege of receiving, and even of inviting to lunch, their relations of both sexes, and even the friends of their relatives. The meal on these occasions is served in the parlour—a great vaulted apartment, divided into two by gratings, and the table is placed so

near one of these gratings, that the nun seated at the other side can see and discourse with her guests. The conversation habitually turns on the recent gossip of the city; every kind of small talk about love-makings, marriages, births and deaths, is mingled with epigrammatic observations and bursts of laughter. When gentlemen are present they do not forget to season their pleasantries with a little of what I may call Attic salt. By merely shutting the eyes one may imagine himself in some ordinary drawing-room in the midst of an animated and fashionable company.

Sometimes a stranger is invited by the family to one of these monastic but savoury breakfasts. After the ordinary compliments, the nun at once begins to inquire, with an amiable show of interest, as to the birthplace and parentage of her guest. She even questions him as to his orthodoxy and the state of his heart; as to the illusions which time has dispelled, and those which he still cherishes; as to the countries he has visited, and the adventures of which he has been the hero. If the stranger's answers are satisfactory, she makes him promise that when he next passes the convent he will call in to take a glass of sherbet, and exchange a friendly good-day with the *desgraciada* (unfortunate) who inhabits it: so she styles herself. At the end of the repast, in the general bustle of parting, if the stranger has talked himself into her good graces, a beloved brother, or an influential uncle, undertakes to induce her to raise her vail, that the friend of the family, who has never yet seen her, may carry away her image engraved on his memory. After a little hesitation—for that action so simple is a mortal sin—she yields to their entreaties, not without first assuring herself, by a rapid glance round, that the mother and the sisters have their backs turned. Of course the only way in which a favour of this kind can be acknowledged is to express the most lively admiration, murmuring aside, but so as to be sure that the nun hears, *Que faz encantadora!* (What a sweet face!) It may happen that the vestal is snub-nosed, has a jaundiced skin, and but five teeth in her head, but it is the intention she values; and the stranger gains by his harmless flattery the reputation of being a man of taste and a gentleman.

In a country where pastry-cooks and confectioners have not yet penetrated, these communities of women monopolize the manufacture of sweets, cakes, and ornamental pastry. They supply to order the necessities of every ball, wedding, or other party, sparing no pains to satisfy the public and increase the number of their customers, and this not so much for the love of gain, as for the pleasure of outdoing some other community, because, say they, you may stone us to death for the indiscretion, yet it is undeniable that there exists between the various convents a bitter rivalry, the cause of which is as yet unknown to the physiologist, though the fact is daily attested by the petty annoyances which these religious ladies inflict on each other, and the abuse, nay, blows, which their servants resort to when they meet in the streets.

Each community is noted for some speciality in cookery, which recommends it to the appreciation of the public. The convent of Ste. Rose has its *mazomora au carmin*, a preparation of the consistency of pap, and of a reddish colour; it is exposed at night on the convent roof, where the cold imparts some peculiar quality to it. The Ste. Catherine's sisterhood excels in *petits-fours* (little patties), and in a con-

fiture of chicken stewed in milk of almonds: this is the *manjar blanco* or blanc-mange of the country. In fine, the Carmelites are proud of their fritters of honey, sprinkled with powder of dried rose-leaves and spangles of gold; and of their *impériaux*, or yolks of eggs beaten up with powdered sugar, and curdled by a process unknown to us. Let it be observed that it is not to the community that any particular order is addressed, but to one of the nuns, who, on sending home the cakes, takes care at the same time to send in her bill, as would be done by an ordinary pastry-cook.

Some of the nuns whose friends cannot afford to assist them, make up a certain amount of income by the sale of their cakes; others, whose friends are wealthy, and who are above profiting in this way, content themselves with making and cooking these dainties from the pure love of the art, and the pleasure they give to their friends and acquaintances. The latter, whom we may call the finer porcelain of the convent, receive from their friends every Monday enough provisions to last them a week, and which generally consist of a quarter of beef and a whole sheep, to say nothing of tender chickens, choice fish, seasonable game, eggs, fruits, and vegetables. After having selected from these viands the portion they prefer for their own particular cuisine—for our nuns have the privilege of using the *pot au feu* in their cells whenever they do not wish to go into the refectory—they give the rest to the community, which by this means is enabled to keep its commissariat on a war-footing at small cost.



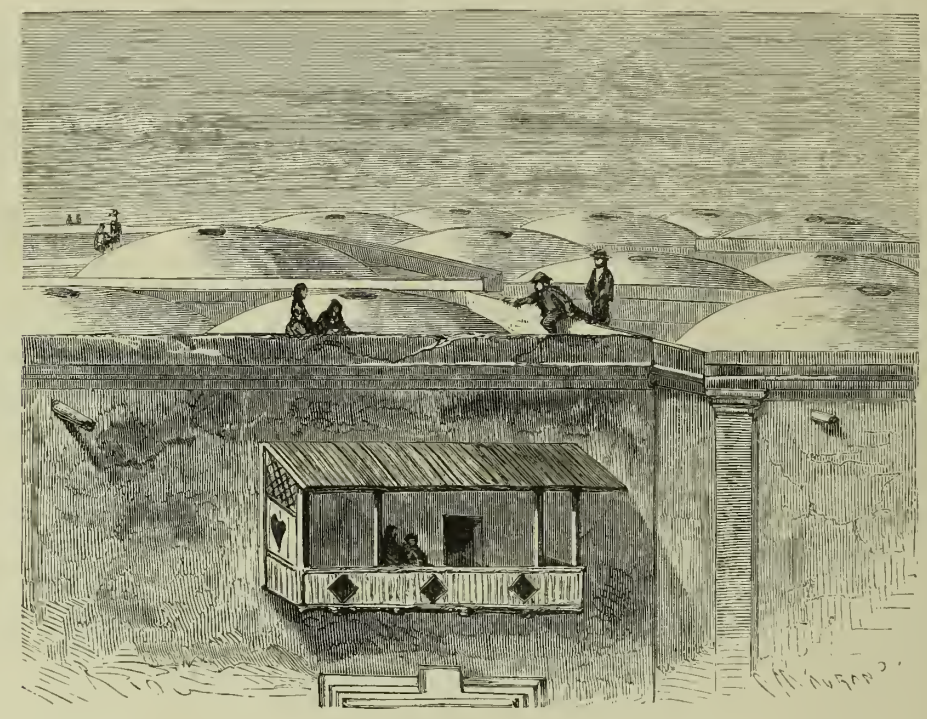
Chola of Arequipa.

Thanks to the troop of cholas, more or less active, more or less acute, that each nun entertains at her cost in the character of domestics, scullions, messengers, and the like, who are in and out of the convent from morning till evening, she knows better than the inhabitants themselves what is going on in the city and suburbs. If a stranger has put up at some tampu, if a citizen has loitered too long opposite some other window than his own, if two drunken *señores* have fallen foul of each other in the streets instead of singing the office and the *Ave Maria*, the inhabitants of the convent are sure to be the first to hear of the fact. Though she has shut herself up in a tomb, the nun of Arequipa has cleverly kept its roof open to the world.

Besides the saint day of their convent, which the nuns celebrate by mass with music, and a display of fireworks let off between eleven and twelve in the day according to the custom of the country, there are certain festivals of the church which are solemnized by masquerades, accompanied by songs and dances. Christmas-eve is one of these. Before the episode of the Nativity, theatrically represented by means of painted decorations and pasteboard dolls acting the various parts, the nuns divide themselves into two parties, the one of shepherds, the other of peasants, and carry on a dialogue to the sound of the guitar and accordion, while dancing quadrilles *de circonstance*.[1] Eight days previously, such of the nuns as had

[1] Quadrilles for the occasion, in which some appropriate action is introduced: known to some of our readers, perhaps, as "improved quadrilles."—Tr.

to play in the character of shepherds had borrowed from their relations and friends of the male sex the handsomest articles of their attire, so that they might have time to alter them to their own height, and embellish them with tinsel, ribbons, and other trimmings in the correctest taste. We ourselves remember to have taken on one of these occasions a satin waistcoat, a frock-coat, and a pair of black pantaloons, which had certainly neither a very pastoral nor a very scriptural look, but which, nevertheless, were received with pleasure on account of their elegant French cut. Alas! after Christmas-day we received back our patched garments in a most deplorable condition,



APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE-TOPS OF AREQUIPA.

but as they had been worn by a holy sister, and sanctified by monastic quadrilles, in place of pitching them into the river, as an indifferent or irreligious person would have done, we have preserved them with great care under the name of relics.

The conventual rule which interdicts the public from admittance into these communities of women, the reception-room or parlour excepted, is relaxed in a time of *émeute* or revolution. In such dreadful times the feminine aristocracy of the city find a welcome and sure asylum in these monasteries, the gates of which are thrown wide open for their reception. It is to them that every family flees for refuge, carrying with them gold and jewels, plate, and whatever precious objects they possess, and leaving the house almost without furniture to the care of a father or a husband who barricades himself in with the customary precautions. After staying a month in a monastery under these circumstances, women have been known to refuse to return under the conjugal roof, captivated by the amiability of the nuns, and the sweetness of intercourse with them.

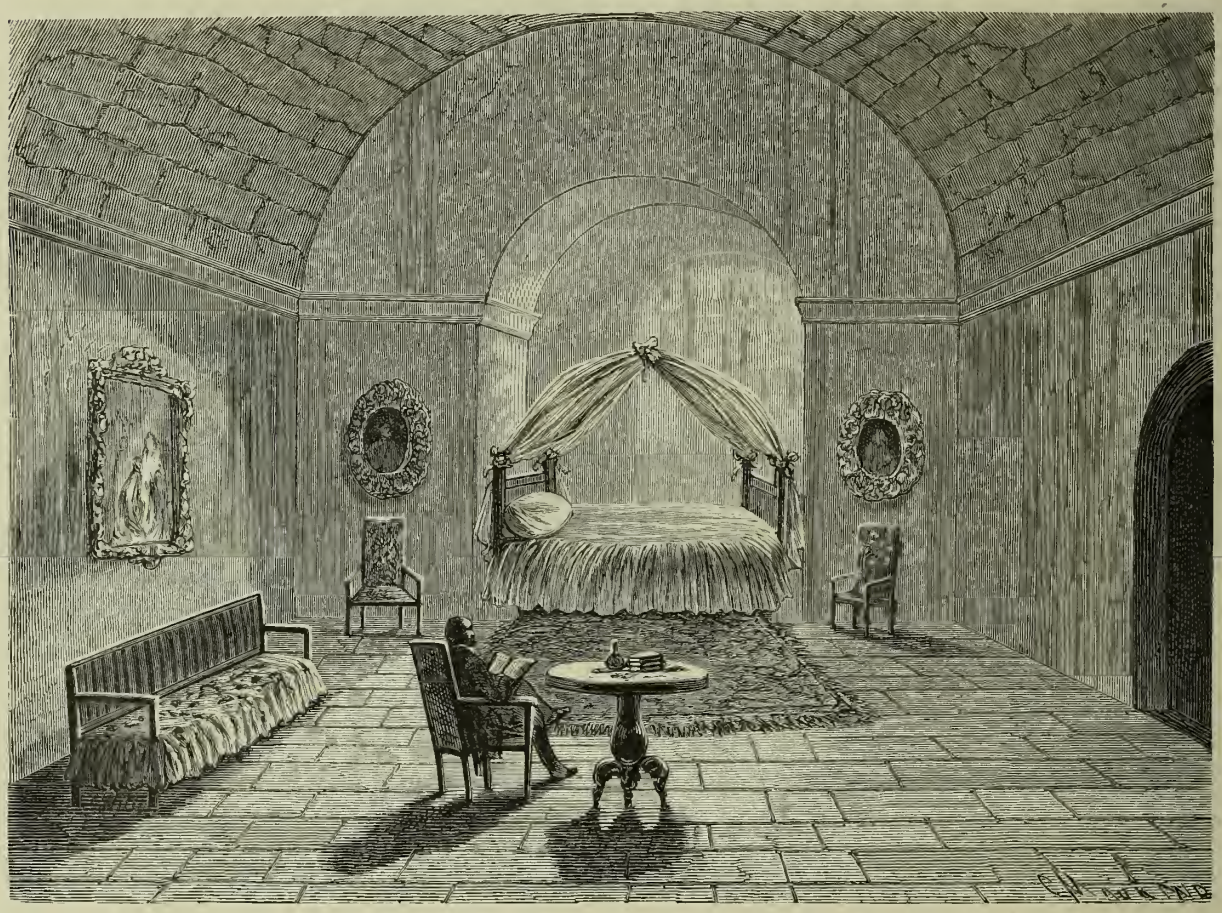
After death, if the souls of these holy women are borne to heaven on angels' wings, their bodies, which for a long period it was customary to bury in the churches with those of the citizens, are now carried away by men into a vast cemetery, adorned with funereal monuments, at the distance of two leagues southward from Arequipa. Each religious community has in that asylum, which they call an *apachecta* (place of rest), a special vault. The aristocracy of the city make use of certain parts of the walls, six feet in thickness, pierced with three rows of cells. Each cell is occupied by a single body, the head of which is introduced first as into a sheath, and the entrance of this narrow sepulchre being finally closed with bricks and plaster. As for the Indians of Arequipa, men and women alike are thrown negligently into a great trench, where all the rats of the country come to visit them.

Now that we have done with the convents of men and women, let us take a stroll through the city hap-hazard, not in the expectation of discovering any remarkable monuments—Arequipa has nothing of the kind—but to get a notion of the arrangement of its streets and the aspect of its houses. In general, the streets are broad and well paved, laid out at right angles, with side-walks for foot-passengers, separated from the road by gutters of granite (*acequias*), in which the torrents of water which pour down from the Cordilleras roll noisily along to the river. The houses resemble each other in all but a few details. They are all built of stone, sometimes of gray trachyte, have vaulted roofs, and are pierced with large bay-windows, which are protected by bars of iron, and shutters inside covered with sheet-iron, as a precaution against burglars and the shots of *émeutiers*. The entrance-gate, generally arched, has two leaves formidably adorned with great S's of iron and heads of nails. Their width is sufficient for two carriages to pass without touching. These houses have only a ground-floor and sometimes one story above, which is nearly always uninhabited, and opens upon a balcony like a long and clumsy chest of carved wood, painted red, brown, or dark green, and capable of being opened or closed at will by means of movable panels. These balconies, in which the women do not appear except on special occasions, throw deep shadows over the façades of the buildings.

The interior of these dwellings is composed of two courts *en suite*, paved with pebbles, and bordered with broad foot-paths (*veredas*). The walls of the first court are white-washed, and sometimes ornamented with monochromes in a primitive style, and of a design more primitive still; representing naval combats, impossible situations, and *stations of the cross*. The reception-rooms and bedrooms of the family are arranged, in most houses, upon the two lateral faces of this entrance-court, and the bed is placed under the arch of an arcade, which is not less than from four to six feet thick. This peculiar arrangement is a measure of precaution on account of earthquakes. These apartments have no windows, but massive folding-doors, pierced with a *judas* or a small wicket, which serves to give air and light. Beyond the courts there is generally a garden, bounded by the semicircular arches of a large apartment paved with tiles or flag-stones, which serves as a dining-room.

It cannot be said that the houses of Arequipa are luxurious abodes. With the

exception of those belonging to foreign merchants and distinguished citizens, where paper-hangings are used in the principal rooms, they all have white-washed walls, ornamented with Greek borders, love-knots, and caligraphic flourishes in red ochre or indigo blue. The little furniture they contain is of two kinds: it is either in the Spanish taste, cut out of the solid wood as with a hatchet, coloured white or sky-blue, besprent with roses and china-asters, and relieved by gilded lines; or in



A BED-ROOM AT AREQUIPA IN THE OLD STYLE.

the Greek-imperial style, such as Jacob Desmalters was celebrated for manufacturing in 1804; sofas of mahogany (the Indian *acajou*) with sphinx heads and griffins' feet; chairs with their backs pierced in imitation of a lyre, surmounted with a helmet or a trophy of arms; and all covered with dove-coloured kerseymere, or with silver-gray kerseymere printed a rose pattern. While inspecting these doubtful splendours, the eye discovers here and there, lost in the shade, or dismissed into some obscure corner, a beautifully carved chest, a crédence-table of black oak sculptured like lace, an abbatial chair covered with cordovan, of which the floral decorations in cinnabar and gold are nearly obliterated. These articles, which date from the Spanish conquest, seem to protest against the miserable taste of the furniture with which they are found in company.

A few Parisian lithographs in mahogany frames complete the decorations of the

modern drawing-room in Arequipa. Chief among these works of art shine the *Souvenirs* and *Régrets* of Dubuffe; the Poetic Alphabet of Grévedon—ideal representations of Amanda, Bianca, Cecilia, Delia, and so on; the Four Quarters of the World, and the Four Seasons, by the anonymous geniuses of the Rue St. Jacques. In other houses, where civilization has not yet extended its enlightening rays, the walls are embellished with smoke-dried pictures, representing the beheadings, crucifixions and burnings of martyrs. These works of art, painted some half century ago by certain artists of Quito and Cuzco named Tio Nolasco, Bruno Farfan, and Nor Egidio, are in general wretched daubs. Good paintings of the Spanish school, once so common in the country, have now become extremely rare, in consequence of the avidity with which they have been hunted up by connoisseurs and speculators of all nations. At the present time, were one to rummage all the churches and convents of Arequipa, it is very doubtful if ten passable canvases could be found.

The private life of the Arequipanians is restricted, in the case of women, to gossip on the politics of the day, or the small-talk of the city, conveyed by cholas, chinas, negresses and chamber-maids, who constitute the always numerous domestic household. Some ladies embroider, prepare sherbet, or play the guitar, but the greater number pass away the week longing for Sunday: first, on account of mass, which is always a pleasant change for these women, afterwards to enjoy the privilege conceded by etiquette of opening on that day the parlour-windows, and of passing the afternoon squatted upon carpets, and making remarks, more or less charitable, upon persons in the street. In general, the women of Arequipa make few visits, but content themselves with keeping up a verbal communication by means of their chamber-women, and of perpetually exchanging flowers, fruits, and sweets, accompanied by compliments sweeter still. Nothing less than a musical festival, a Palm Sunday, a carnival, or a marriage would be needed to bring together a dozen of the fair sex under one roof in this city.

The women of Arequipa, whose personal portraiture has been rather neglected by travellers, are for the most part distinguished by that happy roundness of form so favourable to beauty. In this respect they preserve a just medium between the ampler majesty of the Chilians and the impassioned grace of the women of Lima. Though but of middling stature, they carry themselves well, their shoulders are finely formed, their feet small, their movements distinguished by that rhythmic balancing of the hips which the Spaniards call *meneo*, from the verb *menear*, and which the French *remuer* translates with sufficient point. If to these charms we add that of their intelligent and lively looks, features delicate but irregular, black eyes whose glances are like winged arrows, their vermilion lips, from which repartees and sparkling conceits, seasoned with a touch of Andalusian salt, are poured out like apples and raisins from the horn of plenty, the reader may form some idea, perhaps, of these charming creatures who are allied to Spain by their ancestors and to Peru by their ancestresses.

To a taste for perfumes and flowers they unite an equal penchant for music, the song, and the dance. Dainty and disinclined to exertion, they are nevertheless

characterized by a singular restlessness of spirit, and pass at once from the warmest enthusiasm to the most complete indifference. Their religion is neither highly spiritual nor austere; they are devout rather than pious, always ready to prefer pleasure to devotion, in the persuasion that a signing of the cross and a *Padre nuestro* will compensate for any faults they commit. For these charming women love is not a passion, but an agreeable pastime, a pretext for romancing, a mere something for a change. They have studied it deeply and know all its resources, they take it up and lay it down at pleasure, they invite it or repel it as caprice dictates, and display in all these different manœuvres the coolness and ability of an old band-master conducting a symphony.

These love-sports, in which the fair sex of Arequipa show themselves first-rate adepts even by the side of the Limanians, are indulged in by married women only, who, as one does or does not know, enjoy in this country, as in France, absolute liberty. Love is for them the daily game of whist or boston, which diverts their thoughts from the bondage of wedded life. The maidens of the country, confined to their barred chambers, and under the immediate surveillance of their family, never cease, poor turtle-doves, to groan and sigh for a union by which alone they can expect emancipation, and be permitted, in their turn, to taste of the forbidden fruit. This natural desire, transmitted from Eve to all her offspring, and sharpened by the precocious maturity of the girls of Arequipa, causes them to cherish at a very tender age the most vehement matrimonial aspirations. In a cosmopolitan spirit, very flattering to the self-love of Europeans, they prefer foreigners to their own countrymen, with whatever eminent qualities the latter may be gifted. A foreigner, though he may have neither youth nor beauty in his favour, and nothing whatever may be known of his antecedents, instantly throws into a flutter the whole crowd of mammas and marriageable daughters. They dispute possession of him one with another, they snatch at him as at a morsel of the true cross, bouquets and *recados* (presents) of all kinds, from the toilet-soap of Piver to the silk handkerchiefs of Lyons—such are the tokens of friendship peculiar to these countries—pursue him even to his private apartments. Flasks of eau-de-Cologne, little attentions, flatteries, everything is done to catch in the net of marriage this fine bird from distant Europe, whom innocently cruel hands would pluck alive perhaps soon afterwards. The houses at which he calls are for ever beating to arms, the furniture is relieved of its covers, jewels are taken out of their boxes, the family plate is displayed upon the sideboards and tables, the servants, properly trained, have orders to make themselves agreeable to their future master, the cats are commanded to purr and the dogs to wag their tails when he approaches. From the venerable grandmother to the youngest child in the family, the only question is, who shall show the highest appreciation of the stranger's merits, who shall flatter him the most with sweet words. The claws are hidden in the velvet paw, the lips distil choice honey, the tenderest rose colour and the bluest azure is spread over all, guitars tuned to the hymeneal pitch twang incessantly the happiness of two devoted hearts. Everything, in fine, even to the air impregnated with the perfume of burning pastiles, conspires to charm the soul

and the senses of the stranger. In the midst of this *mise en scène*, of which our poor prose can hardly convey an idea, the goddess of the fête, the virgin of the hearth, is prepared like a shrine. Seated upon a sofa, her arms supine, her hands modestly crossed, her eyes apparently fixed upon a flower of the Atuncolla carpet, she is in reality devoutly attentive to the effect produced upon the visitor by the marriage-making programme. Some Europeans, whose hearts are cuirassed in that *æs triplex* of which Horace speaks, come out victorious from these trials; but the greater number succumb, and meekly bowing their shoulders to the conjugal yoke become established in the country, where they presently lose not only their illusions, but their hair and their teeth.

An account of the manners and customs of the fair sex of Arequipa would be incomplete if we did not relate in what fashion the women dressed their hair and shaped their garments, and of what materials they make choice. We know well enough details of this kind will arouse the anger of classic spirits, and will cause grave men to raise their shoulders with a shrug of disdain; but then their wives and their daughters will be interested, and that is sufficient for me. A French woman, above all a Parisian, is always glad to learn whether a woman abroad surpasses her in beauty or grace, in dress or intelligence, and is equally ready to commiserate or revile her according to circumstances.

Dressmakers, modistes, and hair-dressers being as yet unknown in Arequipa, it is the ladies themselves who cut out, sew, and trim their garments and frippcries; who disentangle, arrange, and curl their hair. To say that these arrangements are made in exquisite taste, and copied from the engravings of the latest fashion, would be to gloss the severe truth. To speak frankly, there is generally in the cut of the corsage and the sleeve, in the shortness and scantiness of the skirt, that mysterious something which characterized the fashions of the Restoration, and gave to the women of that epoch a certain resemblance to birds of the order of waders. Some fashionable ladies of Arequipa wear, along with the high tortoise-shell comb of the Andalusians, bunches of borrowed ringlets imported from England under the name of *anglaises*, the shade of which is not always exactly the same as that of their own hair. These lionesses also generally adorn their heads with a bird of paradise, one of those aigrettes of glass-thread made in Germany, or toy butterflies mounted upon a spiral wire, which they name *tembleques*, and which vibrate at every movement. The climate of the country renders the fan almost useless; instead of it the ladies have a silk or velvet bag with steel mountings or chains. This they carry in their hands and balance coquettishly when they make their visits. Some of our matrons whose memories reach back to the fashionable whimsies of the period from 1815 to 1820, will smile at these souvenirs of bygone times.

The materials most affected in the city and province of Arequipa are plain or figured silks in lively tints, prints with large spots or sprawling flowers, and muslins with broad stripes or flowers of many colours. I ought to add that the prints and the muslins in which the shopkeepers' and farmers' little daughters disport themselves are only worn at home in *négligé* by the women of the aristocracy. On great

occasions and gala-days the latter abandon the *rebos* or mantle of Castilian wool which they carry about with them during the whole year, to display themselves in *cuerpo,* that is to say, *décolleté* as for a ball, and with bare arms. Those of the women whose delicacy would suffer from cold or pleurisy after an exhibition of this kind, or those whose shoulder-bones are a little too obtrusive, cover themselves with a light scarf, or a China crape shawl of some striking colour. Their feet, very small and prettily shaped, are always covered with silk stockings and white satin shoes, an



LADY OF AREQUIPA IN FULL DRESS.

elegant little detail of dress which gives to their carriage I know not what grace, lightness, or poetry of motion by which the eye and the imagination are equally charmed.

The presence and the carriage of Peruvian women, that *garbo* and that *meneo* which they derive through their fathers from the Spaniards, are but ill-suited to tight stays with steel busks, with hoops and wires, which make the glory and triumph of the women of Paris. The generality of these charming women also—one's hand trembles to write the profane accusation—wear our French fashions very awkwardly; and now that this fatal adverb has escaped us we will even brave the wrath and indignation of the lovable creatures whose monograph we have attempted to write, by avowing that the woman of Arequipa, traversing the street *en grande toilette,* reticule in hand, and butterflies or crystal feathers fluttering on her head, is by far less charming in our eyes than the same woman *en déshabillé,* with her large comb, her orange or flame coloured

shawl, worn carelessly like a veil, a rose in her hair, and reclining negligently upon a sofa or squatted on a carpet, and puffing the smoke of a cigar heavenwards. Besides their out-door toilets, their *négligé* costume at home, and their riding-habits—for most of these ladies are good equestrians—they have a church-going costume, invariably black, composed of a jupe of silk and a mantilla of the same stuff trimmed with velvet and lace, which they fold back from their foreheads. This article of apparel, of Spanish origin, suits them to admiration, a fact which they themselves do not



CB/7658

FOR CUSTOMS ONLY

11 Broad Street,
Oxford.

W. S. Robertson Esq
707 Indiana Avenue
Urbana Illinois

To Joseph Thornton & Son, USA.

J.H THORNTON. F.S.THORNTON.

BOOKS BOUGHT OR EXCHANGED.

New & Second-hand Booksellers &c.

BOOK-BINDING IN EVERY STYLE

5 PER CENT INTEREST CHARGED ON OVER-DUE ACCOUNTS.

WHEN REMITTING PLEASE RETURN a/c. RECEIPTS NOT SENT FOR SUMS UNDER 5/- UNLESS STAMP ENCLOSED.

24.8.25

BOOKS SENT TO ORDER CANNOT BE RETURNED. 5M/IX/23.

Marcoy South America net - 15 -
4 vols
Postage - 9 -
£1 4 . 7

For Customs Only

v it off when
known in the
vant carrying
ipa the very
m the Sierra
arf should be
is designedly
iese marmots
to five years
t taste. The
ear upon the
landarme un
is sure to be

occasions and gala-days the latter abandon the *rebos* or mantle of Castilian wool which they carry about with them during the whole year, to display themselves in *cuerpo,* that is to say, *décolleté* as for a ball, and with bare arms. Those of the women whose delicacy would suffer from cold or pleurisy after an exhibition of this kind, or those whose shoulder-bones are a little too obtrusive, cover themselves with a light scarf, or a China crape shawl of some striking colour. Their feet, very small and prettily shaped, are always covered with silk stockings and white satin shoes, an



elegant little
lightness, or
charmed.

The pres
they derive
with steel b
women of P
to write the
that this fat
of the lovab
that the wo
and butterfli
eyes than the

shawl, worn carelessly like a veil, a rose in her hair, and reclining negligently upon a sofa or squatted on a carpet, and puffing the smoke of a cigar heavenwards. Besides their out-door toilets, their *négligé* costume at home, and their riding-habits—for most of these ladies are good equestrians—they have a church-going costume, invariably black, composed of a jupe of silk and a mantilla of the same stuff trimmed with velvet and lace, which they fold back from their foreheads. This article of apparel, of Spanish origin, suits them to admiration, a fact which they themselves do not



LADY OF AREQUIPA IN RIDING COSTUME.

seem to suspect, if we may judge from the haste they are in to throw it off when they return from church. The use of hassocks or *prie-dieus* being unknown in the churches of Peru, the women are followed at a distance by a young servant carrying a carpet upon which they kneel. For a fashionable woman of Arequipa the very height of *bon ton* is to have for her carpet-bearer a little Indian from the Sierra Nevada; whether a boy or a girl is of no consequence, but the little dwarf should be as round as a tub, and clothed in the traditional costume, which is designedly exaggerated to render it grotesque. To be followed by a couple of these marmots is the very tiptop of fashion. The gift of a young Indian of from four to five years old is such a present from a man to a woman as shows the very best taste. The sweetest of wheedlings, the most express commands, are brought to bear upon the traveller who leaves home for the Sierra. *Vida mia, no se olvide U. Mandarme un Indiecito!* (My life, do not forget to bring me a little Indian!) Such is sure to be

the parting phrase, and if the traveller has no reason to decline compliance, he selects from some family of the Indians one or two children of the required age, whom he purchases from the father for a few piastres and a supply of cocoa and brandy. The mother, who has received nothing, of course raises a great outcry at



LADY OF AREQUIPA DRESSED FOR CHURCH, ACCOMPANIED BY HER CARPET-BEARER.

the idea of parting with the Benjamin of her family, but the traveller consoles her with a new petticoat, and for a little rum even obtains her consent. Possessed of the prize, he profits by the departure of the first caravan to pack him off like luggage to the lady of his heart. The arrival of the young autochthone exites no end of transports; they lift him down from the mule upon which he is perched, they admire him, and laugh over him till they cry. Then he has to be undressed, soaped all over and his skin scraped, nay, almost stripped off; lastly, he is clothed in a costume

with which he is delighted and proud. After a certain amount of indigestion, for the child cannot be expected to change with impunity the poor living of his home for the cakes and other luxuries which he gets among his new friends, his stomach acquires the necessary dilatation, and the little actor plays, to the general satisfaction, his double part of page and lap-dog.

Unhappily, nothing is stable here below. Our little Indian finds this to his cost when he reaches his twelfth year, and his owners finding that his legs have grown too long for the office of carpet-bearer, banish him from the parlour and deprive



TYPES OF THE VALLEY OF AREQUIPA—CARPET-BEARERS OUT OF OFFICE.

him of his livery. He is then passed on to the kitchen, where the domestics, of whose little secrets he had so long been the tale-bearer, make him pay by many a twitch of the nose for his past indiscretions and prosperity.

Although these Indians are sold away, or given up by their good parents, and are in some degree brutalized, they are not slaves, for on arriving at age they dispose of themselves as they please, and no one has any claim upon them. Sometimes the young man will remain in the character of domestic in the house where he had grown up, sometimes he quits it and offers his services elsewhere. Women stay voluntarily. In course of time they contract out-door relations of a too temporary character, and the offspring which results, as used to be the case with the negro girls among the planters of the Antilles, increases by so much the number of domestics attached to the house. These children of love, once parted from their mothers, are trained by their mistresses to become carpet-bearers, but they have never the same attraction in their eyes as the little Indian of pure blood from the Sierra Nevada.

At Arequipa, as in all great cities, the men are more occupied out of doors than

at home; a man is always called away by some business or other. These Arequipanians pass much of their time in going from house to house with political objects in view, in smoking an indefinite number of cigarettes, mingled with games of *monté* or dice, in taking a siesta, in riding on horseback, in love-making, and in dreaming of the glorious future of the republic. But if, from this manner of passing their time, the reader should infer the want of intelligence or instruction among the natives, he would greatly deceive himself; they have all learned much if they have not retained much, and run through successively the vast fields of theology, jurisprudence, canon



TYPES OF AREQUIPA—INDIAN OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

and civil law, and medicine and surgery, these sciences being held in honour at Arequipa and preferred to all others. These men, apparently occupied with trifles, have nevertheless publicly sustained the theses necessary to acquire the diploma of Bachelor of Arts. They have, besides, a great faculty for versification, and are clever in gallant and elegant turns of *bouts-rimés*, in which they are exercised incessantly by their fair friends. If they show themselves indifferent to intellectual pursuits it is not then through ignorance, but the effect of philosophy, of instinct, and from that never-enough-to-be-admired laziness which they have inherited from their fathers, and which they cherish as a sacred fire. Every idea of innovation or of progress which would disturb the quietude which they so much enjoy is antipathetic to them. The moral and physical activity of the European is a phenomenon at which they can only marvel like savages gaping to hear the ticking of a watch, the cause of which they cannot explain. It is necessary to add, that they do not even try—*Para que sirve eso?* (Of what good is it?) is the unfailing question with which they meet everything that they either disdain or fail to comprehend.

Scientifie establishments, eolleges, and sehools are numerous in Arequipa. Its faculty of medieine, whose sheet-anehor is bleeding, rivals that of Chuquisaea in Upper Peru. The university of St. Augustin, the two aeademies, and the college of Independenee, founded by the great Marshal Gutierez de la Fuente, enjoys an undisputed



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO AT AREQUIPA.

celebrity. The public library, which dates from 1821, owes its existence to the zeal of a friend of learning named Sieur Evaristo Gomez Sanehez. It possesses some 2000 volumes of theology and jurisprudenee, the map of Peru prepared by order of the liberator Simon Bolivar, the atlas of M. Vaugondy, hydrographer to Louis XV., a volume of earicatures by "Gavarni," two theodolites and an armillary sphere, not to forget a librarian and a porter. Let us add to these divers establishments two printing-offiees, each publishing a small journal whieh records the aets of the government.

Let us mention also the philanthropic institutions of the city, the hospital of San Juan de Dios, a foundling hospital, a charitable institution, and an office of vaccination; and we shall have completed the list of the charitable, scientific, and literary institutions of the city.

Aristocracy and commerce, which in America have always lived on the best terms, occupy in Arequipa the seven or eight streets which radiate from its great square



SAN FRANCISCO STREET IN AREQUIPA.

(*Plaza Mayor*) as a centre. This place, of which the cathedral occupies all the north side, is bounded on the other sides by the commercial buildings, galleries or corridors constructed of stone with vaulted arcades, where calicoes, printed cottons, woollen stuffs, and ribbons are exposed in the open air in festoons and fillets of various colours. In the middle of the square is a bronze fountain with three basins, supported by moulded balustrades. This hydraulic monument, which very much resembles a reel, is crowned with a figure of Glory or Fame—for one cannot decide in a matter so doubtful—the pose, and, above all, the emaciated look of which recalls the classic work of Houdon.[1] This allegorical beauty is blowing a trumpet, and looking very stubbornly in the direction of the Calle de San Francisco. It has been shrewdly suggested that the

[1] One of this sculptor's most celebrated studies is a figure represented without its skin (the *écorché*), which images with wonderful fidelity to nature the muscular structure of the human body.—Tr.

sculptor, by leaving nothing but skin and bones to this figure, and putting a trumpet to its lips, meant to teach his contemporaries and future ages that glory or fame is nothing but an empty phantom, an intangible breath.

It is in this square, the accustomed scene of public rejoicings, of revolutionary proclamations, and of criminal executions, that for five hours in the middle of every day a market for vegetables is held. The indigenous population which flock thither from all parts of the city and country, offers to the observer but two distinct types, that of the Indian of the Pacific coast, with a round countenance, flattened nose, blubber lips, narrow eyes of a yellow sclerotic hue, oblique and contracted at the



TYPICAL PORTRAITS OF THE POPULATION OF AREQUIPA—QUICHUA INDIANS.

corners like those of the Chinese and the Mongol races,[1] and the Quichua type, with an oval face, high cheek-bones, a nose like an eagle's beak, oblique but well-shaped eyes, abundant and soft black hair, seeming to connect them with the great Indian family of the eastern Aryans. From the mixture of these two races of the coast and of the Sierra there has resulted, in course of time, a goodly number of hybrids, whose distinctive trait is that of stupidity and ugliness combined.

The costume of these indigenes, always of striking colours, recalls at once the Spanish modes of the seventeenth century and the primitive taste of the Incas. With the once fashionable coat with three square skirts, the long-flapped waistcoat, and breeches ornamented at the knees (*culottes à canons*), the Indians wear their hair in two falling plaits or tresses in the ancient Egyptian manner, and complete their toilet with a loose cloak (*llacolla*) and sandals of undressed leather. The women add to the tucked petticoat and the round or triangular Spanish hat, the *lliclla*, a piece of woollen stuff two feet square, which they wear on their heads like the *pschent* of the Sphinx,

[1] The Indian of the Pacific coast descends from the Llipis, Changos, Moquehuas, Quillcas, &c., tribes of one and the same race, who once peopled the littoral between the sixteenth and twenty-fifth degree of latitude.

or fasten over their shoulders as a kerchief with a pin (*tupu*) shaped like a spoon, the use of which can be traced to the times of the first Incas. But let us leave a subject which can have no interest except for ethnographers or costumiers, to consider for a moment the strange effect produced, when seen from a distance and from any elevated point, by the accidental mingling of striking colours perpetually in motion. An adept in comparisons and figures of speech, were he by chance to look out from some loophole of the cathedral spire, might without exaggeration compare the great



TYPES OF THE POPULATION OF AREQUIPA—WOMEN OF THE QUICHUA INDIANS.

square of Arequipa at market time to a prairie studded with gay but common flowers. The cabbages, lettuces, and other kitchen vegetables spread on the ground may be taken for the carpet of grass, upon which the garments of the men and women with their predominant blue, scarlet, and yellow, stand out like corn-flowers, poppies, and dandelions fluttering in the wind.

Beyond the great square and the arterial streets branching from it, commence the suburbs and their unpaved alleys, where dwell the *métis* or mixed caste, and the small shopkeepers, impertinently called people of no account (*gens de demi-poil*). There flourishes the whole world of small commerce, represented by sellers of groceries and liquors (*pulperos*), dealers in fried fish, and keepers of cabarets. In Peru the cabarets where chicha is sold are always kept by two or three women, relations or friends.

We have already described the rustic cabarets; it remains to speak of those in the city of Arequipa. These establishments, frequented only by the Indians and the cholos of both sexes, are dismal and smoky dens, with no opening for air or light but the door, encumbered with jars and pots of various forms, strewn with broken straw,



TOWN CABARET—PREPARATION AND CONSUMPTION OF CHICHA—THE BEER OF THE COUNTRY.

the *débris* of vegetables, bones, and leavings of animals, which cover the floor with a thick litter. Fowls, chickens, and guinea-pigs cluck, squall, grunt, and have unlimited scratching right in these diggings. Like the country cabarets these poor abodes possess neither chairs, benches, nor stools, so that their customers sit on the ground, holding in one hand the dish of ground pimento which serves as an incentive to drink, and in the other the jug of chicha, that concoction of maize imported into Peru in 1043 by the empress Mama Ocllo Huacco (*brooding mother*), the sister and wife of the first Inca Manco-Capac. While the company gossip and laugh, or eat



TYPES OF AREQUIPA—A CHICHA BREWER.

and drink to their content, fresh chicha is being brewed under their eyes in a corner of the cabaret by a process very simple and inexpensive. Into a hole six feet square and a foot deep a certain quantity of maize has been shaken from the stalks, and being slightly damped is covered with boards loaded with heavy stones. At the end of eight days the heat and moisture combined have determined the germination of the grain, which then takes the name of *guñapo*. This *guñapo* is taken from the hole and dried in the sun, and then sent to the mill, where it is crushed small by great stones without being ground. From the mill it comes back to the brewery, where the women throw it into great jars full of water and make it boil for an entire day. In the evening they strain the thick liquid through a cloth, which they wring by holding the two ends; they then leave it to cool until the next day, when it is ready for use. The dregs remaining in the cloth, called *afrecho*, serve to feed the pigs and poultry. As for the liquor itself I know not what to say, but its colour is like the water of the Seine after a thaw or a fortnight's rain.

This local brew is not drunk by the common people alone; the aristocracy of the country, while ostensibly repudiating it as a vile beverage, enjoy it secretly. So our

white Creoles of the West Indies speak disdainfully of fried cod and pumpkins (*calalou de gombauds*) and Angola pease as *negroes' victuals*, yet all the same enjoy them in private. The Peruvian bourgeoisie, more candid than the aristocracy, proclaim openly their decided taste for chicha, which they designate by the elegant diminutive *chichita*. To hear them talk, life's sweetest and best employed hours are those which are passed under the shadow of the gourds in a rural cabaret between a fritter of turkeys dressed with allspice and an amphora of chicha brewed the day before.

Arequipa, which modern travellers copy one another in depicting as a flourishing city, enlivened by commerce and industry, by pleasures of all kinds, and by the spirit and gaiety of its inhabitants, is in all these respects only the shadow of its former self. Political revolutions and commercial bankruptcies have reduced the city almost to poverty, and singularly cooled that *verve* and gaiety with which it is so often credited. The town, which long rivalled Lima the king of cities in pomp and brilliancy, is at the present time no more than a chrysalis inclosed in its humble cocoon awaiting the transformation which the future is to bring about. Its balls, its routs, its much-vaunted cavalcades, its mad orgies at the *val des Poiriers* exist only as a tradition. Formerly, any trifle was made a pretext for a lavish expenditure and indulgence in pleasure. Now, an event of the first importance or a great solemnity is needed to unloose the purse-strings of the inhabitants. Hand in hand with poverty has come economy. It would be easy to prove by figures what we now assert, but to do so would be to encroach on the rights of the statistician. Let us therefore confine ourselves to the mere statement of the decaying condition of Arequipa, a setting star which optimist travellers, or those barely acquainted with the facts, have taken for a star in its zenith.

Further, in order to efface the melancholy impression with which our revelations in respect to the commercial, industrial, and financial position of this town are calculated to impress the minds of our readers, we will describe one of the annual festivities, when Arequipa, forgetting for a while its habits of calculation and economy, borrows for a few hours its ancient mask of folly, and, as in the days of its splendour, scatters gold by the handful, certain to regret it on the morrow.

This solemnity is that of Shrove-Tuesday, in which hens' eggs play so great a part that we feel constrained to devote a parenthesis to the fact. The mathematicians of the country who pass their time in counting the A's, B's and C's repeated in the Old and New Testaments, have calculated that on Shrove-Tuesday 800,000 francs are spent in Arequipa on eggs, an amount the more extravagant considering that the edible portion of the eggs has long since disappeared, the shells only remaining. It is of these shells that the religious communities and the greater number of housewives make so good a thing. To do this, they are careful during the whole year to break the eggs, of which the consumption is enormous in Spanish American kitchens, at one end only, and being thus emptied, the shells are carefully preserved in a heap. The week which precedes *Carnestolendas* is occupied in preparing them. Three women unite in this employment: one of them dilutes in a tubful of water some gamboge, indigo, or carmine, the second fills the egg-shells with this tincture, whilst the third closes the opening by means of little squares of cloth fastened with a liquefied wax which con-



SHROVE-TUESDAY AT AREQUIPA.

geals immediately. Thus prepared, these shells are offered for sale at the price of one cuartillo, and even half a real each. Basketfuls of them are exposed at the corners of every street, so that those who engage in the sport can provide themselves with ammunition without difficulty.

Hardly have the gates of heaven been opened on the morning of Shrove-Tuesday, when the two sexes clothe themselves in white from head to foot. Those who are first up hasten to the bedside of those still asleep to give them the matutinal accolade, which consists, on that day, in the application of three or four eggs of various colours broken on the face of the sleeper, who is immediately sprinkled with flour. The unlucky victim removes his pasty mask as he can, clothes himself in his turn with the white armour of the combat, and supplied with eggs and flour revenges on all around him the affront he has received. The morning is employed in these skirmishes; all alike, the masters in the parlour, the servants in the kitchen, are engaged in bombarding and flouring each other, to the best of their ability. Neither old age nor infancy are excepted from these saturnalias. The egg of Shrove-Tuesday, like the satire of Jean Racine, knows neither sex nor age. His illustrious highness the bishop himself, the autocrat of Spanish towns, is rolled in flour from morn to eve of *Carnestolendas.*

This memorable day is almost the only one of the year on which the balconies of the houses are opened. After mid-day a battery of syringes is established in each, and the inmates mutually flood each other with water, to the music of the flying eggs and the papers of starch-powder which describe white trajectories in the air. The excitement increases with every succeeding hour. Whilst the aristocracy continue the combat from their housetops and balconies, the bourgeoisie, too much cooped up in their homes, rush about outside like a torrent breaking through its banks. Men and women going in couples and furnished with umbrellas to protect them against the showers from the balconies, traverse the town to the music of guitars, and, over-excited by copious libations, accompany their cries and refrains with the most extravagant grimaces and contortions. This crowd, which one might suppose to be struck with epilepsy, yells and struggles as one man. About three in the afternoon, Arequipa is one immense mouth, from which escapes a continuous roar.

At this moment troops of horses, decayed, one-eyed, foundered, dropsical, consumptive, are brought from the Pampilla, a desert situated to the north of the city, and offered for sale on the Plaza Mayor. There those who want them have them. The price of these Shrove-Tuesday coursers varies from five to twelve francs, according to their degree of vitality. In the twinkling of an eye detachments of cavalry are organized to besiege the enemy in the balconies whose liquid artillery has caused the greatest ravages amongst the crowd. Each cavalier having mounted his jade, takes on his arm a basketful of eggs, which active boys are commissioned to fill again when they are emptied. Then the detachment posts itself before the balcony specified, which is habitually defended by persons of the gentler sex. These armed with pumps and syringes, boldly sustain the assault; to the eggs of the enemy they oppose torrents of water more or less limpid. The combat often lasts more than an hour without victory

declaring for either of the combatants. The men drenched like Tritons, the women dishevelled like Bacchantes, rival each other in the hardihood and fury with which they hurl defiant epithets one against another, in the true Homeric style. In the heat of the engagement a piercing shriek, issuing from the besieged balcony, rings like the note of a fife in a *charivari*. This cry, received by the men with a general roar of laughter, comes from some Marfisa, who has been struck in the eye, or otherwise hurt by a pink or blue egg thrown by a vigorous hand, and who falls temporarily into the arms of her companions. This victim of Shrove-Tuesday is conveyed to a safe distance from the



ENVIRONS OF AREQUIPA—CHOLO OF TINGO.



ENVIRONS OF AREQUIPA—CHOLA OF TIABAYA.

field of battle, and the action, suspended for a moment, is recommenced. But as our Amazons have now to deplore the defeat of a sister and to avenge her hurt, it is not with a gentle shower that they reply to the enemy, but with flower-pots and broken fragments of plates, indeed anything that comes to hand. Under this shower of hardware, which wounds all it touches, and of one-eyed horses makes so many blind ones, the dismayed warriors disband themselves and go to besiege another balcony.

In the villages near Arequipa the carnival is carried on in a different manner. At Pauearpata, at Tingo, at Sabandia, bands of men and women, whose drunkenness amounts almost to fury, traverse the country dishevelled and foaming, yelling *Carnavo* in the manner of Evohé, and driving before them the leanest ass they can proeure; any individual they may meet, of whatever age or sex, is taken possession of bodily, despoiled of his clothes, perched on the angular back-bone of this Al-borak, and driven across the country for an hour. A pot of water occasionally emptied on the shoulders of the victim, combine for him the luxuries of the bath with the pleasures of the promenade.

The natives of Sachaca and of Tiabaya celebrate Shrove-Tuesday perhaps in a less

ridiculous, though, on the other hand, in a more warlike manner. After having despoiled the apples and wild fig-trees of their green fruit, they fill baskets with them, which they carry on their arms, and scatter themselves along the pathways in quest of adventures. The first face they see serves as a target at which to aim their projectiles. At these times timid people who are terrified at the idea of a wound remain shut up in their dwellings. Those whose curiosity leads them to cross their threshold to see what is going on out of doors, receive in their eye, and at the moment they least expect it, some green fruit the size of a fist. The next day the greater part of the inhabitants of these localities are enveloped about the head with bandages. When they are questioned on the subject, they answer that, while perhaps getting a little mauled, they have so amused themselves that the pain they feel is nothing compared to their enjoyment of the sport.

In town and village the first stroke of the bell of the evening *angelus* brings these street orgies to an end. The Shrove-Tuesday revellers all take refuge in their houses, where, with hair disordered and clothes soiled, they continue to drink, to yell, and to fight until daybreak of Ash-Wednesday. At that hour each one hastily doffs his absurd disguise, washes his face and hands, combs his hair a little, and runs to kneel at the feet of a monk, his partner of the evening before, who, after having marked him on the forehead with a gray cross, recalling to him the fact that he is but dust, sends him about his business duly absolved of his folly.

A chapter on the *Mysteries of Arequipa*, if we consented to write it, would offer details as piquant and as full of interest even as the *Mysteries of Paris* and *of London*. But for one fraction of the European public who might thank us for raising the veil which hides the sores and turpitudes of a society on which weigh heavily the example of past corruption, the population of both sexes of Arequipa would rise *en masse* to throw the stone at their accuser. We will therefore limit ourselves to this ethnographical notice, which completes the good or evil information furnished up to this day by geographers, travellers, and tourists, respecting the city of Pedro Anzurez de Campo Redondo. Further, as our baggage, already made up, has been placed on the backs of the baggage mules, and our *arriero* is impatient to start, we will close the door of our lodging, return the key to our hostess, mount our animals, and following the cordilleras we will continue our journey across the American continent.

SECOND STAGE.

AREQUIPA TO LAMPA

(PERU).



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PAMPILLA.

SECOND STAGE.

AREQUIPA TO LAMPA.

The Pampilla and its charcoal-burners.—Station of Apo.—What the traveller finds, and what he experiences on arriving there.—*The soroche.*—Occasional gossips *en route.*—Disappointment at Huallata.—A storm 15,000 feet above the sea.—Hospitality in a sepulchre.—Retrospective *coup-d'œil* of the Aymara nation.—The Lake of Gold and Lake of Silver.—Elegy on a rooster.—A night at Compuerta.—The landscape and other things worth observing.—Cabana and Cabanilla.—A priest, according to the gospel.—About a giant humming-bird and yellow Ranunculi.—Aspect of Lampa at nightfall.—An importer of printed cottons (*rouenneries*).—Manner of honouring the saints.—Effect produced on the organs of vision by the sharp application of a bit of *foie de volaille.*—The strawberry of Chili, and its use as a stimulant.—The day after a revel.—The author resumes his journey, reflecting on the past history and the present state of the province of Lampa.

NORTHWARD of the city of Arequipa, at the extremity of its suburb of San Isidro, renowned for its drinking-places, extends a desert of sand called the Pampilla. The Indian charcoal-burners, who pass to and fro between the mountain and the valley, have made this place their camping-ground and erected their huts on it. One might take them for a band of gipsies encamped at the gates of the city, and the more so, because in respect to their idiom,[1] their clothing, and their hair, like

[1] They speak only Quichua, but they understand Spanish. The first of these idioms, which M. Huot, who continued the *Annales* of Malte-Brun, informs us was the idiom of *gallantry and good society* at Lima, is not only unused, but is depreciated and turned into ridicule, like all else that relates to the manners and customs of the Sierra. It would not be possible to find five persons either at Lima, Arequipa, or any other city of the coast, moving in *good society*, able to understand, much less to speak, Quichua, unless they were originally from the Sierra, which they would not care to avow after some years' residence on the coast, but which one discovers without difficulty from their guttural accent and their bad pronunciation of the Spanish.

horse-tails, which gives them a wild aspect, these Indians differ entirely from the mixed caste of Arequipa, with which they always hold some transient relation of a business character.

A half hour's march at the ordinary pace of a mule sufficed to traverse this desert, at the end of which commenced a zig-zag road leading to the heights. After a slow and troublesome ascent, which afforded time to study the configuration of the volcano (Misti) and the aerial perspective of the villages and cultivated grounds of the valley of Arequipa, we reached the tampu of Cangallo, 10,554 feet above the sea; higher still, 3046 feet, we came to a heap of bones of horses and mules, known in the country by the name of *El Alto de los Huesos,* and at length arrived, bent with fatigue, with our faces blue from the effects of the air and cold, at the station of Apo, the first halting-place of the Sierra Nevada.

Here the traveller who stops to pass the night and rest his beasts may admire at leisure the beauties of a hyperborean landscape. Looking northward, the ground is concealed by hard snow, the silent streams sleep under the ice, the waterfalls are only a confused mass of stalactites, the crystals of which taper off at their lower end. From the north-east to the north-west the snowy peaks of the Andes hover round the horizon like white phantoms. The thermometer marked from twenty-one to twenty-five degrees below the freezing-point (Fah).

This station of Apo, at which I arrived about nightfall, resembles all establishments of the kind in Peru, which are nothing but huts, of greater or less size, divided into two or three apartments, and more or less dilapidated according to their remoteness from civilized places. A square space, *sub Jove crudo,* inclosed by stones piled on one another, serves as stabling for the horses and mules. As for the travellers themselves, they have to manage as well as they can in one of the compartments of the hut, sleeping on the bare ground if they have neglected to provide themselves with a mattress or a sheep-skin, shivering with cold all the night, and rising as early as possible to fly to the fresh torture which awaits them at the succeeding post.

On awaking in the morning after having fulfilled the conditions of this programme, I entreated the *arriero,* who had accompanied me, and who had been my chamber comrade, to saddle our beasts without delay. While he obeyed my orders with the *nonchalant* activity of his profession, I went into the kitchen of the establishment, where a little fire of llama's dung (*takia*) was burning, to prepare for myself the cup of chocolate which invariably composes the breakfast of the traveller who crosses the Andes. Nor Medina, my muleteer, finished his task as I swallowed the last mouthful of my beverage. We had only to settle our accounts with the postillions, and to get into the saddle. The sun had risen in a serene sky; the day promised to be a magnificent one. We urged on our mules, and soon left the post of Apo far behind us.

At the end of an hour's march, during which we had ascended some hundreds of yards, I began to feel a general uneasiness, which I attributed to the insufficiency of the atmospheric pressure. This phenomenon, which the Quichuas of the moun-

tain heights call the *soroche,* and from which they do not themselves suffer—having lungs one-third larger than those of the European—is attributed by them to some mephytic gas produced by antimony—in Quichua *soroche*—even in places where that metal does not exist. A contraction of the diaphragm, a dull pain in the dorsal region, shootings in the head, nausea and giddiness, sometimes followed by fainting, are the symptoms of this singular malady. I, however, did not suffer to that



PART OF THE PAMPILLA OR SANDY DESERT NEAR AREQUIPA.

degree. Nor Medina, to avert what my livid countenance and my efforts to keep in the saddle betrayed I was suffering, gave me a clove of garlic, and advised me to chew it as I would a sugar-plum. I obeyed, but not without grinding my teeth. This antidote, which my Esculapius pretended to be a specific against the *soroche,* not having produced any effect, he advised me to make my nose bleed by striking it with my fist, which he said would give me instant relief. This I thought too heroic a remedy, and preferred to crunch another clove of garlic, notwithstanding the very slight fancy I had for the smell and taste of that species of the Liliaceæ.

About twenty minutes elapsed, and whether it was that the remedy began to operate, or whether my lungs became accustomed by degrees to the rarified air,

I began to feel better. Soon I was able to talk with my companion about the road he had taken to reach Cuzco, the route that I had marked out deviating from the direct line and from the stages which divided it so unequally. The man enumerated the various posts between Arequipa and Cuzco, calculated their respective distances, and concluded by assuring me that the Lampa road which I had chosen in preference to the common route, known in the country as the *Carrera real de los Andes*, possessed the disadvantage of seven fewer stations and eighty more miles of road, which meant, in other words, that after a hard day's work across a difficult country, the elevation of which varied from 10,000 to 18,000 feet, we should find no other shelter than a shepherd's miserable *pascana*,[1] where we should be compelled to sleep on the floor, with scarcely room enough to stretch our legs. He ended by asking why I chose to go so far about to obtain my end, when it would have been natural to prefer the straight line and the common road? I told him that as I was about to quit the country never to return, I did not mind lengthening my journey by a few leagues for the purpose of visiting a priest, whom I had heard had been very skilful in cross-breeding certain species of the Camelidæ. The *arriero* looked at me with great astonished eyes.

"Is it the curé Cabrera that monsieur means?" he asked.

"Precisely," said I. "That worthy priest, formerly curate of Macusani in the province of Carabaya, and now domiciled at Cabana, in the province of Lampa."

"And monsieur will go eighty miles to see an old man who, people say, is a little cracked!"

"My good fellow," I replied to Nor Medina, "he of whom you speak so lightly is one of those men to whom, in my country, they would long since have erected a statue of bronze, as to a benefactor of the human race. I cannot therefore regret a journey of eighty miles to shake hands with him, especially as I shall easily recover the lost time by shortening my stay at Cuzco."

"As monsieur pleases," said the muleteer. "A curious idea," he added in a lower tone, yet not so low that I did not hear the remark, though I thought it best to make no reply.

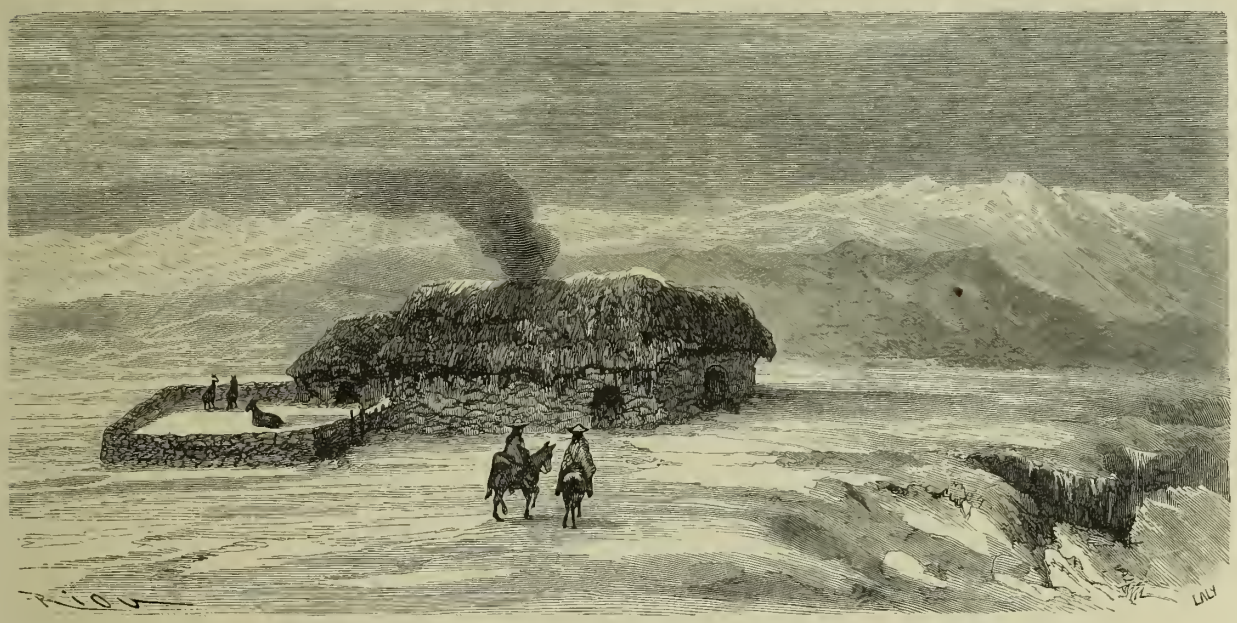
We continued to push our way through the snows, my companion pinching his nose to warm it, and I breathing on my fingers to prevent them from being numbed. In vain the grandeur of the horizon, the sparkling blue of the heavens, and the sense of liberty which one respires with the air on mountain heights, gave to the landscape I know not what of greatness and sublimity, so calculated to elevate the soul and command enthusiasm. The coldness of the temperature rendered all such emotion impossible to me. To this grand book of earth and heaven opened before my eyes I would have preferred a close chamber and the warmth of a stove.

The day passed without a single living thing having presented itself except some vultures hovering high in the air, or some vicugnas (a species of llama) on the mountain slopes. At five o'clock we discovered, hidden in the rocks, the station of Pachaca, where I proposed to pass the night. But it is above all when travelling

[1] From the Quichua verb *pascani*, to feed or pasture.

that "man proposes and God disposes;" the station was shut and silent, and notwithstanding the outcry we made to announce our arrival no postillion in the national head-band appeared to receive us. We were thus compelled to make two stages, and pushing on to Huallata we arrived there at nine o'clock in the evening.

Built upon a solitary mamelon surrounded with snows and precipices, besieged by every wind, battered by every tempest, often shrouded in frosty mists, this station of Huallata is one of the most fearful sites in the whole chain of the Andes, from the Tierra del Fuego to the equator. Five times the chances of my life had led me to this wild spot, and each time I regretted that I had not, like Joshua, the power to arrest the sun, in order to prolong the day, and to proceed further.



A POSTING STATION, OR TRAVELLER'S HALTING-PLACE, IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

The sensation that I now experienced was less disagreeable than formerly. Fatigue, hunger, and above all, the dread of passing the night under the stars, had disposed me to look at the bright side of things. The welcome of the postillions completed the satisfaction with which I submitted to circumstances. When I had supped on my cup of chocolate and toasted bread I entered the apartment kept for travellers, and commenced my nightly toilet, whilst Nor Medina did his best to stop the holes and cracks in the walls. A fire of llama's dung was kindled in the centre of the apartment, and an Indian, for a small remuneration, undertook to watch it, while chattering to himself, during the night. Thanks to the vigilance of our vestal in drawers, we enjoyed a sufficiently pleasant temperature. On the morrow we quitted the station of Huallata suffering from one of those colds which circle the forehead with a band of iron and provoke an abundant secretion of the lachrymal glands; and leaving on our left the road to Cuzco, marched in the direction of the rising sun. After having descended a succession of rapid slopes we came to the great plain called the *Pampa de los Confites* (Sugar-plum Pampas), on account of

the ground being strewn with little pebbles rounded by the action of the primitive waters. This plain, which we crossed in two hours, is bounded, from north-east to south-east, by an entanglement of trachytic peaks, rough, sharp, and disordered. Under the snow which partly covers them were discernible long bands of yellow, black, and red, which produced by contrast a singular effect. Had a painter transferred such a scene to his canvas no doubt the critic would have laughed in his face in virtue of that axiom so euphonically formulated by Boileau: "Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable"—The truth may sometimes not be like truth.

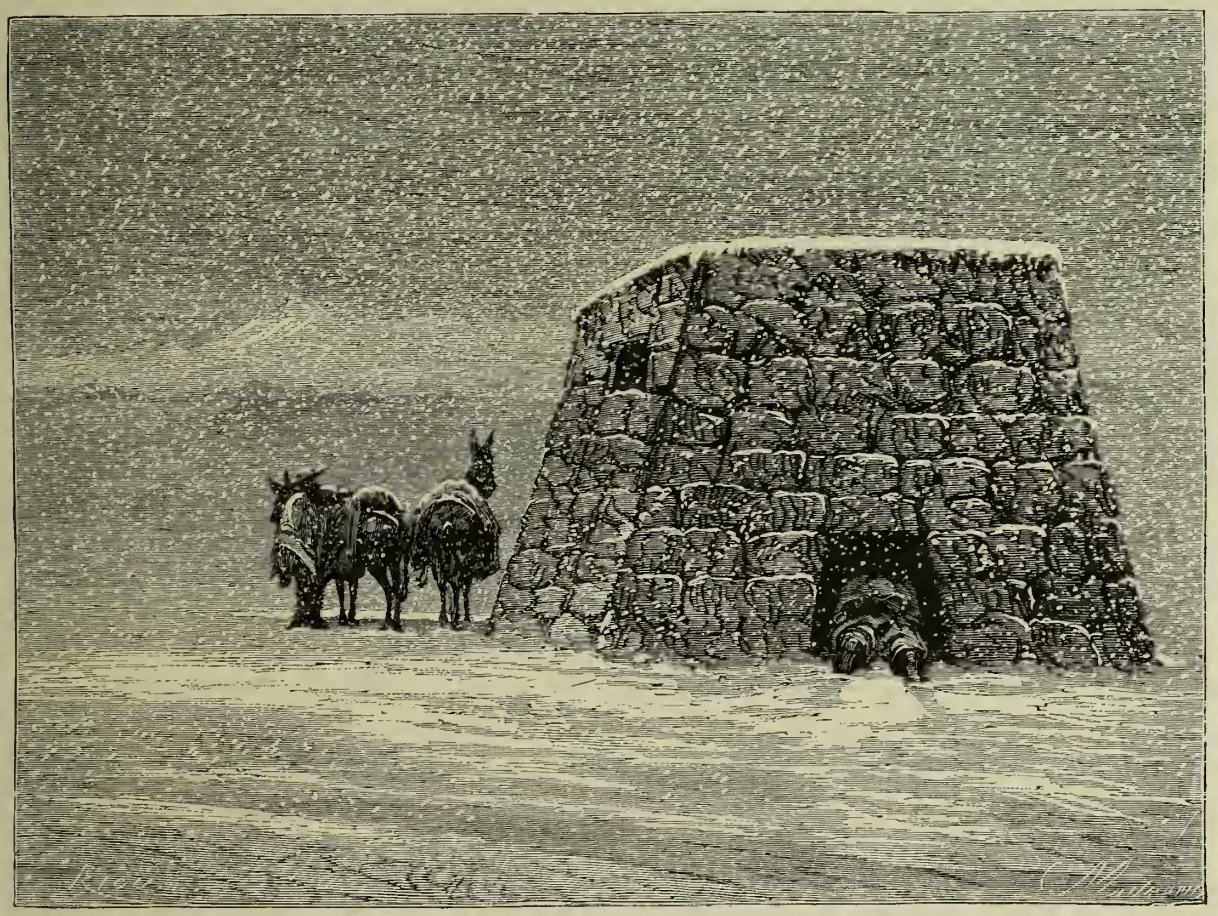
It is possible to cross the chain of the Andes in any season, since I have made the journey some thirty or forty times at various points, and at different periods of the year. Still the most favourable times are the months of April and September. In April the snow has not yet fallen, and only appears in the regions where it is eternal. In September the fallen snow, which from June to August covers the roads, is already melted, and having flooded the torrents and rivers, is bearing away its annual tribute to the two oceans.

As it was now July, that is to say, the depth of winter, we were in danger of being surprised by one of those tempests which generally burst in the afternoon, unless the heavens—and this was little probable—should show themselves merciful, on our account, for a day or two. At this moment we were traversing a stony and jagged region where, had I relied on my own topographical knowledge, I should most certainly have lost my way; but Nor Medina was an experienced pilot, and the manner in which he manœuvred to pass the ravines and quagmires banished all fear from my spirit. In narrow and perilous passages he went on before without speaking, and I, following him, imitated his silence. When the breadth of the way permitted us to keep side by side we charmed away the *ennui* of the journey by talking, not of love and war, like La Môle and the Count de Coconnas, but of the probability of finding at the end of the day an hospitable cabin and something to eat.

Two hours had passed when some bulging white clouds of the kind which sailors call "cotton-balls," and the learned *cirro-cumuli*, appeared floating in the air like a flock of doves. In a few instants these clouds increased, closed up their ranks, and at last quite hid the face of the sun. A storm was brewing. We looked round for some kind of shelter, but all was desolation. Even the mountains presented no grotto or crevice in which we could take refuge. Then we hurried on our mules, scarcely knowing in what direction to continue our forced march, moved solely by that apprehension of danger, and the need of escaping from it, common to all living creatures. At the moment when our fast trot had increased to a gallop, the wind began to blow in sudden gusts, so that the clouds were heaped together like floating ice on the breaking up of a river, and grew dark in our faces. Lightning and thunder immediately joining the *melée* warned us that the storm was near, and had the feet of our beasts been gifted with the swiftness of Achilles they would have tried in vain to outstrip it in speed.

Nevertheless we continued to flee before the tempest, now and then raising our

heads to judge of the state of the atmosphere, but again burying them almost immediately in the immense wrapper called a *tapacara*, which everyone is obliged to wear in these latitudes. Meanwhile the distant rumblings of the thunder succeeded at more frequent intervals, the lightning traced lines of fire in the heavens, the clouds sinking by their own weight, approached rapidly towards the earth, and a livid light illuminated the landscape, which stood out in bold relief against the deep neutral tint of the horizon.



HOSPITALITY OF A SEPULCHRE.

A sudden thunder-clap filled us with fear and made our mules tremble upon their hocks. The clouds bulged like overfilled leathern bottles, and a shower of hail-stones beat upon our heads. To protect ourselves as much as possible we huddled up in our cloaks; our unhappy beasts, unable to follow our example, whined with the pain caused by the rough contact of the projectiles with their poor noses. We quite pitied their condition, and did all we could to excite them by voice, spur, and bridle. The hailstorm was succeeded by a fall of snow, such as one never witnesses but at this elevation. It fell so fast and thick that it was impossible to see ten steps in advance. In an instant the whole landscape was wrapped in one great winding-sheet; the mules profited by the stupefaction we felt to slacken their pace and proceed to their own liking. We had thus felt our way for a quarter of an hour, when a dark mass seemed to cross the moving curtain of snow. "God be praised!"

exclaimed Nor Medina, drawing rein by the side of this construction, of which I could not yet divine the character. As I approached he cried out to me to dismount. I obeyed with the more promptitude seeing that the door of this lodge was wide open, only it was so low, that to enter I was obliged to go on my knees. In the meanwhile Nor Medina relieved the mules of their harness, which he covered with a waxed cloth (or oil-skin), and gliding through the cat's hole very soon rejoined me. The snow continued to fall like pressed wool.

The shelter we had found so opportunely was an edifice formed of enormous blocks, and covered in with a single stone. A little window looking eastward, at about a man's height, scarcely lighted the interior. This sepulchre, for such it was, might measure ten feet on each side by eight feet in height. Its walls, sloped in the Egyptian manner, and of tremendous thickness, had probably seen many centuries and endured many tempests. I asked my guide what he thought of this sepulchre, and if any tradition attached to it. But the snow which had soaked through the man's clothes had dried up his habitual loquacity; he replied with a yawn, "It was the work of the heathen Aymaras." I ought to have been satisfied with this reply; but reflecting that it might happen to me, as to so many others, to tell a traveller's story to the public, and reflecting further that the public would not be satisfied with Nor Medina's laconic explanation, I used my flint and steel, lighted a bit of wax-candle, and wrote the following lines:—

"When the Children of the Sun first appeared in Peru, the great Aymara nation possessed the country which extends from Lampa to the frontiers of Desaguadero, and comprises under the name of Collao the region of the Punas, or plateaux situated eastward of the chain of the Western Andes. In various parts of this country, which is some 270 miles in length and of an average breadth of 90 miles, were temples, palaces, and monuments of various kinds, some intact, some already in ruins, the architecture and statuary of which bore witness to an advanced state of civilization. The Aymaras, who ascribed to these constructions a very remote date, attributed them to the Collahuas, whose descendents they boasted themselves to be. According to them, that nation had come from a far-distant country, situated to the north of Peru, and had occupied different places for a long period before advancing to the region of the Peruvian plateaux, which in memory of them had since borne the name of Collao. These ancestors of the Aymaras, so to speak of them, believed, according to hieroglyphic pictures, of which their chiefs alone possessed the secret, that previous to the sun which gave them light there had been four others which were successively extinguished by a flood, an earthquake, a general break up, and a great tempest which annihilated at the same time all created beings. After the disappearance of the fourth sun the world had been immersed in darkness for twenty-five years. In the midst of that profound night, and ten years before the appearance of a fifth sun, the human race was regenerated. The great Creator, when he formed anew a man and a woman, created also this fifth sun, which had lasted already a thousand years. This astrological fiction, which the Aymaras derived from the Collahuas and which has served as the basis of a particular system of cosmogony,

was common to the whole group of peoples speaking the same language: the Toltecs, the Cicimecs, the Nahuatlaques, the Acolhues, the Tlascaltecs, the Aztecs, &c., who, about the beginning of our era, inhabited the country of Anahuac in New Spain. These peoples are said to have received their civilization, their architecture, their quipos,[1] and their hieroglyphics from the Olmecs and the Xicalanques, two powerful nations who preceded them, and who themselves boasted of their high antiquity.

"To return to our Aymaras. The establishment of the Incas in Peru, as it caused a displacement of most of the Andean nations, so it dispossessed this people of the country which it had so long occupied. In the time of the second emperor, Sinchi-Roca, it had abandoned the *Condesuyos*[2] of Cuzco, and had withdrawn more and more westward to escape from the domination of the Children of the Sun. The third Inca, Lloque-Yupanqui, carried his arms into that part of Collao of which the Lake of Titicaca and its monuments are the historic centre. Occupied in subjugating the Aymaras established in the south, he left in peace such of them as lived to the west. Mayta-Capac, his successor, attacked them at two opposite points of their territory. Having subdued the Aymaras of Tiahuanacu in Upper Peru, he marched against those of Parihuanacocha (the Flamingo lake), situated almost under the fifteenth degree, and they also fell under subjection to him.

"This circle of conquests, successively enlarged by each emperor, and touching at the several points indicated above, had pushed towards the coast of the Pacific the Aymaras who were still free. Some families of that nation were stopped from advancing beyond the entrance of the western valleys, where their relics are still found.[3] Others were driven as far as the sea, where they mixed with the fish-eating tribes who at that epoch inhabited the shores of the ocean between the fourteenth and the twenty-fourth degrees of latitude.[4] In the fifteenth century, the conquests of the Inca Capac-Yupanqui extending even to Chili, and causing the almost total extinction of these peoples, the Aymaras disappeared with them from the littoral; only those individuals of that nation who had previously bent under the yoke of the Incas continued to occupy in the Sierra a part of the ancient territory of their fathers. At present we count about 200,000 of these indigenes spread along the Bolivia-Peruvian frontier, and in the seven departments of Higher Peru.

"Among the ancient customs of that nation, a custom, so singular that it may assist the ethnographer to recover the traces of its passage across the two continents, was that of deforming the skull at birth, giving it a conical form, by means of boards padded with cotton and compressed by ligatures. The skeletons of Aymaras, found

[1] The *quipos*, or strands of coloured wool, which the Peruvians used to record their dates and traditions, was not invented by them, as so long supposed. It was used by the Canadians, and was known to the Chinese at a very remote period. It was also used by the nations of Mexico, referred to in the text, by whom it was called *nepohualtzitzin*. (See *Botturini*.)

[2] From the Quichua *cunti* (west) and *suyu* (direction): one of the four divisions of the empire established by Manco-Capac.

[3] The Aymara ossuary, the existence of which we are the first to make known, is situated at the distance of a few miles S.S.E. of Ilay, in the midst of the zone of trachytic ashes, which extends from that port to the entrance of the valley of Tambo, called the Arenal.

[4] The *Quelleas* (now *Quileas*), the *Moquehuas*, the *Llipis*, and the *Chaneus* (now *Changos*).

in the neighbourhood of the coast between the sixteenth and eighteenth degrees, are perfectly recognizable by their oblong or egg-shaped heads. An egg, of which one end should form the face, would give an exact idea of their shape.

"The mode of burial practised by these Indians, at the epoch of their splendour, was also very strange, and unlike anything found among the nations of South America.



INTERIOR OF AN AYMARA CHULPA.

Their tombs, called *chulpas*, have the shape of a truncated pyramid of from twenty to thirty feet high. This pyramid, constructed of unbaked bricks (*tapias*), was formed in several retreating courses, recalling by its general configuration the Mexican *téocallis*, the first idea of which would seem to have been borrowed from the temple of Bel. Sometimes the tombs of the Aymaras were simple monuments of Cyclopean structure covered with a single stone, and forming, in the interior, a square chamber—such as that wherein I write these lines—with a low entrance, and a little window looking to the rising sun. Sometimes, again, these tombs took the form of an obelisk, the elevation of which, from twenty-five to thirty feet, was twice the dimensions of their base. These were covered with an inclined roof, and built of mud. Each tomb of the kind was adapted for the reception of a dozen individuals, whose bodies, embalmed with the *Chenopodium ambrosioides* of the neighbouring valleys, and clothed in their own garments or wrapped in a sack woven with the leaves of the totora, and sloped

off to let the face appear, were seated in a circle, their feet touching one another, resembling the felly of a wheel. Each of the dead had near him, under the pretence of provisions and household utensils, some spikes of maize, a jug of chicha, a bowl, and a spoon. If it was a man, they added to these objects a sling, a *macana* or club, hunting or fishing implements, and a weft of wool. If a woman, they placed near her a basket made of the stalks of jarava, some balls of llama's wool, and a few shuttles and knitting-needles made of the long black thorns of the *Cactus quisco.*[1] When once this tomb was in possession of the number of guests it was meant to



AYMARA INDIAN MUMMY.

contain it was closed up, the window alone being left open, probably with the idea that passers-by might look in and perhaps derive instruction and consolation from

[1] In the hillocks of Cocotea, of Tambo, and of Mejillones, in the neighbourhood of Iquique, in the *Morro* of Arica, and other places near the coast, are many huacas or burial-places of Chango, Aymara, and Quichua Indians, dating from a period anterior to the Spanish conquest, in which we find objects of the same nature. The nationality of the mummies is apparent at first sight, both from the construction of the huacas in which they are found, and from the position of the bodies. Thus, the huacas of the Changos are as much as eight feet high inside, and the dead are laid upon their backs. Those of the Aymaras are circular cavities, at the bottom of which the corpse, wrapped in a woollen mantle, a mat, or a sack made of rushes, is simply seated. The huacas of the Quichuas, which are scarcely four feet high, are of an ellipsoidal figure, and lined in the interior with small flat stones. The corpse is placed like a child in its mother's womb; that is to say, squatting upon its heels, its knees raised to the level of the chin, its elbows resting upon the thighs, and its fingers doubled up against the eyes.

The garments and the woollen tissues which envelop these mummies, as well as the articles placed near them, are in all cases very much alike, and are coarsely made. In most of the huacas we have found spikes of maize, and what was once chicha. The grain had become the colour of old mahogany, but it preserved its gloss. The little chicha that remained at the bottom of the *cantaros*, made of baked clay and hermetically sealed, had acquired the colour and consistency of treacle.

the calm spectacle of the dead, seated side by side, and, so to speak, regarding each other with hollow eyes. Every morning the rising sun darted a golden ray into the interior of these sepulchres, and warmed for a moment, without reanimating, the yellow parchments which once were men. Some of these *chulpas* exist still, but empty and desecrated. French, English, Germans, have with one accord broken into these monuments, and the mummies which they inclose, disturbed from the rest of ages, have been transported into the museums of Europe, where they grin in some glazed show-case awaiting the day of resurrection. . . . ."

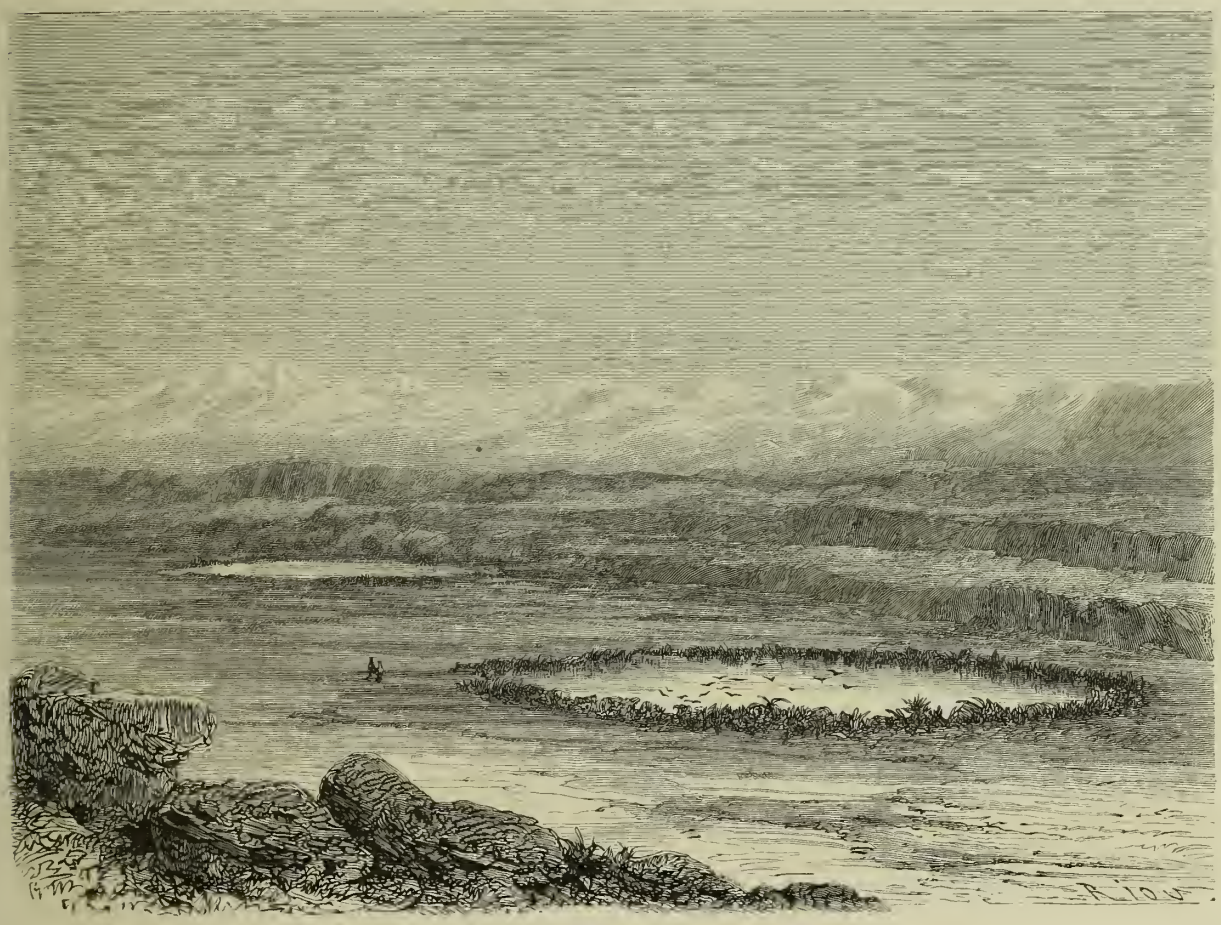
As I finished writing the last word, Nor Medina, who had kept his eye on the weather, told me the snow had ceased falling, and that it was necessary to resume our journey. It was four o'clock. We went to mount our beasts, whose manes, stiffened with frost, recall to mind the horses of Odin Hrimfaxi and Skinfaxi with frozen hair. The poor beasts had not moved from the spot where we left them. My guide patted their flanks to console them for the wretched quarter of an hour they had passed. Then, having saddled and bridled them, we were soon far from the Aymara sepulchre.

After an hour's march I discovered on my right, hidden by the undulations of the ground, a pretty river winding its joyful way among the rocks which it fringed with a border of foam. I pointed it out to Nor Medina, who told me it was the same thread of water that I had seen bubbling from the hollow of a rock near the station of Apo. A course of sixty miles in the midst of the snows of the Sierra had worked this prodigy. "So are born and so grow societies and empires," said I to my guide; who smiled his approbation.

The road we were following presently wound along by the river, so that we kept close to its banks. In places destitute of stones, it spread its water deliciously over a bed of quartzose sand, so white, so fine, so pleasant to the eye, that for a moment I was tempted to dismount, to take off my shoes, and wade in it to the unknown gulf into which it flowed. The day however, which already drew near its end, prevented me from giving effect to this idea. I contented myself with dipping into it, by the aid of a bit of pack-thread, the tin pot which when travelling served me at once for a glass, a bowl, and a cup, and I drank some draughts of its limpid and icy water.

As there was no station in the neighbourhood, nor even a shepherd's hut, where we could pass the night, and as the hamlet of Compuerta—the only inhabited place, as my guide said—was still some leagues distant, we urged our beasts to a lively pace. The storm of the afternoon had cleared off, and left no trace in the heavens. Nothing stained the immense vault of azure, save that the setting sun tinged it with an orange purple. Proceeding on our road we came to a lagune, something less than a mile in circumference, on the borders of which grew large-leaved *totoras* (*Juncus peruvianus*). That "drop of limpid water which glassed the heavens," as the poet says, served as the home of several kinds of aquatic birds, such as grebes, divers (*Colymbidæ*), and teals, which sported and quacked at each other as they prepared for rest. A sluice at the outlet of this basin allowed its surplus water to flow into a ravine which communicated with the river. Two hundred paces from this lagune I discovered another exactly like it, but situated upon the right bank of the watercourse which we were following. Nor

Medina was particular in explaining to me that beyond these two lagunes—the first of which was called the Lake of Gold (*Coricocha*), and the second the Lake of Silver (*Colquecocha*)—the river, which we had seen to take its rise at Apo, and which even then was called the Rio de Cuevilla, took the name of the Rio de Compuerta. I noted the fact, and just as I questioned the man if the hamlet of Compuerta was yet far distant, he showed me, at some bow-shots from the second lagune, a group of ruined



THE LAKE OF GOLD AND LAKE OF SILVER.

houses backed by a hill. We crossed the river on a sand-bank, which seemed to be placed there expressly to facilitate the passage from one shore to the other, and directed our steps towards these houses, which, from their tumble-down appearance, one could not have supposed to be inhabited, if the thread of smoke which rose from the roof of one of them had not revealed the presence of man.

At the noise made by our arrival the door of the smoking house opened, and the head of a woman appeared. She regarded us with a scared look, but apparently re-assured by our pacific exterior, asked my guide what good wind had blown him here; as for me, I obtained no more notice than if I had been one of the bags carried by our mules. However, I was accustomed to the manners of the Quichuas, and this indifference did not trouble me. After exchanging a few words with this woman, my guide requested me to dismount, and seek for a room in the house that would suit me.

I looked at the Indian to judge by her expression if she were agreeable to this or not. As soon as she caught my eye she faced about and turned her back upon me. "Silence gives consent," I said to myself, as I passed her haughtily and entered.

That which Nor Medina—no doubt from regard for the sex—had called a house was a square space, black, smoky, and sordid. Tattered garments were everywhere hanging from the rafters. The original colour of these rags was hid under a covering



HAMLET OF COMPUERTA.

of soot. A fire of llamas' dung was burning in the centre of the place, spreading an odour like musk, which, added to the thick smoke it emitted, offended both sight and smell. A pot placed before the fire indicated that some kind of supper was in preparation. I lifted the cover, and saw one of those broths composed of water and the flour of maize, which the Indians highly relish in defect of anything better. To me it seemed but poor stuff. I drew a stool before the fire, and while I reflected, as I stirred up the embers, on the meagre fare which awaited me, a cock which was roosting in a corner of the hut began to crow. I started up at this unusual sound, and signing to Nor Medina, who entered just then followed by the Indian, he came near me.

"I do not care for *élagua*," I said in a low tone, showing him the Lacedæmonian broth that was stewing in the pot, "but the cock I heard crow just now is exactly to my mind: is it possible, do you think, to get it for supper?"

"Nothing is more easy," he replied, in the same low tone. Then turning to the woman, "Mamita," said he, "go and see if the mules are all right." She went out, and returned in a minute or two to utter a cry of rage at the sight of Nor Medina seated before the fire, his legs wide apart, and in the act of plucking her favourite rooster, whose jugular he had already cut.

"Mamita," he said, in reply to her cry of rage, "this fowl is very thin."

"Monster!" she cried in Quichua, "dog of a Métis, thief, murderer! To kill a cock that I myself reared, and that told the time so well by his crowing. What had the poor thing done to you?" And thereupon she began to cry.

"Silence! woman," said Nor Medina, gravely. "The *élagua* that you were cooking is not to the taste of this traveller, and as it was absolutely necessary he should have something to eat, your old rooster will have the honour of satisfying his hunger. Besides we mean to pay you for the skinny brute! How much may it be worth? A real? Two reals?"

The Indian, accustomed like others of her caste to exactions, often accompanied with violence, from the descendants of the Spaniards, appeared so surprised and delighted at the idea of being reimbursed for what, till then, people had contented themselves with taking from her, that her tears suddenly ceased. Nevertheless, from the singular manner in which she looked at Nor Medina, it was evident she thought the offer was made in derision; so to end her anxiety, I took from my pocket a piece of four reals, and putting it in her hand, begged her to excuse the rough manners of my guide. She received the money with a sort of doubtful astonishment, turned it over and over, as if to assure herself that it was not bad; then, convinced of the goodness of the metal, she smiled, and slipped it into the hem of her petticoat.

"In fact," said she, drying her eyes, "it is better so: the *apuhualpacuna* [literally, *lord of hens*] prevented Juan from sleeping, and sooner or later he would have wrung its neck." And to show the muleteer that she bore him no malice, she sat down by his side, took one wing of the fowl, and set to work plucking it, while Nor Medina devoted himself to the other. Thanks to their emulation, the cock was soon despoiled of his coat of many colours, singed, cleaned, dismembered, and thrown into an earthen pan which the woman furnished with the best grace, as she did also some beef-dripping, and some onions which she took out of a hole in the wall that appeared to serve as a larder. A few pleasant words which I addressed to her by way of acknowledgment, and two or three friendly slaps on the back which Nor Medina gave her, restored to the Indian all her good humour.

While my supper was cooking the sound of voices was heard without. "That is Juan and his friends come from the mine," said the woman. As she finished speaking the door opened, and four Indians enveloped to the eyes in their striped ponchos entered. At the sight of the strangers they could not hide a grimace; but Nor Medina having welcomed them home, and the woman having shown her husband the half-piaster which she had received, their physiognomies, for a moment hostile, brightened, and they smiled in unison. Whilst the Indians took off their cloaks the woman lighted one of those resinous torches, done up in the spathe of the banana-tree, and which

they obtain from the eastern valleys. In its light—though, by the way, it emitted more smoke than flame—the Quichuas, seated on the ground, took from their wallets a wooden porringer, which they handed to the hostess, and which she filled to the brim with smoking *êlagua*.

Then commenced a most amusing pantomime, the notion of which would have delighted Pierrot-Debureau. Each Indian, on receiving his full porringer, balanced it on the tips of his five fingers, then making it revolve, began to sup that portion of the soup which had been slightly cooled by its contact with the wood. The dexterous rapidity with which these honest fellows manœuvred their bowls, the twinkling of their eyes, and the play of physiognomy which accompanied the operation, combined to form a spectacle so new and curious, that while I watched it I quite forgot I had eaten nothing since the morning.

The fact however was recalled to me by Nor Medina's announcement that supper was ready. He had spread my saddle-cloth on the ground like a table-cloth, and set in the middle of it the earthen dish and its contents, sharpened a piece of wood to serve as a fork, and provided a jug of iced water. I had nothing to do but to fall to work. My repast finished, and observing that my muleteer was disposed to appropriate all that was left of the supper, I desired him to offer the mistress of the house, as a token of my perfect esteem, a portion of the fowl whose tough flesh had made my jaws ache. The man eagerly obeyed, only instead of a wing or a thigh which I had wished to see him offer my hostess, it was the wreck of the carcass that the rascal gave her, which however she sucked with evident pleasure.

"Poor *apuhualpacuna*," said she, as she licked her fingers, "if anything could console it now, it would be to think it had been eaten by a Spanish cavalier!"

The sitting soon came to an end. The Quichuas, after consulting together in a low tone, disappeared, saluting us with *Quedense con Dios*—Rest with God! By the rummaging which followed in the adjoining hut, I concluded they had bestowed themselves there for the night, and had given us entire possession of the apartment we occupied. This was confirmed when the woman, having added some handfuls of fuel to the fire which was on the point of going out, went to rejoin her husband. Left to ourselves, we spread our skin-cloaks at some little distance from the hearth, and threw ourselves upon them with all our clothes on. In five minutes we were sleeping like the blessed.

At six o'clock in the morning we resumed our journey. The ground fell away rapidly from west to east. The landscape which lay at our feet was concealed by a thick white fog, the borders of which were feebly illumined by the rising sun. In the measure we descended the fog lifted, and very soon all the lower part of the plateau stood out well defined and clear, whilst the heavens were veiled by a thick mass of vapours. After a moment these vapours began to move in masses that rolled over one another, and from opaque white changed to transparent red; then the immense curtain was rent, and we beheld in all their splendour the ethereal blue and the orb of the rising sun.

The distance from Compuerta to Cabana, which we intended to reach before

night, is estimated at six leagues; but these six Hispano-American leagues are equal to nine French leagues, or twenty-seven miles. Moreover, the landscape, a very unimpressive one, offered nothing to the casual observer but short grass and stones, so that the tourist in search of recreation would more likely have found himself wearied to death with its monotony. Not so, the learned devotee of Flora or of Cybele. For him there was no lack of subjects for delighted admiration. Thanks to the spectacles he habitually wears, which enlarge objects, and occasionally make them appear double, he discovers in the grass beautifully branched *fragosas* of liliputian size, little stemless flowerets, gentians, *wernerias*, *loasas*, *lysipomias*, lobelias, &c., for the most part white, justifying the local saying, *Oro en la costa y plata en la sierra.*[1]

If from the vegetable kingdom the same learned traveller turns to the mineral, where the tourist sees nothing but stones, there is visible to him, always aided by his spectacles, mighty masses of trappean porphyry, composed of nitrous feldspar and amphibolite, in which he recognizes the character of the materials employed by the Incas in their beautiful constructions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

As it was neither in the character of a savan nor that of a tourist that I was travelling, but as a man occupied with his own affairs, I neither looked for discoveries nor for diversion in the landscape. All my attention was concentrated upon my mule, urging him on by voice and spur, while listening, without replying, to the perpetual chatter of my guide.

Since leaving Compuerta we had kept steadily along by the river bank, with the view of avoiding the mountains and declivities that lay in the direct line to Cabana. This had been decided on by Nor Medina, not out of consideration for me, as one might have thought, but for the sake of his beasts, who, he said, were almost done up with these perpetual transitions from the nadir to the zenith. Any one else in my place would have remonstrated, and compelled the worthy muleteer to follow the more direct line, especially as the curve of the road we were following lengthened a little the stage. My *amour propre*, however, prevented me from grumbling. I feared to give the honest man occasion to laugh at a traveller who should complain of a league more or less of road, when he had himself gone eighty miles out of the way to gratify a mere whim.

The sun rose high; hour after hour passed by. The river of Compuerta changed its course from south-east to east, and then north. The ground fell away in a more decided slope. At that moment, to speak nautically, we were off Chucuytu, at the distance of forty-five miles from which stretched the immense basin of the Lake of Titicaca, and if there had been a high mountain at hand we might have looked from its summit upon the sacred lagune, the thirteen isles dotted over its surface, and the fourteen rivers which assist to swell its waters. In the impossibility of delighting my eyes with the spectacle of that alpine sea, by turns so calm and so furious, the elevation of which is nearly 12,800 feet above the level of the two oceans, I recalled to

[1] *Gold on the coast and silver in the sierra.* Almost all the flowers which grow in sight of the Pacific Ocean, and which are of the *Aster*, *Helianthus*, *Hieracium*, *Actinea*, and *Chrysanthemum* characters, are in fact of a golden-yellow colour; while those which we meet with in the Sierra are silver-white.

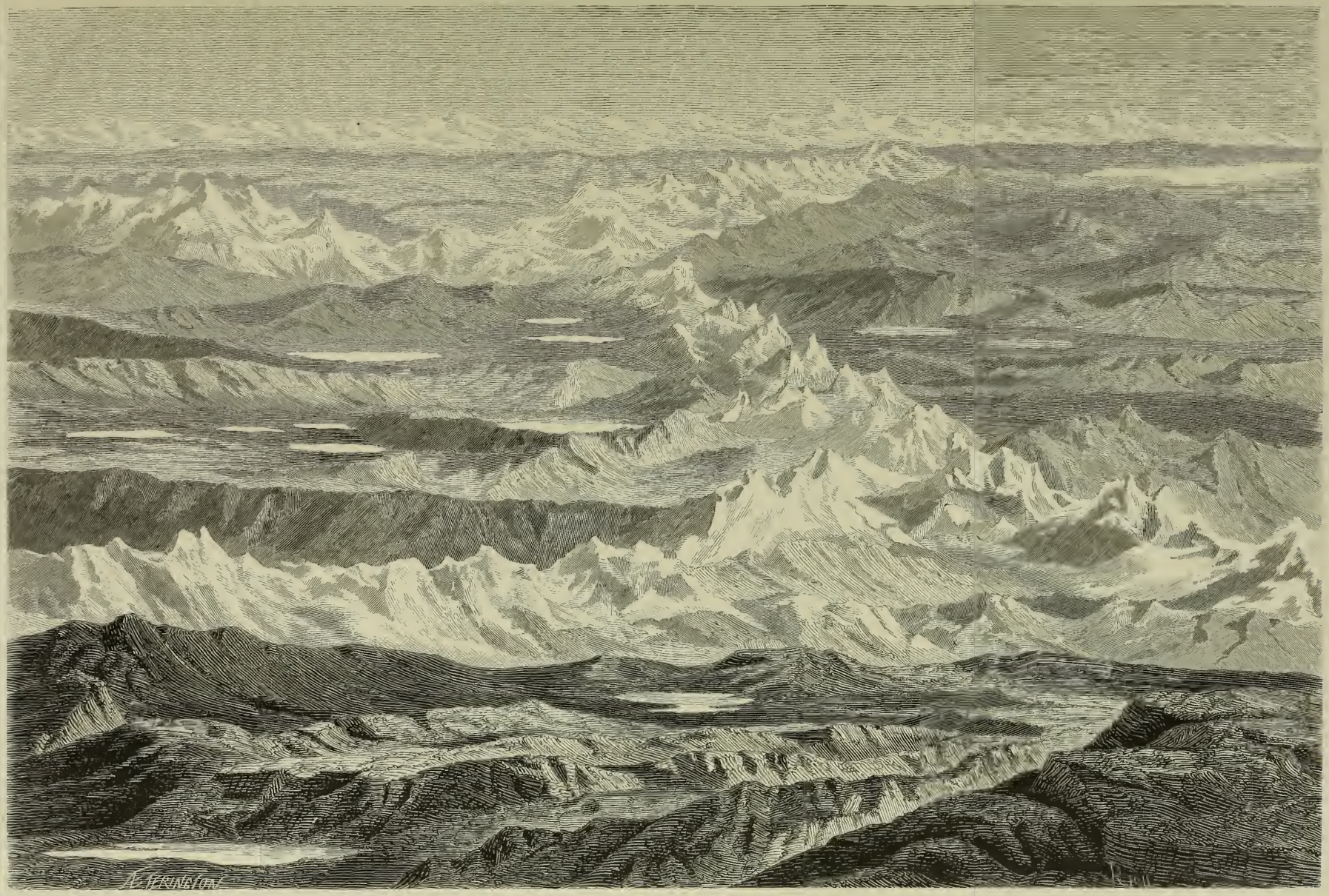
mind, day by day, the happy time when I wandered without care on these banks, seeking to surprise in their aquatic sports, but never finding them, the "green spider," the "gyrinus" (a species of water-beetle), and the "bearded triton," of which Father Valera speaks in his *Histoire Naturelle du Pérou.* I remembered, too, how vainly I had rummaged among the reeds and rushes to find the *Polygonium amphibium,* mentioned by the same learned writer; and how, disappointed in my fruitless researches, I had stopped to crunch a biscuit, or make ducks and drakes with the white and black stones on the river side. Alas! that the memory of the past should bring with it so much that is sad and melancholy.

At the moment of leaving for ever these elevated regions, about which many closet savans had written so learnedly without having seen them, I felt myself drawn to them by every bond of habit and sympathy. I would gladly have carried in my hand, as Charlemagne carries his globe, this historic country, of which the ancient civilization of India, in its march round the world, had made a centre of light. With what ethnographical fervour, with what archæological enthusiasm, I could have deposited it in some European museum, under a glass case, in order that our savans, by studying it close at hand, might agree, once for all, as to its origin and history!

These memories of the past absorbed me so completely for some hours, that I felt neither the hunger from which I was nevertheless suffering, nor the cold caused by a penetrating wind which blew from the snowy Andes of Crucero, as the sun set behind us. Neither did I remark that at the extremity of the plateau we were crossing, there appeared, like white and black points, the houses of two villages, built opposite each other, and separated by the breadth of the river Compuerta. Nothing less than an exclamation from Nor Medina that we were drawing near the end of our day's march, would have served to dispel my reverie, and overthrow the scaffolding of hypotheses that I had been so busily erecting.

I had scarcely realized the fact that the villages in sight were those of Cabana and Cabanilla, when my stomach reasserted its long disregarded rights. A moment afterwards we entered the village of Cabana, leaving on our right that of Cabanilla, which a roughly constructed bridge of three arches, built of gray trachyte, unites to its neighbour.

Cabana, to which the makers of Peruvian statistics, with a modesty which savours of good taste very rare among them, simply allude in their little compilations, without attaching to its name any striking epithet, is neither an *illustrious* capital, a *well-deserving* city, nor a *heroic* town! It is a cluster of small houses constructed of broken stones and mud, thatched with *ichu,* the stiff straw of the Cordilleras, and disposed in the form of a Z. The middle of the downward stroke of this letter forms a kind of plaza or square, occupied by the church, a modest structure of mud, with a square belfry, the projecting roof of which, supported by pillars bent with age, is turned up at the edge like the roof of a pagoda. On this little belfry, lit up for a moment by a ray of the setting sun, a dozen black vultures (*Percnopterus urubu*), like undertakers in feathers, had aligned themselves in that immobility of *pose* which is the characteristic of this obscene bird.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ANDES BETWEEN THE UPPER LAKE OF TITICACA AND THE LOWER LAKE OF PARIHUANACOCHA.

Notwithstanding the neighing of our mules, who had scented the stable, and the clamorous manner in which Nor Medina announced our arrival, not a soul appeared at the doors of the houses. The melancholy village seemed to be enchanted, or unpeopled by a pestilence. On remarking this to my guide, he explained that the inhabitants had probably gone to explore the quebradas, rivers, and brooks of the neighbourhood, in search of gold-dust or fragments of silver-ore, with which to pay their dues.



THE VILLAGES OF CABANA AND CABANILLA.

"But," I objected to the man, "the abolition of tribute has been decreed, and consequently the Indian has no longer anything to pay to the state!"

"*Cabal*" (just so!) he replied; "but if the Indian pays no tribute to the state, he has always his little accounts to settle with the sub-prefect of the province, the governor, and the alcalde. I say nothing of the lord-bishop, of the curé, of the vicar, and of the monks of our convents, holy men, who care so little for silver that they content themselves with deducting a tithe from the crops of potatoes, chuño, quinoa, oats, or whatever the Indian may grow. Perhaps he has no crop at all; but his wife has a distaff, and she spins and sends to the tithe-collector (*diezmero*) a few balls of llama's wool, which are always received with pleasure. In default of wool she has perhaps a guinea-pig, a few eggs, a cake of tallow, or other article: any of these will do, and the little presents she makes serve to keep up a good understanding. Our Indians know this so well,

that although they may grumble a little, they take care not to neglect these little duties when the time comes to pay court to the civil and religious authorities."

"But this is frightfully tyrannical," I exclaimed.

"It would be unpolite to contradict your lordship," replied the mule-driver, "but assuredly the Indian looks at these things from a different point of view. He may grumble, sometimes, but he does not raise a clamour. Habit counts for much in so many things. I will even venture to say that most Punarunacunas[1] view these excursions into the quebradas as nothing more than a party of pleasure. They would like to enjoy the outing alone, and at liberty; for all are lawfully married, and a married man is never sorry to be free for a moment. But Scripture having ordained that the wife is to cleave to the husband, the Indian wife, caring nothing whether it pleases her lord and master or not, follows in his wake, under the pretext of preparing his food and mending his clothes, but really only to vex him. Then, as the children could hardly live without their mother, and as the dogs would die of *ennui* without the children, it comes to pass that both man and beast absolutely abandon their village for a time; considerations which will explain to you the complete solitude we have found here.

"Our Indians will remain ten or twelve days afield. At the end of this time, if they have filled their chuspa with metal, they set apart the few piastres which are due to the superior authorities, and lay out the rest in the purchase of brandy and coca. At home once more, they will dance merrily to the sound of a tin trumpet and a charango; drink, get drunk, and soundly beat their wives, as a lesson not to leave the conjugal roof another time. But this is labour lost. A woman is by nature incorrigible, and an Indian woman has a taste for being beaten. It flatters her *amour propre*. A good shower of blows from a stick or a knotted cord, administered now and then by him she calls her *palomachay*,[2] or "cherished dove," is a better proof to her than any number of protestations and oaths that the man in question has chosen her for his companion, and continues to cherish her above all other women. . . ."

Here the dissertation of Nor Medina was interrupted by the baying of a dog which seemed to be affected with laryngitis.

"It is the *alcco* of the curé," he said, "a poor animal that has grown as useless as his master."

At this moment we turned the angle of an almost broken-down wall, and I discovered a miserable house built against the apsis of the church, of which the projecting thatched roof protected it from the north wind as the foliage of a tree protects the nest of a bird. This dwelling, furnished with one window and one door, was so low that a horseman by rising upon his stirrups could rest his elbows upon its summit.

[1] *Runa*, man; *puna*, plateau; *cuna*, the;—the men of the plateau. This is the name given to the indigenes of the region of Collao.

[2] The word *paloma*, pigeon or dove, is Spanish, this bird not being found in the wild state in South America, but having been naturalized there by the Spaniards. On the other hand, there are seven or eight varieties of turtle-doves, of which the largest is the size of a wood-pigeon, and the smallest that of a common sparrow. The first is called *urpi*; the second *cuculi*. It is the *urpi* that, under the name of *urpi-lla* and *urpilla-chay*, sweet turtle-dove, darling turtle-dove, figures in the greater number of *yaravis* and poems of the Quichuas.

The front of this humble abode was somewhat enlivened by being whitewashed. On the window-sill, in a common earthen pot, but of such a shape as to recall the art of the Etruscans, blossomed one of those *alstrœmerias* which European horticulturists improperly call the *Lily of the Incas*,[1] and of which the variety *tomentosa*, which I recognized at a glance, flourishes in the shady thickets in certain sheltered spots of the Entre-Sierra. The sight of these pretty flowers, with their petals of grecnish pink, spotted with a brownish red, gave me much pleasure. They indicated on the part of their possessor a certain delicacy of organization, which seemed a good augury for the refreshment and shelter which I designed to beg of him. As the dog, a miserable cur, toothless, blear-eyed, his hair bristling, redoubled his noise on seeing us alight, an old woman made her appearance on the threshold, regarding us with an astonished air.



ALSTRŒMERIA,
Called by mistake the Lily of the Incas.

"*Dios bendiga à U. mamita*" (God bless you, little mother), cried my guide, in a tone at once respectful and familiar.

"*Alli llamanta Hueracocha*" (Good day, signor), the woman answered in the idiom of the Quichuas.

The manner of the salutation, and the difference of idiom between the two personages, testified not only to a greater degree of civilization in the one than in the other, but the title of honour which the woman had accorded to the muleteer in answer to the qualification of "little mother," seemed to imply an inferiority of position, with which I could not help being struck. I had no opportunity of asking my guide about this. The old woman on learning from him that I desired to see the curé Cabrera, immediately invited me to enter the house. I therefore followed her in, leaving Nor Medina to unsaddle our mules.

Having crossed the first room, which appeared to serve as ante-chamber, kitchen, and dining-room, my conductress stopped and asked me timidly if my business with the curé was of so pressing a nature as to make it necessary to wake him out of the siesta in which he was just then indulging.

To this inquiry I courteously replied that it was not necessary to interrupt the holy man's slumber, that I could very well wait, more especially if to wile away the intervening time, my hostess would give me something to eat. Hardly had this sentence escaped me than the curé, who was not, as the good woman believed, asleep, and had heard me through the partition, called out in Quichua, "With whom are you speaking, Veronica?"

"With a white-skinned Huéracocha, who says he has business with you, my brother, and who asks for something to eat. . . ."

"For he is faint with hunger," added I, raising my voice, and using purposely the idiom employed by my hosts.

[1] It is the *Narcissus amancaës*, not the *Alstrœmeria*, which the natives call *Lily of the Incas*.

"Eh! my sister, to work quickly," replied the curé: "kill a guinea-pig, beat some eggs and make an omelette; do you not hear that this poor traveller says he is hungry? And you, sir," said he, addressing me, "be so good as to walk in here where we can converse with more comfort."

I left the good dame Veronica to her culinary preparations and took advantage of the curé's invitation. When I had opened the door which formed the communication between the two apartments, I found myself in a room of some size, though with a low ceiling. A Verenguela stone, transparent like glass and cut square, was fixed between the rafters of the roof and illuminated the room after the manner of an artist's studio.

The curé was seated on one of those square blocks of masonry which serve among the common people the purposes of chair, table, and bed. A pile of fleeces, with coarse woollen coverings over them, modified the hardness of this couch. The pastor was saying his rosary, which he suspended to a nail when I entered. Then as I drew near, he stretched towards me in an uncertain manner, as though seeking mine, his two hands.

"Help me, dear sir," he said with singular sweetness of expression, "I know you are there, but cannot tell your exact position; four years since God deprived me of the light of the sun, and now I cannot see earthly things except in thought."

I eagerly took the old man's hands, who drew me towards him and made me sit on his bed. I was so moved by the discovery of an infirmity so unexpected, that I was unable to offer the slightest attempt at consolation, or even a word of politeness to the venerable father. As I stealthily examined him he caressed my hands with an effusion quite juvenile, felt the stuff of which my clothing was made, and seemed to give himself up to a physiological examination of which I could not imagine the aim.

"You do not belong to this country," he at length said, "you have neither the tone of voice nor the exterior of my countrymen; tell me, dear sir, whence you come, whither you go, and what kindly wind has drifted you to my humble dwelling?"

"With great willingness," I answered. "I left Ilay last week, and I am on my way to Brazil, which I hope to reach before three months are out. My motive in coming to your home is a very simple one. Nearly five years ago, when visiting *en amateur* one day the museum of Lima, I perceived in a corner of the hall which contains the genealogical tree of the Incas, a portrait of Don Juan Pablo Cabrera, the curé of Macusani. This portrait, painted in oils, by an artist of the country, was of small value as a painting, and my attention would have been immediately turned from it if I had not read the biography of the original inscribed in a corner of the canvas. I was so impressed by this account of a holy and laborious life that I vowed to myself I would not leave America without seeing the original of the portrait. It is in fulfilment of this determination, reverend father, that instead of taking the road to Cuzco by the Andes I have come by way of Lampa, feeling almost certain that I should find in the village of Cabana him whom I wished to see, and whom I had long loved without knowing."

"You have done that for me!" exclaimed the poor priest, raising my hands to his lips with such eagerness that I could not prevent this demonstration of profound gratitude and wonderful humility. "Ah! sir, ah! my child—because I guess from your voice you are young—God will bless you, since you remember those who suffer and are forgotten."

A thoughtful silence prevailed between us for some minutes.

"Europe is a noble country and her sons have noble hearts," said the curé, at length, as if in reply to some anterior meditation. It is to Europe we owe the great



THE CURÉ OF MACUSANI, A TRUE PRIEST ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL.

ideas that have been disseminated among us. If those ideas have produced nothing, if the good seed has dried up in the ground, or has given but the stubble without the ear, it is because our hearts and our understandings were not prepared to receive it. When I dwelt at Macusani I knew Europeans who were drawn to these countries simply by their love for science. Although my relations with them were of the shortest duration, their memory has been deeply engraved in my heart."

Whilst the priest spoke I studied his physiognomy and mentally compared it with the horrid portrait I had seen of him. His features presented the type of the Iranian race, but without the projecting cheek-bones and prominent curvature of the nose which characterize that race. A constant habit of thought, instinct with human charity and divine love, seemed to have still more ennobled and refined the contours of a face that was already noble and perfectly formed by nature. The old man's eyes, closed, as he himself had said, to the light of this world, and not communicating to the spirit any reflection from exterior nature, imparted to his face the noble calmness of a beautiful antique mask. The Quichua idiom, with its ornate expressions and high-flown metaphors, which he employed in preference to the Spanish when conversing, had added spirituality, so to speak, to that plastic beauty by taking from

his thought I know not what mysterious grace, what sustained elevation, which had nothing in common with the habitual language of men.

The costume of the priest consisted of a kind of loose gown or wrapper[1] made of *bayeta*, a coarse cloth manufactured in the country. His shirt was made of unbleached cotton cloth, and a handkerchief of cotton stuff with a square pattern served him for a cravat. As for the room itself, it was, like the old man's garments, simple almost to barcness. Whitewashed walls, a bolster for his head, a linen cloth representing the Virgin Mary *des sept douleurs;* a holy-water vessel, and a rosary by the side of the image; here and there a few benches and stools, a leathern trunk, and some objects of no value; on the right side of the chamber, in the shade, a second couch, probably that of the priest's sister Veronica, completed the humble furniture, and brought to my memory these lines of a poet—

"La croix de bois, l'autel de pierre,
Suffit aux hommes comme à Dieu."

The worthy pastor had been silent for some time when I asked him, with suitable apologies, to relate some details of his past history and the life which he led in this solitude.

"My child," he replied, with a beautiful smile, "did you not tell me you have read the inscription on my portrait?"

"That inscription," I replied, "has only told me of the virtues of the priest and the labours of the man. It has told me nothing of his sufferings, and it is of them I wish to hear, because, if I had not gathered as much from your words, I should have divined, on seeing you and hearing you speak, that you had suffered."

An expression of bitterness passed over the old man's face, as the shadow of a cloud over still water. But he promptly replied:

"The day is far advanced, and it is fifteen miles to the nearest *estancia*. Will you give me your company this evening and pass the night under my roof? On that condition I will tell you the story of my life, not as you have read it in the museum at Lima, but as God alone knows it. . . ."

"I will not quit you till to-morrow morning," I replied.

"Veronica!" he cried, leaning towards the door of communication, "will it be long before the supper of our guest is ready?"

"A little patience, brother," replied Veronica; "the *couy*[2] is only done on one side, and I have still my omelette to make."

As I apologized to the curé for the embarrassment and trouble I had occasioned to his sister with these preparations for a meal, when a morsel of bread and cheese would have sufficed:

"Oh!" he said, "we are not in Lent and to-day is not Friday, that you should be half-starved; I am only vexed that there should be any delay in serving you. The fact is, Veronica has no one but herself in the house. Our sister Epifania is gone to Lampa

[1] *Houppelande* in French; it has neither a collar nor sleeves fitted to the figure, and is generally wadded.—Tr.

[2] The Quichua name of the guinea-pig (*Cavia minima*).

to sell the wool which the poor girls have spun together during the past week, and I do not expect her back till the evening."

"That is a journey of six leagues" (eighteen miles), I observed.

"Six there and six back," replied the curé; "making twelve leagues (thirty-six miles) that our sister will have to walk to-day, so that she will return thoroughly tired. Thank God the river of Lampa will not be flooded, for Epifania will have to cross it by a ford, and the current is very strong. . . .

"With a good mule she has nothing to fear," I remarked.

"Alas!" said the priest, "we have neither horses nor mules, and our sister is obliged to go afoot. This is one of my greatest troubles. My poor sisters, whom I would willingly surround with every comfort in their old age to recompense them for their past labours. . . . But God will know how to reward them in my place. . . ." This conversation was interrupted by Dame Veronica, who called out that supper was ready.

"Give me your arm," said the curé, "and let us go to the table. Whilst you eat I will finish saying my rosary."

After I had satisfied my hunger, and Nor Medina had also had his wants supplied, the curé proposed that we should walk out to enjoy for a moment the evening air. As we left the house a joyous chime of bells struck up in the direction of Cabanilla. "Already the oracion!" said the priest. Dame Veronica, who had followed us to the door, looked at the summit of the hills, which were reddened by the last rays of the setting sun. "My brother," she said without hesitation, "it is six o'clock. I will put back my watch: it makes three minutes past six." "That woman," I said to myself, "is a veritable chronometer."

The curé having passed his arm within mine, we walked through the village, all the houses of which were closed, and out on the plain. A silence unbroken by the voice of man, the song of bird, or the chirp of an insect, reigned around. The sun had sunk to rest in a winding-sheet of violet, fringed with purple and gold; in these latitudes, where there is no twilight, night follows day suddenly. Already the distance was gathering darkness, vapours ascended from the bottom of the ravines and rose in the air like smoke from the tripods of antiquity. The nearer cerros grew dark as we gazed, the stars began to twinkle, yet daylight had not completely disappeared. A vague and charming glimmer of rose-coloured light, reflected from the purple of the setting sun, tinged the snows of the Crucero which bounded the horizon in the east. These snows so delicately coloured and so life-like in the midst of the dull, gray, sleepy landscape, might be compared to the smile which lingers upon the mouth of a beautiful woman whose eyes have already closed in sleep. In presence of this calm and radiant spectacle of the earth hushing its noises and heaven kindling its stars—a spectacle which God gives every evening to his creatures, and which it was my privilege to contemplate—I felt a sense of inexpressible pity for the poor priest to whom for four years all this glory had been but a memory.

We continued our walk in silence. From time to time my companion dropped a short sentence, to which I replied in the same laconic manner, and then we again

relapsed into meditation. We continued to walk thus, purposeless, dreaming rather than talking, until the night grew cold, when the old man manifested his intention to return home. Half an hour afterwards we were seated on his bed. Dame Veronica had taken her distaff, and, squatted on a bit of carpet a few steps from us, was occupied in spinning by the smoky flame of a lamp.

"The moment has arrived," said the curé, "to tell you that part of my history of which men are ignorant and God alone knows. I was born at Canima, a small village in the department of Puno, and not at Macusani, as my biographers have said. I was a priest at twenty-five, officiating in the cure of Macusani, in the province of Carabaya. My two sisters, Veronica and Epifania, left alone after the death of our parents, had come to live with me. Impressed with the greatness of my office, and thoroughly alive to the obligations it imposed on me, I had resolved to raise from the brute-like condition to which they were reduced the wretched Indians whom God had given me for my flock. To open the eyes of their spirit to the true light, to bring hope to their withered hearts, to make of the poor slaves, whom fear of the whip kept in subjection to their masters, freemen, brothers in Jesus Christ united indissolubly by the bonds of affection and devotedness, such was the dream which I had cherished before taking orders, such was the idea to which, when I became a priest, I resolved to consecrate my life.

"After a first year passed in the exercise of my functions, and during which I rebuilt, by the aid of my own money, the church of Macusani, which had fallen to decay, I realized all the difficulty of my apostolic mission, of which I had previously regarded only the end without embarrassing myself with the means. Brutalized by the oppression of three centuries, the men who surrounded me were incredulous or indifferent to my words. They saw nothing in the future but a fatal continuation of the past. Accustomed to seek oblivion of their sorrows in the fumes of drunkenness, they did not comprehend that it might be found in the renunciation of self and devotion to others; in love, charity, and fraternity; in a word, in the soul's life.

"For a long time I studied these unhappy beings, degraded by long suffering and abject fear, seeking a vulnerable place where the sword of the Word might penetrate. But I gave up the study in despair, as I recognized its utter inutility. No longer hoping to convince them by reason, I substituted sentiment for logic, and gave them the evidence of a life absolutely devoted to their welfare. In acting thus I expected to awake their gratitude, to draw their affection to myself, and to reach their spirit through their hearts. But in this again I was cruelly deceived. In return for all my efforts in their behalf I met only with doubt and suspicion, often irony, malice, or falsehood, almost always baseness under apparent mildness. Ten years of the best part of my life were devoted to this thankless work—ten years, which fell into the gulf of the past, without having caused to grow a single blade of grass upon its borders.

"Oh, my child! how disenchanted, how wearisome life appeared to me when thus thoroughly convinced that my idea of regenerating this degraded race proved to be a chimera, in the pursuit of which I had laboured in vain! During a considerable period, the exact duration of which I cannot fix, I felt thrown back upon myself and indifferent

to everything. If I was sustained in this trial, it was by the loving care of my poor sisters, who sympathized with my sorrows without understanding the cause.

"Cast down by the loss of my illusions, hurt in my dearest sympathies, yet without anger or hatred for the men to whom I had opened my arms and my heart only to be repulsed, I gave myself up to the study of nature, expecting to find a cure for my sorrows, and at the same time food for my thoughts. I trusted that the contemplation of the Infinite, by exciting a new order of ideas, would draw me away from the troubles of this world and open to my sight the glories of heaven. I became an observer of the wonders of creation, trying to follow nature in her various transformations and to penetrate her secrets. I listened in ecstacy to her capricious harmonies, I tried to penetrate their hidden sense, I was filled with enthusiasm for the order and beauty of the universe and the regularity of the laws which govern it. After having thus marked effects, I tried to ascend to causes, I aspired to know the thought which had presided at the creation, and often uttered a fervent prayer to God that he would satisfy my longing. By-and-bye I perceived that this constant strain of admiration exhausted my powers, without recruiting them. My spirit floated with no guiding hand in this immensity, like a vessel without oars and without a compass, and my eyes, blinded by the light of the stars, closed in very lassitude. I understood then by the strange void which opened in me that I was not meant for a contemplative life. To enjoy instinctively these serene and mysterious scenes, an organization more poetic than mine had been necessary; to study the mechanism of these spheres, and explain in a satisfactory manner the laws and affinities which govern them, had needed an intelligence matured by studies of a more substantial kind than those which are customary with us.

"Again I was thrown back upon myself, and felt anew my soul crushed by the weight of ennui. The study of nature, which had smiled upon me for a moment, had become hateful. For months, for years, I lived this sad and languid life, doing scrupulously all my duties as a priest and a Christian, but never finding that inward satisfaction that is given by the certainty of a duty accomplished. The errors and the evils for which I had been unable to find a remedy were like so many phantoms which still pursued me when I was awake, and still returned to trouble me in my sleep.

"The revolution of 1824 broke out. Royalty had to yield to the republic. Great institutions were shaken in a day, the ruins of which encumbered every path. For a moment I hoped that something great and useful would result from this political and social catastrophe—that a happy era had commenced with our populations. But my hope was of short duration. The word 'Liberty' emblazoned on the banner of Simon Bolivar labelled the new power with a lie. As in the past, despotism reigned without control. Instead of viceroys there were presidents, and that was all. The people remained as they were, and as you see them at this moment, miserable, ignorant, brutalized, and, what is worse, either satisfied with their condition, or consoling themselves with drunkenness. This is a phase of my life which you do not read of in the inscription on my portrait, because men are ignorant of it. If I have concealed it from them with the solicitude that one con-

ceals certain private afflictions, it is because it would only have excited their incredulity, irony, or indifference, instead of the sympathy which I had a right to expect.

"I now come to a circumstance of my life which has caused my name to be widely spoken of, and gained for me the honour of a place in the museum of Lima as one of the benefactors of Peruvian industry. The facts are these. When strolling about one day in the hilly region which separates Macusani from the first valleys of Carabaya, I found in the hollow of a rock a male alpaca just born; the mother, who was cropping the grass a few steps off, fled at my approach. I brought away the little creature in my cassock, and on arriving at home gave it to my sisters to bring up. The alpaca grew in company with a vicugna which we had domesticated. At the end of fifteen months these animals presented us with a kid, of which the wool was remarkably fine. A specimen of it having been sent to the merchants of the province attracted so much attention that my sisters saw in the crossing of the pacocha and vicugna breeds a means of recovering the little fortune of which San Martin and the Independents had deprived us.[1] I assisted the poor girls in the execution of their project rather from affection for them than for anything I cared for the fortune. With much trouble we succeeded in procuring several alpacas and vicugnas, and at the end of seven years our flock of hybrids numbered sixty heads. But what pains we had taken to arrive at that result!

"Meanwhile the news of our enterprise had spread to Lima. The president of the republic, impressed by the advantages which might accrue from it to the commerce and industry of the country, interested himself in our success. He condescended to write me a flattering letter, and as a proof of his particular esteem he wished to place my portrait in the museum of Lima, and to strike a golden medal in my honour, besides giving me the choice of any living I preferred in the department of Cuzco. That offer I declined. For thirty years I had lived at Macusani, and should have felt it too painful to remove elsewhere. Subsequently, however, circumstances compelled me to beg the bishop of the province to allow me to remove. The favour of the great had excited a feeling of hatred against us in the country; people who had hitherto regarded our enterprise with indifference grew jealous, and as they dared not lay hands on us personally, they attacked our poor beasts, and poisoned them one by one. My sisters, deeply affected by their loss, and not knowing where the malice of our enemies would stop, entreated me to abandon Macusani. In fine, we established ourselves at Cabana, of which Cabanilla, the neighbouring village, was then an adjunct. We had lived here two years when the hand of God was again heavy upon me. I lost my sight. As I could not fulfil my ministerial duties, the bishop transferred the seat of this cure to Cabanilla, and sent a priest there to supply my place. Left without resources, I addressed a memorial to the government, which concluded with a statement of the distress to which we were reduced, and begged, in place of the honours which the chief of the state had offered me, that he would allow to each of my sisters a

[1] Don Jose de San Martin commanded the liberating army of Peru, and assumed the title of Protector, August 3d, 1821.—Tr.

piastre a day to assist us to live. My petition had the honour of being presented to the Chamber, where the deputies made it the text of many fine speeches; but time passed, and no reply came. As we had no means of living, my sisters, with their own hands, cultivated a small field; besides which, we bred chickens and guinea-pigs, and thus obtained food and the means of barter with our neighbours. By-and-bye my sisters conceived the idea of spinning and knitting for the charitable people of Lampa, who recompensed them suitably for their work. Little by little we enlarged our resources, and without rising above poverty succeeded in getting enough to keep us alive. For four years we have lived thus, one consoling the other, and drawing closer the bonds of our mutual affection in the degree that we approach the time when death will unravel them."



Dame Veronica.

The curé ceased to speak; his head slowly inclined as if some thought, brooding in secret, had caused a stupor. Perhaps the recital of his history had been too much for his strength. I looked at Dame Veronica, who continued to spin. Her countenance expressed nothing but a serene impassibility. Had the habit of suffering blunted the sensibility of the poor old soul, or had she learned from her brother's example to bear her cross patiently? I know not; but her whole attention seemed to be concentrated upon her spinning, as from time to time she examined the thread by the lamplight, as if to assure herself that it was of equal thickness.

The hour had come to retire; the good priest desired them to make my bed in his chamber. Some sheepskins, which his sister spread on the ground, formed a soft couch. As Nor Medina brought in my saddle, which was to serve me for a pillow, the dog outside began to bark and the voice of a woman replied. "God be praised!" exclaimed the priest, "that is our poor Epifania returned from Lampa!" Dame Veronica went out to meet her sister, and an instant afterwards the two women reappeared together. Epifania took her brother's hand, kissed it, and placed it on her head according to the ancient custom of the Quichuas. "God bless you, my sister, as I bless you!" he murmured.

"You must be very tired after such a journey," I said to the poor woman, whose dusty feet were cased in sandals of untanned leather, such as are worn by the common people of the country.

"Bah! I shall sleep all the better for it," she replied gaily; and then placed in her brother's hand some pieces of silver, no doubt the produce of the sale of her work, which the old man slipped under his pillow; then the two women hastily collected some fleeces and woollen coverlets and left the room, closing the door behind them. I was thus left alone with the curé, who having wished me good night and desired me to extinguish the lamp, turned round to the wall. For a moment I heard him praying in a low voice, and sighs were mingled with his prayer. Then my eyes closed, and I fell into a profound sleep.

I was up early in the morning, but not before the two sisters had prepared a bowl of porridge made of the flour of maize, of which they insisted I should eat some spoonfuls as a protection against the morning damp. While I was supping my breakfast Nor Medina came to announce that the mules were saddled. I gave him my porringer, half full, that he might finish it, which he did in three mouthfuls. My host and his sisters came to the door to witness our departure. I took the hands of the old priest in both mine——

"Reverend father," I said, "I have nothing to offer you in exchange for your cordial welcome and touching confidence. I am about to quit this country, never to return; but I have at Lima, at Arequipa, and at Cuzco influential friends, who I am certain would receive favourably any request that I might address to them in your behalf. Tell me what they can do that would be agreeable to you?"

"Absolutely nothing," he replied; "my time upon earth is too short for anything that men can do to be available. Go, my dear child, and may God guide you! You will be remembered in the prayers of the old man whom you have come so far to see." The venerable priest folded me in his arms, and the two women shook hands with me as if I were an old acquaintance.

At the moment of quitting for ever these unfortunate but noble souls, I felt my heart swell and the tears come into my eyes. "Good-bye," I said abruptly as I jumped into the saddle. "Good-bye, and bon voyage," replied all three. Nor Medina was already mounted. "*Vamos!*" he cried, urging on his mule, whom mine immediately followed. In five minutes afterwards the villages of Cabana and Cabanilla, and the three-arched bridge which tied the one to the other, had vanished behind us.

I was too completely absorbed with the remembrance of my hosts to interest myself in the locality we were traversing, or in the always glorious spectacle of a sunrise in the Cordillera. Nor Medina, while respecting my silence, appeared desirous of ending it by making occasional remarks in a high voice. Now it was the girth of my mule which appeared too loose; now my saddle-cloth which hung too much on one side; or, again, he had something to say about the distance to Lampa. I let him talk without replying. When he saw that his indirect endeavours produced no result, he adopted another method, aiming straight at the mark.

"Was not monsieur pleased with his reception at Cabana?" he asked with an obsequious air.

"Why that question?" said I.

"Because monsieur has not opened his mouth since we started, and his silence makes me suppose he is discontented. However, I told you that old Cabrera was a little cracked, and if he has wearied you it is not my fault."

At these irreverent words I rose in my saddle, and standing in my stirrups in order to crush my interlocutor with the whole height of my stature and my scorn,—

"Nor Medina," I said, looking like thunder at him, "you are, and you will never be anything else than a—muleteer!"

"Indeed, I hope so, monsieur!" he replied, raising his hat to show how he

respected himself; "my grandfather was a muleteer, my father was a muleteer, and I have succeeded my father, as my boy will succeed me some day. Muleteer, *caramba!* is it not the finest thing in the world?"

Before such a profession of enthusiastic faith, it was impossible to remain serious. The wrath which had been boiling in my veins exploded in a burst of laughter. The ice was broken. Seeing me laugh, my guide laughed also; and becoming good friends on the spot, we recommenced our gossip of the evening before just where we had broken off. After following for two hours the course of the river of Cabana, which now ran with a gentle current, now hurried on its course, according to the ever-varying level, we left it flowing eastward, and took the northward direction to Lampa. The sky was beautifully serene, the landscape was lighted up by a glorious sun; but in about two hours all this glory was hidden behind a curtain of dark clouds. These dense vapours, of the *nimbus* kind, looked as if they would burst in thunder, hail, and snow, and we had prepared ourselves to receive the shock as philosophically as possible, when Providence took pity on us. The black whirlwind passed like a waterspout over our heads, satisfied with having filled our eyes, nose, and ears with dust, and swept along to burst in storm over the Titicaca, to the great terror of the web-footed inhabitants of the sacred lake. An instant afterwards, the sky resumed its serene azure, and the sun shone brilliantly over our heads.

It was four o'clock when we crossed the shoulder of a hill, over which were scattered fragments of a blackish green obsidian, so sparkling that it pained our eyes. Here and there were erratic blocks of a rectangular shape, and of enormous dimensions, looking like the ruined walls of some fallen edifice. As we passed within a few steps of these masses I noticed a bush of the tolas kind (*Baccharis obtusifolia*), with stiff and dark-looking foliage. It grows in spots sheltered from the north wind. Round about it, half hidden in the fine shiny grass, some dwarf *eranthis* (herbaceous Ranunculaceæ, known as winter-aconite) peculiar to these latitudes, opened their white petals. I was about to dismount and collect a bouquet of these alpine flowers, which recalled to my memory the golden-hearted daisies that April scatters over the green sward of Europe, when a bird, coming from I know not where, darted like an arrow upon them, and without letting his feet touch the ground, passed from one to another, dipping in their chalice his curved and sharp beak, which was of an extraordinary length. In the buzzing flight of this bird, in his quick and jerky movements, and his peculiar configuration, I recognized an individual of the humming-bird species (*Trochilus*). But a humming-bird of this size, measuring almost a foot from tip to tip of its expanded wings, appeared to me so prodigious that for a moment I doubted the evidence of my eyes, which opened wide with wonder. However, it was impossible to doubt that this was truly a humming-bird, though a giant one, compared with which other individuals of his species was as the sparrow to the dinornis, if the dinornis still exists.

While the humming-bird balanced himself for a few moments over every flower, which he tore with strokes of his beak when he could obtain nothing from it, I fancy I remarked that the plumage of his back and wings was of a blackish green,

having a metallic glitter, and that his breast was of a blue or blackish gray, passing to a dirty white on reaching the belly. His repast of honey finished, the bird disappeared by a movement of the wings which reminded me of the whirling flight of dried leaves which an autumn storm carries far away from the woods.

As I had nothing better to do I took out my note-book and wrote the following lines in pencil, now so nearly obliterated that I am obliged to use a magnifying-glass to decipher them.

"This day, July 7th, the festival of San Firmin, Bishop of Pampeluna, who lived



BACCHARIS OBTUSIFOLIA.

in the fourteenth century, I observed between Cabana and Lampa, at an altitude of about 12,000 feet, a humming-bird of extraordinary size. This humming-bird, brought by the wind, was also carried away by it. The naturalist Tschudi has already established the fact that humming-birds have been found seeking their food at an elevation of 13,700 feet above the sea. But he has said nothing of the flowers which the bird sucks at that altitude. Now the humming-bird which I have this day accidentally seen sucked the honey from an *Eranthis gracilis*, the nectarium of which, or the petalloid scale which serves as a nectary, can contain nothing but an acrid juice of venomous properties like that of the Ranunculaceæ. Submit to the judgment of the first savant I meet this curious case, as it seems to me, of humming-birds flying above the limit of perpetual snow and feeding on poisons."

An hour after the appearance of the humming-bird, which my guide had taken for a swallow, we crossed by a ford the river of Lampa, a stream of no importance in the dry season, but which becomes a furious torrent on the melting of the snows. Already the sun had sensibly declined; the atmosphere, of wonderful purity, seemed to be saturated with gold-dust. The lichens and the lepraria which covered certain rocks took from the reflection of the declining sun tones of reddish brown like the

iridescent hues of a dove's neck. The eastern hills assumed a bluish hue, and as evening approached were shrouded in an atmosphere like gauze; while those of the west, coloured like ochre and bitumen, stood out with surprising boldness against the purple back-ground of the heavens. At the instant when the sun disappeared a dark and serrated line barred the horizon before us. We were approaching the end of our day's journey; that line was formed by the houses of Lampa. We pushed resolutely forward, and in half an hour more were crossing the stone bridge of three arches which spans the river of that city.

This bridge, which has been built some fifteen years, replaces an old one of *mimbres*, the invention of which is attributed to the Incas. The present chief of the state, feeling that a mere swing of osiers recalled injudiciously the past barbarism of the province, had it taken down and replaced by a bridge of stone. This was very speedily done, thanks to an extraordinary contribution of 5000 piastres (about £1000 sterling) which the *Lampeños*, anxious to beautify their river and to please their president, heroically imposed on themselves.

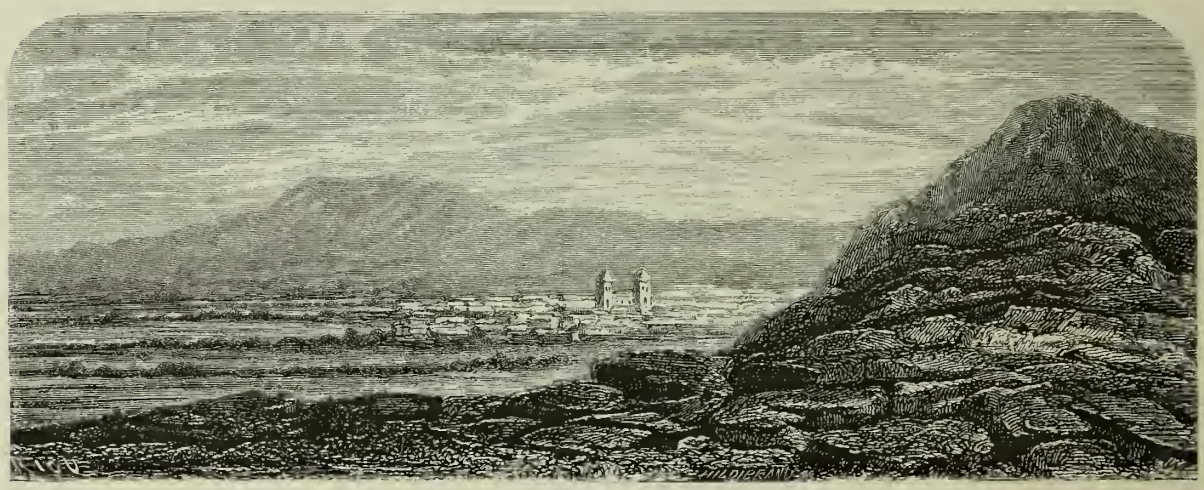
Having crossed the bridge I found myself surrounded with low houses grouped without the least order. A *pulperia* or liquor and grocery store, of the most dilapidated aspect, its interior walls covered with soot, threw a livid light upon their squalid façades. I shivered from head to foot without knowing why. A profound silence increased the depression caused by the gloomy aspect of the place. The town seemed to have lost all its inhabitants. Nevertheless as we advanced further I could just distinguish some passengers gliding along by the walls like shadows, and here and there a ray of light shone through the cracks of the shutters. This was little enough, yet it was something, and I felt a renewal of hope. At last we came to the grand square occupied by houses tolerably well built. The heavy mass of a church with square towers loomed above their roofs. A few shops badly lighted, but still open, proclaimed that this was the commercial centre of the place, which counted about 2300 souls. I pulled rein at one of these *tiendas* or tradesman's stalls, the proprietor of which was busy taking in piles of plates, salad bowls, and other articles of crockery, which had been exposed at his door, and begged him to direct me to the house of a certain Señor Don Firmin de Vara y Pancorbo, a trader in printed cottons, to whom I had a letter of introduction. The man pointed out at the further end of the plaza a house with a wooden balcony, its well-lighted windows contrasting cheerfully with the darkness of the neighbouring dwellings: "You will find the company very merry," he said.

I thanked the crockery merchant for his information without dreaming of asking for an explanation of his words. On arriving before the house I heard a noise of voices and laughter. My guide and I dismounted. The door was opened by a pongo, whom I sent to inform his master of my arrival. An instant afterwards the wooden staircase of the house creaked under the foot of a man who threw himself down rather than came to meet me. "I am Don Firmin!" he cried on perceiving me, "and you, senor, who are you, and what do you want with me?" From the singularity of this reception, and the flushed face of the draper, I concluded that I had interrupted him in his

worship of the "divine bottle," to quote Rabelais. But as his brusqueness appeared to be kindly meant I did not stand on ceremony, but took a letter from my pocket-book, containing a few lines which recommended me to his attention, and presented it to him with a smile.

"You are welcome," he said, after having read it, "my house is at your service as long as you choose to stay. I am a bachelor. To-day is the festival of San Firmin, and I have invited a few of my friends, merchants like myself, and some charming women. You will assist us to keep the festival of my blessed patron."

Without waiting for my acknowledgments the merchant took my arm and walked



VIEW OF LAMPA.

me upstairs. Arrived on the landing he opened a door and ushered me into a large apartment, slenderly furnished but brilliantly lighted, where I judged there were some fifteen persons of both sexes seated round a table. The dirty cloth, the disarranged viands, and the empty or overturned bottles, indicated that precise moment of a Peruvian entertainment when the hunger of the company is completely satisfied, but their thirst is only just beginning to enforce its demands. On seeing me enter arm in arm with the amphitryon of the feast, men and women set up a loud hurra, which the passengers in the streets—if there were any—must have heard to the extremity of the city. When this sudden excess of enthusiasm had calmed down, each began shouldering his neighbour aside to make room for me. I squeezed in between two lovely women, a little *passé*, but charmingly *décolleté*, who with that graceful assiduity which is the exclusive privilege of their sex, devoted themselves to my comfort; one loading my plate with various kinds of eatables, the other urging me to drink. While doing full justice to these viands, for I was as hungry as a dog, I did my best to answer the questions which these straightforward people at once plied me with. By my dusty and dishevelled costume, and the clank of my Chilian spurs, the gentlemen had judged that I had arrived on horseback, and they wished to know whence I had come, whither I was going, whether I was wholesale or retail, and what articles I traded in. When I told them that I was travelling through America with nothing but an album and a

few crayons, for the purpose of sketching anything remarkable that I might discover, these Philistines looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes and bit their lips to avoid laughing. I saw that I had failed in my intended effect, but I consoled myself by eating all the faster.

However, if the avowal I had made had alienated from me the sympathies of the men, it had piqued the curiosity of the women, as I judged from the singular glances they directed towards me. The sweeter half of the human race loves the mysterious and the unintelligible. In this respect a woman is like a child. Anything odd or out of the way pleases her, the complicated charms her, the obscure and incomprehensible takes her whole soul captive. It was sufficient that the beauties who surrounded me could not understand why a man should cross America with no other baggage than an album, to be instantly interested in him. At least I judged so from the toasts which these charming women proposed to what they called "my journey *en déshabillé*." I acknowledged the favour with becoming warmth by raising my glass to the height of my shoulder, passing it from right to left, and, according to the custom of the country, drinking to her who had so honoured me, after having expressed a wish that she might live a hundred years longer.

This exchange of courtesies with ladies evidently younger than themselves was not very pleasing to my companions. I was made aware of this fact by two rather sharp nudges of the elbow which they gave me simultaneously. Women of a certain age have strange manners sometimes! However I bore the shock bravely; seeing which, the ladies quickly filled their glasses to drink with me, and counterbalance if possible the rising influence of their companions. In addition to this polite attention, they thought it the right thing to ply me with *bocaditos*, or choice little morsels of food which they put in my mouth with their forks, or more often with their fingers. All this kindness was mingled with arch looks and flattering remarks whispered in soft tones close to my face. From regard for their sex, rather than respect for their experience of the world, I allowed them to have their way. At last they grew so eager in their rivalry that I was at a loss which to attend to; the one invariably interrupting me at the very moment I was about to speak to the other. As I drank a glass of wine with my Clotho—I had given this mythologic name to the lady on my right, not knowing what she was really called—the lady on my left, whom I called my Lachesis, whispered in my ear, "Sweet friend, this last mouthful for the love of me," and, turning quickly round, I received the said mouthful, which I afterwards found to be a bit of fowl's liver, in my eye instead of my mouth. As it had previously been peppered with ground pimento I felt as if a thousand needles had been thrust in my eye. At the howl I set up all the company laughed, and every one wanted to know what the joke was. The author of my mischance told the simple fact. Her calm manner, while I was suffering the most dreadful torment, completed my exasperation. At that moment I felt the fury of Othello, and could have strangled the silly woman!

Meanwhile the burning and inflammation caused by the pimento had become worse. Unable to remain in my chair, I rushed across the room, with my napkin to my eye. A *mozo* (man-servant) brought some cold water, in which a woman—an

angel in comparison with the society in which she was—beat up the white of an egg, and dipping her cambric handkerchief in this salve, she applied it to my burn like a compress. I soon felt quite revived; and by repeated applications the irritation was so much lessened that at the end of ten minutes I was able to open my eye and direct a look of thunder at the abominable woman who had done the mischief.

The humour of the company, damped by this incident, resumed all its hilarity. The servants carried away the remains of the repast, removed the cloth, and set on the table one of those huge cut-glass tumblers, as big as a pail, which are manufactured in Germany and imported into this country. Our amphitryon emptied into it six bottles of Bordeaux, four of sherry, and two of rum, sweetening and seasoning the whole with sugar and nutmeg. Into this fiery amalgam, called *cardinal*, he threw a strawberry,[1] which sunk and disappeared, but rose again to the surface of the liquid. Then each of the company, taking from their host the gigantic tumbler, and dipping his lips in the beverage, tried to drink up the strawberry, either by suddenly snatching at it, or by drawing it into his mouth with the help of a perfidious eddy. The little strawberry, however, knew its business, and turning on itself, disappeared every time that an open mouth approached too near it. After several vain attempts, and the absorption, voluntary or otherwise, of copious mouthfuls of liquor, the poor victim passed the glass to his neighbour, who followed the same tactics with no better success. This pleasant pastime, called "fishing the strawberry," of which a bishop, Melchior de la Nava, who lived at Cuzco in the beginning of the eighteenth century, is said to have been the inventor, is for the Peruvians of the Sierra merely an honest pretext to drink. The poorer classes fish the strawberry in a great glass of chicha (the local beer already described), the rich make a heterogeneous and expensive mixture of fine liqueurs and foreign wines. The means, as one sees, may differ, but the result is always the same. Drunkenness is the port at which these strawberry fishers all alike fatally arrive.

When the glass reached me in its round, I was obliged, whether I liked it or not, to dip my lips and pretend to catch the strawberry. But I was careful to keep my teeth so close shut that no drop of the liquid, in which so many indigenous mouths had dabbled, could get down my throat. This local amusement lasted as long as any liquor remained in the vessel. Then the strawberry, which had settled at the bottom of the glass, was eaten by one of the drinkers.

Under the inspiration of the traitorous drink, which soon fermented in their brains, all the company rose. The guitars strummed a triumphant *razgo;* the women attended

[1] *Fraga reniformis*, one of the five varieties of strawberries cultivated in Chili and Peru. It is not a native of these countries, as our horticulturists still believe, but was imported from Spain about the end of the seventeenth century, as other plants, which botanists call after Chili and Peru, were also originally brought from Europe; such are the *Scilla*, or Peruvian hyacinth, the *Pancratium ringens* and *P. latifolium*, the *Crinum urceolatum*, and the *Amaryllis aurea* and *A. flammea*, originally found in the Azores and the Philippines, but naturalized in Europe by the Portuguese. Some plants of the *F. reniformis* variety, taken from the island of Mocha or Conception, on the coast of Chili, by Captain Frézier, to whom we owe an account of his visit to these countries, were carried by him to France in 1712. As the reader may be surprised to find strawberries in the midst of the snows of Collao, it is necessary to state that twice a week convoys of asses and mules provision the markets of the principal cities of the Sierra with European and tropical fruits.

for a moment to the flying frippery of their garments; the men flourished their handkerchiefs; the *zamacueca* called on the dancers. A couple renowned for the agility of their movements opened the ball with one of those character dances which the Spaniards call simply *troche y moche,* but at the sight of which a Parisian *sergent de ville* would hide his face for shame. Instead of the enormous glass tumbler, they now produced a leathern bottle of brandy, a bacchic bagpipe, from which each in turn



AN ENTERTAINMENT AT LAMPA—PREPARATION OF THE CARDINAL.

drew sweet sounds. The orgie now assumed the proportions of a Babel, and I watched my opportunity to slip out of the room. On the landing I found a mozo, whom I collared in a friendly way, and drew into a corner. "Listen," said I, "it is necessary that I should leave here early in the morning, and I want to get a little sleep; show me into a room where, to make all safe, you can lock me up, and take care of the key. If by any chance the master asks for me, tell him I am gone. Take this *pourboire* and be discreet," I added, slipping into his hand a piastre; "for if you tell where I am, the muleteer who accompanies me will not fail, under some pretext or other, to give you a thrashing before we leave the house." The mozo was sharp enough to understand. "Come, monsieur," he said, pocketing the money, "this is the festival of San Firmin, and the master will not dream of going to bed. I will therefore put you in his own room, and if he should want to go in, I will tell him the key is lost."

A moment afterwards I was comfortably stretched between two white sheets which the mozo had substituted for those of his master, an attention which I took kindly of him. The worthy mozo presently left me to my reflections, taking away the key as I wished. At first it appeared strange to be occupying the chamber and bed of a man whom I had not known at sunset, and without his knowledge; but this scruple, if I may call it one, soon vanished. I considered the thing philosophically, and admiring the secret ways by which Providence supplies the birds of the air with food, and the benighted traveller with rest, I laid my head on the pillow, and at the end of five minutes, notwithstanding the roaring of the human tempest a few steps from me, I was fast asleep.

I had not awoke in the morning when my careful jailer came to open the door. "Your mules are saddled," he said, "and the *arriéro* awaits you in the street." I sprang out of bed, and while dressing asked the mozo if the night had been a boisterous one. "You shall judge for yourself before you leave," he said. When I had finished my toilet I was going to rejoin my guide, but as I passed the chamber where the banquet and the ball of San Firmin had been held, the mozo who preceded me opened the door. "See!" said he. I put my head in, and a sorry spectacle presented itself. The whole company of the previous evening, then so gay, so noisy, so full of life and health, were lying one over another on the ground. The faces of the women had assumed a greenish hue, while those of the men were purpled. Some, with their mouths open, showed their teeth. Broken chairs, stringless guitars, empty leathern bottles, here and there articles of clothing and objects of the toilet, a net of false hair, a tumbled head-dress, formed the accessories of this picture. A ray of sunlight entering by the window enabled me to see more clearly; but it did not revive these bodies, chilled and stiffened by drunkenness. "Horrible, O horrible, most horrible!" I exclaimed like Macbeth, as I shut the door and sprang down the staircase four steps at a time. Nor Medina was waiting at the door. The mozo who had followed me held the stirrup while I settled myself in the saddle. "Give my compliments to your master when he awakes," I said to the honest garçon: "I will not fail," he replied, laughing.

As we passed the last houses of Lampa, northward, I recalled to mind that the episodes of the evening had caused me to neglect entering in my diary certain details relative to the commerce, the industry, and the inhabitants of the province. I immediately filled up this *lacuna*, not so much from a love for statistics, or to put myself *en règle* in respect to learned societies, as to deprive travellers present and to come, commissioned by the latter, of all pretext for dazzling the public by a pompous display of *authentic* documents, *official* evidence, and *accurate* figures.

The province of Lampa, inclosed by those of Arequipa, Chucuytu, Puno, Azangaro, and Canas y Canchis, occupies an area of about 4000 square miles. In this extent of country, completely denuded of trees and shrubs, but diversified with hill and dale, with ravines and gullies, and furrowed by three rapid streams,[1] are contained one capital city—the town we have just left—forty-three villages—read *hamlets* of the most

[1] The Pucara-Ayaviri, the rivers of Lampa and Cabanilla, and some streams of less importance. The three first named debouch in the Lake of Titicaca.

wretched description—and 108 pascanas or shepherds' huts. The population of the province is about 57,000 souls, and the number of sheep about 400,000. Thanks to the vast deserts carpeted with moss and yarava, interspersed with lagunes of stagnant water from one to three leagues in circumference, which characterize the provinces of Collao in general, and that of Lampa in particular, sheep, cattle, and Camelidæ cross and multiply marvellously. Butter in bladders, cheeses shaped like



THE MORNING AFTER THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT FIRMIN.

gruyère, smoked mutton (*sessina*), the beef of oxen and llamas cut into strips (*charqui*), candied batatas[1] (*chuño*)—of which we count three varieties, the *tunta,* the *moraya,* and the *mosco*—form the most important branch of the commerce of Lampa with the neighbouring provinces. As for their external trade, the annual shearing of sheep and alpacas, whose wool is bought on the spot by two or three speculators from Arequipa, and by them sent into Europe, enables the Lampeños to boast that their commercial relations extend to the two ends of the world.

Mining, from which the country once derived large revenues, has decreased year by year. A number of productive mines have been abandoned, others have been submerged by incessant infiltrations from the Andean lakes. Among those which are still worked may be mentioned the eight *socabons* or galleries of the Cerro of Pomasi,

[1] *Batatas* are the "sweet potatoes" that were commonly used in England three centuries ago, not only as pot-herbs, but candied, and made into sweatmeats.—Tr.

the annual produce of which has decreased from 35,000 marks at the commencement of this century to 8000. This enormous difference in the result is not occasioned, as one might suppose, by the exhaustion of the metallic deposits, but simply by a parsimonious application of the means of working. For a long time labour and capital have both been wanting. Where they once employed entire populations and large sums of money, they are now contented with spending a few hundreds of piastres, and employing a very few labourers. As to the surface workings of minerals, so celebrated in the financial records of the country, when virgin gold and silver were obtained by the simple operation of a chisel or pick, it is now only a thing of memory. Those splendid *bolsons*, nevertheless, abound in the mountainous parts of Collao; only the Indians who discover them by chance, or who know of them by hearsay, do not care to reveal their existence to the descendants of the Spaniards. Knowing by tradition all that their ancestors had to suffer from the insatiable greed of their conquerors, and fearing to be employed like them in the labour of the mines, they keep their knowledge to themselves.

The commerce of Lampa, as we have seen, is very limited. Its industry is confined to the fabrification of the coarser kind of pottery, and hair rugs or coverlets, of which the village of Atuncolla has had the monopoly some two centuries. As to the vegetable products of the soil, they owe nothing to botanical science nor even to culture. In this rigid climate two kinds of potato, the sweet and bitter (*papa franca* and *papa lisa*), grow with difficulty. The country also produces a variety of oats, and very poor barley which does not develop spikelets, but is eaten by horses and mules as grass; two *Chenopodiums*—the one sweet, called *quinua real*,[1] the other bitter, called *cañahua*, the grains of which are eaten by the indigenes in their soups, and the leaves in their *chupé*.

The statistics I have been able to give, if in all respects trustworthy, are not very flattering; one might even, speaking with strictness, pronounce the account a beggarly one. Yet notwithstanding this poorness of the country, or perhaps by very reason of it, Lampa is of all the sixty-three provinces of Peru, that in which the indigene is best satisfied with his lot and does not count the hours as they roll by. Without ambition and without desires impossible of fulfilment—exempt from cares and disquietudes, disdaining sickness and laughing at death—he lives from day to day in a philosophic calm. In vain insects devour him, and oppression crushes him; in vain his natural masters, the presidents, the bishops, the curés, the sub-prefects, the governors, and the alcaldes, squeeze him like a lemon,—all in vain the military despoil him, and citizens abuse him; he consoles himself for all by a fresh draught of chicha and brandy; by fishing the strawberry and dancing the *zapateo*. Some pessimist or badly informed travellers have mistaken this quietude of spirit which characterize the Lampeños for brutishness; I avow that it has always appeared to me the highest result of worldly wisdom, and therefore as the height of carnal felicity. If some Jerome Paturot, in his search for happiness, were to travel the whole world over, it is in the province of Lampa that he would certainly find it.

[1] By corruption *quinoa*.

THIRD STAGE.

LAMPA TO ACOPIA

(PERU).



THE PUNA OR PLAIN OF LLALLI.

THIRD STAGE.

LAMPA TO ACOPIA.

The plain of Llalli.—How to soften the heart of the Indians and procure a dinner.—Affecting history of a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law.—*Manibus date lilia plenis.*—A royal courier.—If day succeeds day in Peru with little in which they resemble each other, village succeeds village with little in which they differ from each other.—*Apachecta*, a monument crowned with flowers.—Pucara, its etymology and its fair.—A sick man and a doctor.—A new balsamic preparation recommended to any good wife who has a bully for a husband.—Dithyrambic essay on the subject of streams.—Drunken farewells.—The curé Miranda.—A pastoral with a curious accompaniment of stone-throwing.—Santa-Rosa.—A fête in the midst of the snows.—The postmaster of Aguas-Calientes.—Something that distantly resembles the marriage of Gamache le Riche.—The author discloses in a familiar epistle the blackness and perfidy of his soul.—The temple of Huiracocha.—Two miraculous crucifixes.—Useful notes on the beer of Combapata, and the manner in which it is brewed.—Remarks upon the past history of the Canas and Canchis Indians.—The question arises whether Cæsar shall pass the Rubicon.—At Acopia.

If the town of Lampa looks dull when we enter it at nightfall by the pampas of Cabana, it does not present a more brilliant aspect when one leaves it at sunrise by the puna of Llalli. Such was the judgment I formed as the last houses of that capital disappeared from my view, and the two cerros, or low hills, behind them sank in the horizon.

The puna of Llalli, which we now prepared to cross from south to north, is a vast and gently undulating surface, carpeted with moss and short grass, and with a few small sheets of water interspersed, on the margins of which grow thin, rigid, and blackish looking rushes. A silence like that of death reigns in this plain, which is bounded on the west by the first snowy ridges of the Cuesta de la Rinconada,[1] and on the east by the rapid stream of Pucara. I should remark that, journeying as we did through the middle of the desert, we could discover neither watercourse nor mountain, and

[1] *Recoin*, nook or corner: that is to say, the *nodus* formed by the reunion of the Sierras of Cailloma and Huilcanota and the chain of the Western Andes. Junctions of this kind are called *porco* by the people of the country.

that the landscape as far as we could see embraced nothing but a greenish and far from attractive horizon. Twice or thrice Nor Medina, disquieted by my dulness, had spoken to me, but as all conversation is antipathetic to a fasting man, I had taken no notice of his questions, and the poor fellow, repelled by my obstinacy, began to whistle an air of the country.

From Lampa to Llalli, the first stage of our route, was about nine miles. We arrived there between eleven and twelve o'clock. Llalli is a little nest of hovels, eight in number, constructed of fragments of stone cemented with mud. The door of one only was open. When we pulled up at the threshold Nor Medina wished to enter alone, fearing that the apparition of a *Hueracocha*[1] like me would frighten the inmates and deprive us of whatever little chance there was to get a dinner. I let him have his way. A murmur of voices greeted his entrance, and as I listened attentively, thinking them of bad presage, two cries rang in my ears, which I knew to be the cries of women. Forgetting Nor Medina's advice, I sprang from my mule, and entering the house saw indeed two women, one old, the other still young. The old woman, scared and trembling, was hastily closing a sack, in which something was crammed, whilst the younger, with arms extended and flashing eyes, seemed to be saying to Nor Medina, "Stir another step if you dare!"

"What is the matter?" I demanded of him.

"The matter is," he replied in Quichua, that the mistresses of the house might understand him, "how to compel these two devilish women here to give us something to eat, and I see no better way," he continued, with an assumed air of severity, "than to tickle their shoulders with my lasso."

"Wretch, dare to touch either of these women!" I exclaimed, stepping before the *arriéro*, and menacing him with my clenched fist.

"Don't you see that I am joking!" he said in Spanish, that the women might not understand him. "I know well enough that a man who deserves the name should never beat any woman but his own, and what I said was only meant to frighten the good old souls and make them agreeable. Already our tigresses have drawn in their claws; see if they have not!"

The old woman, in fact, was leaning comfortably with her elbows on her sack, and the arms of the younger had fallen supine by her side, whilst the expression of her face had considerably softened.

"O sovereign law of the whip!" I murmured aside; "*dura lex, sed lex;* here are two women who, a moment ago, were on the point of flying in our faces like wild cats, suddenly become affable, and almost smiling on us. After all, as La Fontaine has remarked, the reason of the strongest is the best."

Seeing the happy result of his little comedy, Nor Medina advanced to the old Indian, and opening the sack took from it successively a smoked shoulder of mutton,

[1] This name, *say* the chroniclers, was at one time given by the Indians of Peru to their Spanish conquerors, whom they believed to have come from the sea like their ships. *Huera* in the Quichua idiom signifies foam, and *cocha* or *atun-cocha* the great lake. This expression, diverted from its original meaning, is now a title of nobility given to the first comers (and their descendants), and equivalent to *caballero* in Spanish.

some onions, some dried pimento, and some handfuls of frozen potatoes,[1] which the honest woman had tried to hide from us. Now that the pot of roses was discovered[2] it was useless to feign any longer, and the threat of the lasso made resistance next to impossible. The two women, therefore, neither pretended nor resisted; but yielding to the situation, acted their part with something like graciousness. One of them knelt before the fire and revived the embers, whilst the other filled an earthen pot with water and threw into it pell-mell the various ingredients which compose a Peruvian soup (*chupé*). To the sentiment of repulsion which our appearance had provoked in the two *serranas* (mountaineers) soon succeeded a touching confidence. Whilst



A MOTHER-IN-LAW AND HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW—QUICHUA INDIANS.

the chupé was in preparation they ingenuously told us all their little affairs. The old woman had been long a widow, and longer still a spinster! From morning to night she was employed in spinning the wool of the brown sheep, which she sometimes sold to the inexperienced for llama's wool. Each ball of this *caytu-llama*, weighing a pound, brought her four reals. With this money she would buy at Lampa—it might be maize to make *acca*—the chicha of the moderns—or it might be brandy, thirty-six degrees above proof. A handful of coca leaves and a few glasses of alcohol restored, for a moment to the poor woman, her past youth and her lost illusions. Speaking in her figurative language, it was, she said, "like pale flowers that she threw upon the setting[3] of her sad life." While listening to her the *date lilia* of Virgil[4] came into my mind and awakened a feeling of tenderness.

[1] Potatoes slightly crushed and exposed for some nights to the frost. Boiled with cheese they are much relished by the inhabitants of the Sierra.

[2] An allusion to a French proverb: *decouvrir le pot aux roses*, is to find out a secret. Its equivalent in English is to let the cat out of the bag.—Tr.

[3] The French *couchant*, used figuratively for the decline of life, cannot be rendered in correct English without spoiling the pathetic beauty of the old woman's expression.—Tr.

[4] *Æneid.* vi. 883. *Manibus date lilia plenis*—give me lilies in handfuls.—Tr.

In her turn the younger woman told us that she was the daughter-in-law of the elder; that like her she passed her time in spinning, and also shared in her peculiar tastes. The produce of their labour, which the two women alike devoted to the purchase of *Erythroxylum Coca* and strong liqueurs in place of sending it, the one to her son the other to her husband, who demanded it to get drunk with himself, was made by him an occasion of quarrelling with them. As a respectful and obedient son



THE "ROYAL COURIER."

he did not dare to abuse his mother, but made no scruple of beating his wife with his clenched fists. Setting aside these occasional storms in the heaven of Hymen, the young woman assured us that she had nothing to complain of in the behaviour of her lord and master. These local details, which I penned in my note-book at the time, in addition to some philosophical reflections which the circumstances inspired, besides sketching the portraits of the two women, helped to pass away the three-quarters of an hour occupied by the preparation of our dinner. At the end of that time it was served up in an earthenware plate, and we ate it with our fingers. That done, I settled my account with the ladies, and we resumed our journey, followed by their thanks and blessings.

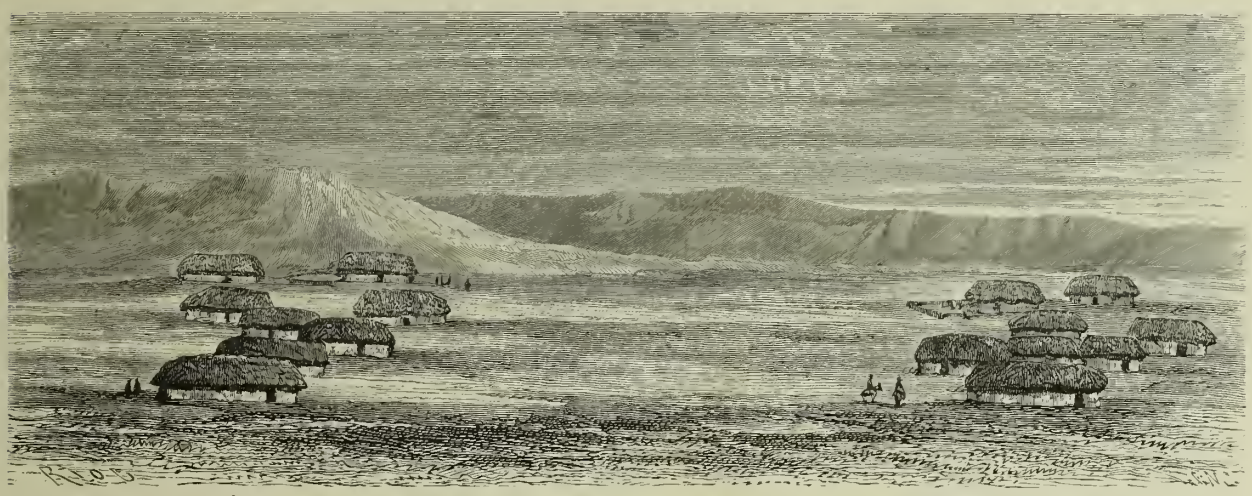
We had not ridden many yards when the sound of a Pandean pipe was heard. I turned my head in the direction of this harmonious noise, and saw a *chasqui* coming

towards us at a pace called in military language the *pas gymnastique*. He held by the halter a bony horse, on whose back was a leathern trunk containing the postal despatches.

"This is the *correo real* (royal courier), who goes from Puno to Cuzco," said my guide.

"Say *correo nacional*," I replied. "The word royal is erased, as seditious, from the dictionary of a republic."

The *arriéro* looked at me with a surprised air, and was probably about to ask for an explanation of my words when the *chasqui* came up, and having saluted us by raising his hat and giving a flourish on his mouth-organ, he inquired, in a gracious tone for a courier, whence we came, and whether we were going to Cuzco. My guide



PAMPA OF LLALLI—VILLAGES OF CUPI AND D'OCUVIRI.

answered these questions, and the two men began to chat in a friendly way about the snow and the frost, the break-neck route of the Sierra and the lack of provisions—things which I had long been familiar with. When they had exhausted these conversational topics, finding nothing more to say, they parted, each recommending the other to God, and civilly exchanging a few coca-leaves, as two snuff-takers in Europe might offer each other their snuff-boxes. The courier, losing no more time than was necessary to exchange his old chew for a more juicy one, and saluting us by whistling the scale up and down on his mouth-organ, trotted off with his hair streaming in the wind.

Two hours after this rencontre we were passing between Cupi and Ocuviri, two groups of cabins, highly distinguished by the name of villages, and so exactly alike, that it was easy to make a mistake at night, and dismount in the one instead of the other. By daylight their situation in relation to the road assisted the traveller going northward to distinguish them, Ocuviri being on his right and Cupi on his left. My companion, to whom I pointed out the singular sameness of these mole-hill hamlets, in which every door was shut, admitted that they had a family likeness, but then, he added, this similarity with which I appeared to make merry, was precisely that which gave to the cities and villages of Peru a special stamp unlike anything in the neigh-

bouring republics. No doubt the man had a fine classic taste and a love for the unities, without which it is said there is no such thing as perfect beauty. I did not contradict him.

The same day we roused successively the hamlets of Macari and Umachiri, as silent and close as those we had left behind us, and, like them, of singular ugliness. A league from Umachiri we passed before an *apachecta,* which an Indian and a woman who accompanied him in charge of a troop of llamas, had just then approached for the purpose of spitting out, by way of an offering, the cud of coca they had been chewing. This fashion of thanking Pachacamac, the omnipotent, for having arrived safely at the end of a journey, always appeared to me no less original than disgusting. After all, however, as every country has its customs, which are either respectable or ought to be respected, we will not criticize this act of worship, but, passing from the effect to the cause, consider the character of the monument itself.

The word *apachecta,* which is easier to translate than to analyze, signifies in the Quichua idiom *a place of halting* or *repose.* The cemeteries which the Spaniards sometimes call *pantheon* and sometimes *campo-santo,* bear among the Indians the name of *apachecta.* As to the monument in question, it is composed at first of a handful of stones, that a *chasqui,* an *arriéro,* or a llama packman, who had rested there a moment, deposited at the road-side, as a tribute of gratitude paid ostensibly to Pachacamac the Creator and Lord of the universe. Days and even months might roll on before a second Indian by chance passing the same place, and seeing the stones collected by his predecessor, adds a few to the heap. In time the handful of stones becomes a pyramid of from eight to ten feet in height, which the passers-by, as it increases in size, cement with mud if it happens to be a rainy day. When the work is thus finished, some unknown hand places on its summit the sign of salvation; another adds a bouquet of flowers; the flowers wither and are renewed by successive worshippers; their degree of freshness indicating that the route is a more or less frequented one.

Often I have stopped before these monuments, not to worship Pachacamac—a god of whom I know nothing—but to examine the flowers placed on their summit. These flowers were white lilies, Heliconias, Erythrinæ (coral-trees) of a reddish purple, and red Amaryllides with green striæ, which grow under the shadow of the shrubs in the eastern valleys. From the place where they were taken to the apachecta where I have found them, the distance, approximately estimated, was from 90 to 120 miles.

These monuments, which a learned European took off-hand for *tumuli,* and an *employé* of the survey for milestones, arrest attention not so much by their architectural character, as by the singular appearance of the greenish splashes, with which they are literally covered from the base to the summit. These splashes or blotches are caused by the number of Indians who have passed by, and who thought they were performing a religious act by spitting against the monument the coca they were chewing.

Hearing us approach, the Indian and his wife, who had resumed their journey, halted a moment to see us pass. While looking at us with a wondering air, they did not forget to salute us with an *alli llamanta,* at the same time raising their hats. The

llamas had halted also like their masters, but, less polite than the latter, they were contented to gaze upon us with their soft unimpassioned eyes, without honouring us with any salute whatever. By nightfall we arrived at Pucara, having travelled nine Spanish leagues, equal to twelve French leagues or thirty-six miles, across the Puna.

Pucara was once an isolated point of the territory occupied by the Ayaviri Indians. About the close of the twelfth century Lloqui Yupanqui, the third emperor of Peru,



APACHECTA, OR WAYSIDE ORATORY OF THE QUICHUA INDIANS.

having subjugated these natives after a bloody struggle, built a fortress here, in which he placed a garrison to keep them in awe. Four centuries later, in the partisan wars provoked of the Spaniards, this same Pucara witnessed the defeat of the Spanish captain Francisco Hernandez Giron.

The site of the old Pucara is now occupied by a dull village of that name, containing about a hundred dwellings built half of mud, half of unburned bricks (*tapias*), and covered with that stubble of the Cordillera which the Indians call *ichu*, and botanists *jarava*. The village has no other claim to attention than its comparatively large church, characterized by two square towers with a triangular pediment of wood and mud; its river, which for want of a bridge one has to cross when it is flooded by using bundles of rushes as stepping-stones; and its fair, which is held every year in December. This fair, like that of Vilqua, is one of the most important in Peru.

Great numbers of mules nearly in a wild state are brought there from all parts of the country; but the dealer breaks them in on the spot before delivering them to the buyer. Under temporary sheds and screens, or covered waggons transformed into shops, decorated with coloured calico and cut paper, all manner of true and false jewelry, porcelain and crockery, glass and stone ware, cloths and silks, woollen and cotton goods, articles of cutlery and ironmongery, toy-ware, and other products of European industry, are displayed in the most attractive manner to dazzle the eyes of the natives.

In the midst of this vast bazaar—a commercial and industrial Babel, to the building of which all the nations of the globe had contributed their quota and furnished their stone—a stone of stumbling, it is true—tables for *monté*, nine-pins, bowls, marionnettes (fantoccini shows), conjurers, mountebanks whose grotesque artifices were transparent enough, drew around them the knowing ones from the towns, and made the Indians of the Sierras gape with admiration. Vendors of cakes, fruits, and sherbets, and sellers of fried fish, were stationed in the most frequented places, or pushed their way through the crowd, shouting, gesticulating, and proclaiming in loud tones the quality of their wares, and occasionally wiping with their shirt-tails the tray or the table upon which those wares were displayed. Every cottage in the village, every petty cabaret and eating-house, was transformed at night into a ball-room with the simplicity and rapidity of a change in a pantomime. They removed the tables, stuck a couple of tallow-candles against the walls, substituted a guitar for the porridge-pot, and all was ready for the dance, which went on merrily till the morning.

During the fifteen days that this fair lasts, the echoes of the Puna, accustomed to repeat only the lowing of herds and the sighs of the wind, resound with the rolling of drums, the tooting of tin trumpets, the hollow roaring of *pututus* (horns of Ammon), the melodious notes of the *queyna* and of the *pincullu* (two kinds of flutes or flageolets), and the strumming of the *charango*, the national three-stringed guitar, made by the Indians themselves with the half of a calabash, to which they attach a handle, and strung with catgut. The roaring of the crowd, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses and mules, the hissing of frying-pans, and the crackling of fires kindled in the open air, form the bass of the wild concert. The amount of beef, mutton, llama's flesh, chickens, and guinea-pigs, devoured during the fifteen days of the fair, would serve to provision a German duchy for a year. As for the quantity of brandy consumed, it is not possible to be exact, but we shall not be far wrong in believing that it would suffice to supply three rations a day to the crew of a fleet during its circumnavigation of the globe.

Nothing of this kind was to be seen on our visit. It was the 8th of July, and the period of these alien saturnalias was yet distant. Some holes in which the poles had been erected, beef and mutton bones picked clean by poultry, here and there the blackened traces left by the fires, alone marked out the scene of the last annual *fête*. The crowd and the noise had vanished like a dream, and silence had resumed possession of the locality. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, I said to myself, as I dismounted at the door of the post-station where we had to pass the night.



THE FAIR OF PUCARA IN THE ANDES.

With little difficulty we obtained, by paying for it, a little dried beef (*charqui*) and some frozen batatas. The water of the river sufficed to quench our thirst. After supper, one of the Indians seeing me scribble in my note-book, imagined I could be nothing less than a savant and *brujo* (sorcerer), for with this simple people science and sorcery are synonymous. He asked me if I did not possess in my bag of charms a remedy which would heal or relieve the postmaster, who was lying ill in the next room. I learned the nature of the complaint from which he was suffering by a species of pantomime. The Indian, not knowing what to call it, inflated his cheeks like Æolus: "Voila!" said he, making a comic gesture; I understood at once that the



A SICK MAN AND HIS DOCTOR.

man was suffering from some kind of tumour or abscess. Entering the room we found the invalid reclining on a truckle-bed with a woollen coverlet. One of his cheeks was so swollen that the eye could not be seen. So violent was the tension of the skin, that it had displaced the nose, drawn up the mouth, and altogether made the poor fellow look like one of those india-rubber dolls, to which we can give any expression we please by pressing it with the fingers. Only the grimace of the postmaster was fixed!

"What is to be done?" asked the Indian.

"For the moment," I replied, "I see nothing better than to keep him out of a draught, and apply a poultice of mallow-leaves or bread and milk."

The Indian looked at me cunningly.

"Bread and milk!" he said, "why, we make pap of that for *huahuas* (infants). Have you nothing better to propose?"

"Absolutely nothing," I said.

"In that case I have a better remedy myself."

"Apply it then," I replied, turning my back on him, and leaving him with the sick man, whose condition, I ought to say, was not at all alarming.

The next moment as I was preparing to lie down, the Indian re-entered with an earthenware plate which he placed on the fire, and in which he put to melt a bit of fat or grease, together with some bruised coca-leaves and a pinch of ashes from the hearth. He stirred the whole up with a bit of wood; then, when he thought his mixture was properly cooked, he turned it into a wooden bowl, which he filled up with chicha.

"What are you messing with there?" I asked him.

"This is my remedy," he replied, gravely.

"The d—— it is; and how do you apply your remedy?"

"I will give him the half of it to drink and wash his face with the other half."

When I left Pucara in the morning the man was better, which the reader may attribute to the "remedy" or not, as he pleases. For an hour we followed the course of the river. There is nothing more fresh and delightful than these Andean torrents in a time of drought; now they flow gently over a white or golden sand, now they hurtle with a soft murmur against the polished stones, and seem to complain in the notes of turtle-doves of the obstacles which obstruct their course. Every passing cloud mirrors itself in the pellucid water for an instant, and throws upon it a slight shadow. There the sun breaks his golden arrows, the moon flings her silver rays, and the vultures and condors come to make their toilet. In a moment, however, these wayward streams, peaceful as they look, may be lashed to fury. Leaving the course marked out for them by nature, their spreading waters rush impetuously over the plain, rolling in their course enormous blocks of stone, carrying away pell-mell sheep and shepherds, even the bridges of stone and mud-built cottages which they encounter in their passage. These formidable floods are occasioned by the sudden melting of the snows of the Sierra. They last from eighteen to twenty-four hours, and take place in the middle of the night or early morning, rather than when the sun is above the horizon.[1]

About six miles from Pucara we witnessed, though at too great a distance to appreciate the details, one of those *cacharparis*, or farewell festivals, so frequent in the Sierra between Indians of the same village when they are about to separate for some time. These adieus would make one's heart ache if we did not know that in the chymic composition of the tears which accompany them, there is much more chicha and brandy than any other constituent. The parting, in fact, is only a pretext for an orgie on both sides. Following the custom of ages, the travellers quit their homes in company with relations and friends of both sexes, and supplied with provisions both solid and liquid. They halt at a place previously agreed upon, and, seated in a circle, begin to eat and drink. They drink much more than they eat, and at the end of their lunch, dance the *zapateo* to the sound of the flute and guitar. When the moment of parting arrives, or the liquor fails, they begin a lament, in which each emulates the

[1] I have often witnessed inundations of this kind, apart from the great annual thaw of the snows of the Cordillera in January and December. The river, which I have left calmly reposing on its bed in the evening, has swollen suddenly during the night, and on the next day overflowed the country. But as these anomalous floods were preceded or followed by earthquakes, which more often occur in the evening or before daybreak than in the middle of the day, I have concluded, rightly or wrongly, that this partial melting of the snows of the Sierra was occasioned by the heat which the volcanic phenomena suddenly determined on the strata which form, so to speak, the foundation of the Andean chain.

other in deploring their hard fate. The men weep and raise their hands to heaven; the women utter piercing cries and tear their hair. At last the critical moment arrives, the last embrace is given, the stirrup-cup is drunk, if anything should be left to drink, and with a supreme effort they tear themselves from each other's arms. When fairly on their way the travellers often look back and see from a long distance, on some rising ground or rock, the relations and friends they have left behind, giving way to the most



THE CACHARPARI, OR FAREWELL FESTIVAL OF THE QUICHUA INDIANS.

violent grief, and saluting them by waving a rag of baize in default of a handkerchief. These *cacharparis* are sometimes repeated at several stages, that is to say, they finish at one point to recommence at another, and are even known to extend over three days and nights, obliging the travellers to postpone their actual departure to the eighth day, so much has excess of emotion and brandy impaired their strength.

Although a distance of a hundred yards separated us from the actors in this familiar drama, and the departing travellers were nearly out of sight on our left, my companion, as familiar with all that occurs in the Cordillera as a savage with the forest, did not hesitate to reply, when I asked him who these people were: "These are Indians of Pujuja or Caminaca whom the sub-prefect of Lampa has sent to work in some mine of the Raya."

Ayaviri, where we arrived about four o'clock, is a village of the same family as

those which we had left behind us. Its situation upon the left bank of the river of Pucara, a wooden bridge, a good sized church built of stone and mud without the least pretensions to style, and a school where twenty pupils, taken from the populations of Pucara, Ayaviri, and Santa Rosa, learn to spell out, correctly or incorrectly, the Psalms of David translated into Castilian, and to repeat from memory the *Paternoster* and *Ave Maria*, are the only peculiarities which recommend to the attention of statisticians this group of about eighty cottages. As a faithful chronicler I must add that the pedagogue charged with the duty of instructing and training the youth of the country



DON CALIXTO MIRANDA, THE CURÉ OF AYAVIRI.

amuses himself with a little quiet trade in wool, butter, and cheese, which often obliges him to be absent; at such times the doors of the school remain closed, like those of the temple of Janus in times of peace. Some families of half-breeds, the only aristocracy of the country, are a little indignant at these doings of the schoolmaster; not so the children, who are delivered for a time from their daily recitations, and the *coscorrons*[1] with which the lessons are often accompanied. I do not know what profit the master may get from his commercial transactions, but his scholastic sinecure is worth £60 per annum.

These details were given to me by the curé of the place, to whom I had civilly presented a cigarette in exchange for his polite salutation in front of the church, where I was pretending to admire some imaginary sculptures—an innocent trick by which I hoped to render myself agreeable to the pastor, and get into his good graces.

[1] *Coscorron*, a kind of blow with the fist which Peruvian schoolmasters give their scholars in place of using the ferule. I say, a *kind* of blow, because in the coscorron the fist is not fairly doubled as when the *puñetazo*, or ordinary blow with the fist, is given, but the *middle* finger is bent upon itself in such a way that the middle joint sticks out. Besides, the coscorron is delivered upon the scholar's head, never elsewhere, and not perpendicularly or horizontally, but obliquely, so as to produce a contusion, which is followed by extravasation. Fathers of families will excuse the length of these details.

For an instant I flattered myself I had succeeded. Not only did he entertain me with his personal affairs, but he related those of his coadjutors, and especially of the schoolmaster, whom he described as a *povreton*, or poor-spirited fellow. Without troubling myself with the motives which the curé might have for his confidence, I pretended to be quite charmed with it, and in my turn confided to him that I was dying of exhaustion; having had nothing to eat during the day but the half of a soft cheese bought at a shepherd's hut which we had found *en route*. My expectation of an invitation to some kind of repast with the holy man was, however, disappointed. After a half-hour's conversation, he politely saluted me, and resumed with slow steps his walk to his presbytery. The name of this charitable priest, which I learned from the Indians at the post-house, was *Don Calixto Miranda*. May it be immortalized in my humble prose, in which hope I have inserted it in italics!

The next day at eight o'clock we were already far from Ayaviri, when I remembered that this town or village, call it what we will, had secured a place in the annals of Peru by the successive rebellions of its native inhabitants against the emperors Lloqui Yupanqui and Mayta Capac, who lived in the twelfth century. In 1780 also, Tupac-Amaru, a cacique descended from these emperors, tried to raise the inhabitants of Ayaviri against the viceroys, an attempt which he expiated by a frightful death at Cuzco. After being dismembered (*écartelé*) his trunk was burned on the heights of that city, while the members were distributed to the towns which he had excited to insurrection. Santa Rosa, the nearest town to Ayaviri, had for its share one of the legs of the unhappy cacique. Four years after the battle of Ayacucho, and the extinction of the royalist party, General Bolivar, at the suggestion of his friend Alexander Von Humboldt, having caused a geodesic survey to be executed by Lloyd and Falmarc, upon a line of thirty myriametres (about 186 miles), Ayaviri had been one of the 916 stations set out on that line. With such illustrious antecedents, the place was certainly entitled to a few words in my note-book; but half from idleness, half from spleen against the curé Miranda, I left the aforesaid book at the bottom of my bag, judging it useless to devote any space, however short, to a place which had for its spiritual ruler so inhospitable a priest.

On leaving Ayaviri, the landscape acquired *movement*, as painters say; the hills drew together, they were connected by their base at some points, and heaped together at others; their undulations stretching from north-west to south-east. Could a bird's-eye view have been taken of these irregularities of the soil, they would have presented the appearance of a sea, the waves of which had been fixed. Totally devoid of trees and shrubs, there was nothing to animate the landscape, for long distances, but herds of oxen or flocks of sheep, and troops of llamas and alpacas feeding at various points. Now and then a *pascana*, or shepherd's hut, with its roof of stubble and its door so low that one can only enter by crawling, presented itself, but this was seldom. In passing a troglodytic den of this kind, you would naturally look for the inhabitant, with the idea of exchanging a friendly good-day, or of buying a cheese. He is not there; but while you are lamenting the mischance, the sound of a flute is heard overhead; looking up you will discover perched upon a rock the shepherd playing on a flute

or flageolet. If you possess a little imagination, and ever so small an animal with horns is feeding at the foot of the rock, you will picture to yourself Argos and the cow Io. *Mercurius septem mulcet arundinibus,* you repeat after Virgil. This tribute paid to the eclogue, you ask the shepherd to stop his tootling and sell you one of the cheeses which he employs his leisure in making. He seems not to understand you. Raising your voice, you request him to come down from his pedestal; you show him a piece of money, and add that you have no time to wait. A sustained trill is the only response the man vouchsafes. Getting impatient, you spring from your mule; "Eh! scoundrel!" you cry, at the same time throwing a stone at the shepherd to

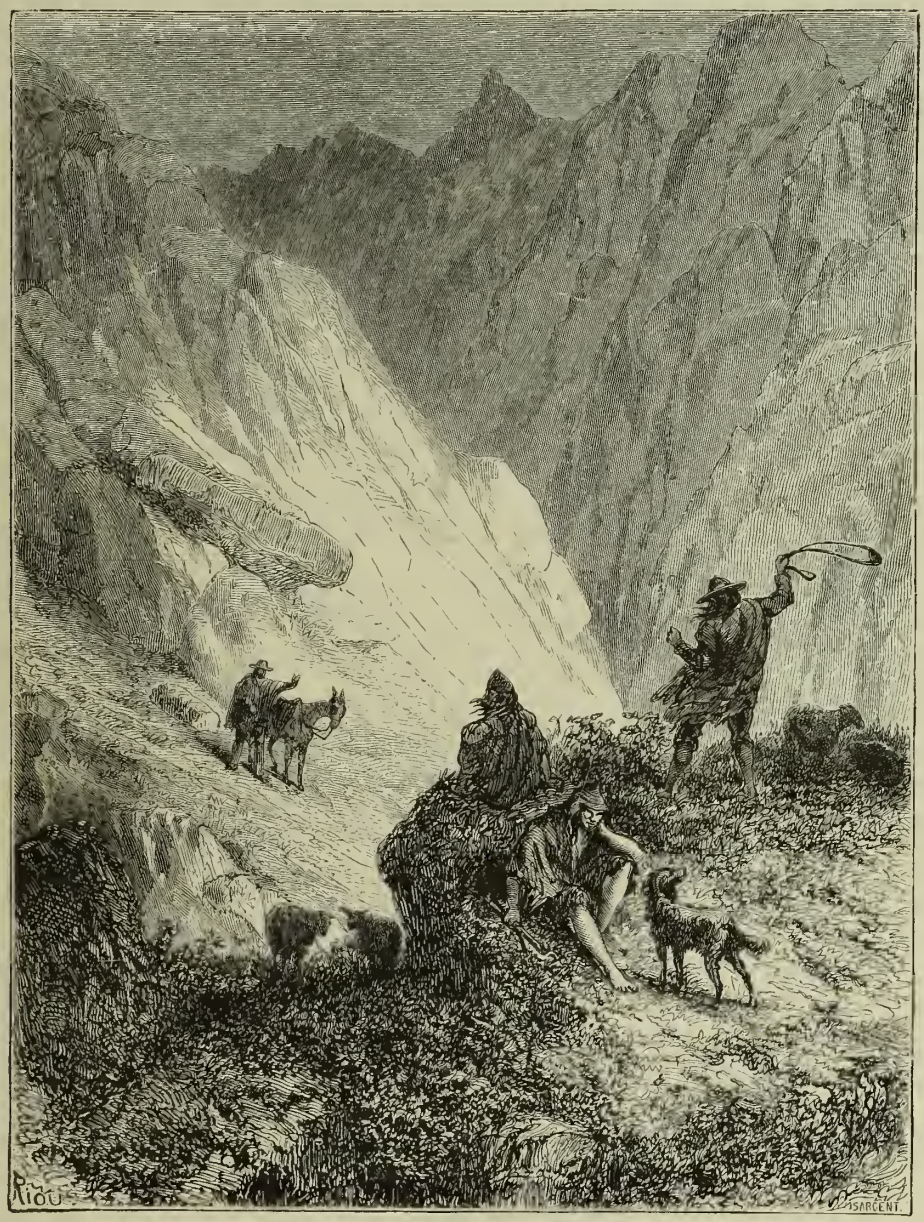


A SHEPHERD'S HUT IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

attract his attention. If he is naturally of an amiable disposition he takes the hint, puts his flute under his arm, and comes smiling to meet you. But more often he is surly and unsociable, and as he usually has his pockets filled with stones to throw at the beasts when they stray away, he instantly seizes his sling and lets fly at his interlocutor. In such a case you have only one way of escaping the storm; that is, to put spurs to your mule and ride away as fast as possible.

I hardly know at this distance of time if we had anything to eat that day, but I well remember that we arrived at Santa Rosa quite famished and benumbed. A fire of *bosta* in the post-house, and some llama's flesh cut into strips and dried in the sun, of which they sold us a few yards, helped to keep the cold and hunger at bay. Santa Rosa, like Ayaviri and Pucara, is one of those dull-looking villages which seem rather intended for the discipline of criminals than the abode of honest people. The river runs through the middle of the village, and its murmur, which anywhere else would be cheerful and harmonious, is here only one sadness the more. It is as if the voice of Nature bewailed herself eternally in this solitude. Let us add that Santa Rosa is of all the places we have passed through the coldest and least sheltered

from the storms of the Cordillera, built as it is at the foot of the snowy chain of Huilcanota. As a trifling consolation it possesses a large church with square towers, a pediment, and something in the likeness of acroteral ornaments; but the façade is



SHEPHERDS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

cracked, the pediment is broken, and the towers gape with more than one crevice, so that the wood and the mud employed in their construction are distinctly visible.

By the unaccustomed movement that evening in the post-house of Santa Rosa, by the sparkling eyes of the Indians, and the vivacity of their gestures, above all by the unusually loud tone of their voices, I surmised that some bacchic festival had taken place during the day. On questioning the least drunken of the company, he told me that he had been drinking the blood of Jesus Christ. As his reply seemed as absurd as it was unintelligible, I begged him to explain; when he told me that

a neighbouring estancia, of the name of *Puncullutu,* had for patron *la sangre de Jesus Cristo,* of which the festival was being celebrated by dancing, and drinking, and various sports. To give more pomp to this religious solemnity, the inhabitants of Santa Rosa had united with the Indian *estanciero* (farm-bailiffs). My informant added that "the festival had only commenced the day before and would last two days longer, and as the estancia of Puncullutu was on our road I should be able to judge for myself of the grand style in which the Indians of this domain did things." I thanked the drunken fellow for his information, and went to bed a few steps from Nor Medina, who was already as fast as a top.

When we left the next morning the Indians of the post-house, who had passed the night in drinking and chewing coca, were asleep on the ground, wrapped in their ponchos. Among the pedestrians of both sexes with whom we mingled on the road, some were returning from Puncullutu to Santa Rosa; others, on the contrary, were going from Santa Rosa to Puncullutu. In this *chassé-croisé* all as they passed exchanged a salutation, a burst of laughter, or a merry phrase. The former plodded along with an uncertain step, the latter footed it nimbly. These, full of illusions, sprung joyously towards the goal; those had touched it, and were returning on their path fatigued and disgusted with themselves. Such is life with its opposite currents, I said to myself, at the sight of these indigenes, one half of whom stumbled along, while the other half walked straight. A *reveillie* sounded by tin trumpets reached our ears as the harmonious prelude of the local fête. We pushed on our beasts, and the inspiriting fanfare was soon succeeded by the mingled sound of drums and flutes. After a ten minutes' rapid trot, we arrived at the foot of a hill surrounded with snow. A hundred Indians were assembled, and had just commenced the day's revels.

At the summit of the eminence an altar had been set up. It was made of planks, imperfectly concealed by the draperies of the local calico called *tocuyo,* over which were pinned cotton handkerchiefs of a blue and red square pattern, which gave it a cheerful look. A frame of osiers, of an elliptic form, ornamented with ribbons, mirrors, flags, and streamers of the Peruvian colours, formed a kind of reredos to this rustic altar. An artificial tree stood at each corner of the platform. When I say artificial, I must explain that the trees were nothing but sticks fixed in the ground, and crowned, in place of foliage, with a bunch of those reeds which grow on the shores of ponds or lakes. One might have called them four gigantic brooms. Although it was but early morning, and the cold was piercing, the female chicha-sellers were already at their posts, and their admirers with empty purses were fluttering around them with no other amorous intention than that of getting drunk on credit. Some musicians, trumpeters and flutists, in order to give their lips the inflation and elasticity necessary for blowing a wind-instrument, applied them from time to time to the mouth of a gourd filled with tafia, which some among them carried saltier-wise, like St. James of Compostella. One of these artists leaned over an empty jar in which he was blowing his flageolet, and thus filled with harmony, instead of liquid, the dark interior of the vessel. This kind of melody, little known in Europe, is used in the Sierra at funerals for threnodies, or laments, which the living are supposed to address to the



THE FESTIVAL OF LA SANGRE DE JESUS CRISTO AT PUNCULLUTU.

dead. Flageolets of different tones, with their mouths in various sized pitchers or jars, are played by fits and starts, passing suddenly from grave to sharp, or from sharp to grave, and are supposed to express, by the frightful charivari they keep up, the trouble, the grief, and the heart-rending affliction of the human soul when constrained to separate for ever from the object of its affection.

After having sufficiently enjoyed the spectacle of the fête, and commenced a sketch which the cold prevented me from finishing, I signed to Nor Medina, who appeared to be highly amused with the scene, that it was time to turn our backs upon it, and continue our journey.

"At five o'clock in the evening the fête will be at its height," he said, with a sigh of regret.

"Alas!" I said, sighing also, "the vultures alone will be able to judge, for every one here will be dead drunk, and unable to distinguish their right hand from their left."

On leaving Santa Rosa the gradually diminishing breadth of its stream indicates that we are approaching its source. It is here necessary to observe that all the rivers and streams of Peru take their name from the village by which they flow, an absurdity which throws the geography of the country into confusion. Thus the river of Santa Rosa becomes in succession the Ayaviri, the Pucara, the Nicasio, and the Calapuja. After two hours' march along the course of this river northward, and after having surmounted the Cordillera of Huilcanota, which the map-makers and inhabitants of the country call by corruption *Vilcanota*, and which at this spot is called the *Raya*,[1] we came to a plateau of irregular form, where two little lakes, of some miles in circumference, spread their mirror-like waters. The southernmost of these lakes, called the *Sissacocha* (Lake of the Flower), overflows in a thin stream, which is augmented in its course by two torrents from the Cordillera. This is the river we had followed from Santa Rosa, and crossed at Ayaviri. At some fifty miles from Pucara it receives the two rivers, already united in one, of Lampa and Cabanilla, and continues its course to the Lake of Titicaca, in which it debouches near San Taraco, a village of the province of Azangaro.

The second lake, situated on the north side of the plateau, and named *Huilcacocha* (Lake of Huilca),[2] gives birth to a stream which is enlarged some leagues further down by the overflow of the lagune of Langui, and takes the name of Huilca-Mayo (River of Huilca), which it soon exchanges for another. After a course of about 900 miles, it flows, under the name of the Rio de Santa Ana, into the Apurimac.

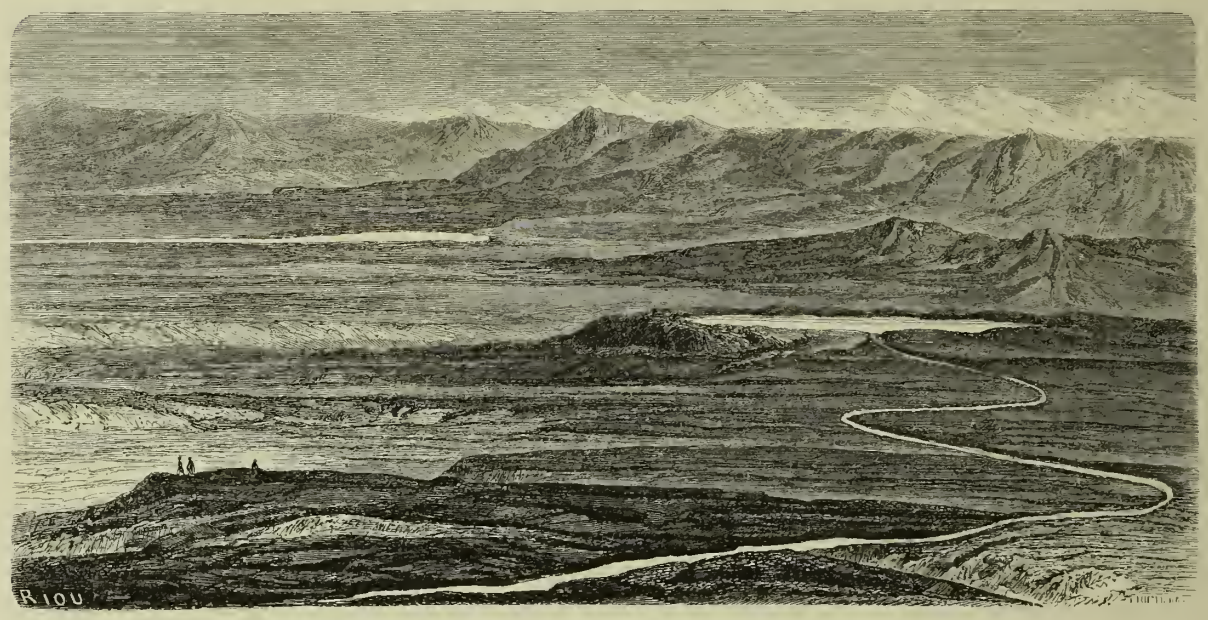
As I had long been familiar with this locality, I merely glanced at the two lakes with an absent look as I passed by. I observed, however, that their waters reflected the tint of a cloudy sky, and were therefore of a leaden colour. I was in haste to

[1] For the Spanish word *raya* (ray, limit, dividing line), by which the inhabitants of the country designate this passage of the Cordillera of Huilca, the Indians substitute *nota*, which in the Quichua idiom has the same signification as *raya* in Spanish: hence *Huilcanota*, or the boundary line of Huilca.

[2] The *Huilca*, or as corrupted, *Vilca*, is a tree of the natural order of *Leguminosæ*, division *Mimosæ*. In the Argentine provinces it is known as the *algaroba;* it is very common there, and the pulp contained in its pods is used to make brandy. On the other hand, it is rare in Peru; the hot valleys on the Pacific coast are the only places in which I have found it. How to explain its existence in the midst of the snows of Huilcanota, and to account for its name being given to that chain of the Cordillera, is out of my power—the thing seems absolutely inexplicable.

reach the post of Aguas-Calientes,[1] to get a morsel of something to eat, and, after a night's rest, have done with the region of the Punas, of which I was getting rather tired. We reached the little station about the close of day, and found its occupants in a state of anxious expectation of a great event.

An ex-prefect of Ayacucho, who had become a general of division owing to some political accident, and was charged by the government with a secret mission to the Sierra, was expected to halt at Aguas-Calientes, and stay there some four-and-twenty hours. The postmaster and several women, who had trudged on purpose all the way from Layo and Langui, villages about eighteen miles distant, were in the midst of a lively discussion about the ceremonial to be observed on this occasion. They thought



THE LAKES OF SISSACOCHA AND HUILCACOCHA, ON THE RAYA PLATEAU.

nothing less would do than to hang the cracked walls of the station with a tapestry of baize and calico, hoist a pennon above the roof, and strew with green rushes the approaches by which his excellency would arrive. Some spirited old dames proposed to dress themselves in red and white, the national colours, and thus attired go to meet the great man, and dance before him as he approached. As usual, the jug of chicha and the brandy bottle went the round, and each in turn had some ingenious idea or fresh advice to give.

This supposed question of etiquette so absorbed their attention that not one of the company noticed my arrival, or if they were aware of the fact they pretended otherwise. I waited patiently some minutes till the master of the post, a fat and ruddy-faced Indian whose black tresses hung almost to the ground, should deign to turn his head. Seeing this hope was in vain, I made my presence known by a friendly tap on his hat, which, whether the said hat was a little too large for the oblong head it

[1] This name is derived from a spring of hot water which comes in slender jets from a rock level with the ground, about two hundred yards eastward from the post-house.

covered, or that my hand was a little too heavy, descended suddenly upon the Indian's nose, the contour of which resembled an eagle's beak, and there lodged. His astonishment was great, to judge by the way he swore before he saw daylight again.

"God be with you!" I said, in the idiom of the Children of the Sun, while he disembarrassed himself of his hat, and looked at me at once wonderingly and wrathfully. "I have come from Santa Rosa, and am dying of hunger; can't you get me something to eat?"

"*Manancancha, manamounanicha;*[1] go to the devil, and let me alone!" he replied.

I philosophically allowed this ebullition of bile to pass unnoticed.

"Now listen," I said; "your conversation with these *mamacunas*"[2]—so I designated the group of gossips—"has made me aware that General L—— is on his way to Collao, and will halt at the post of Aguas-Calientes. The general is one of my friends. Some time ago I retouched a portrait which he did not think sufficiently like him, and lengthened by six inches the epaulettes of his uniform, which he thought too short. I have besides given to his wife the recipe of a wonderful paste to make a lovely pink and white, and I have taught her three daughters the difficult art of selecting the proper colours for their toilet, of which before they knew nothing. You see then the general and his family are under obligations to me. . . ."

Here I purposely made a slight pause to give the Indian time to digest my words.

"True, very true," he said, "thou art a friend of his excellency."

"It is so true," I replied, with freezing dignity, "that I think of staying here till the general arrives; not to congratulate him on his new dignity, or to help you with my advice on the subject of the reception you are preparing for him, but to beg my worthy friend to let one of his soldiers dust your back with a twisted strap, to teach you the civility of which you are ignorant and the laws of hospitality which you have outraged."

"No, *tayta;* no, *taytachay;*[3] you will not beat a poor pongo[4] who never did you any harm!"

[1] *There is nothing—I will not.* These two phrases require explaining. When, travelling in the Cordilleras, one asks an Indian to sell a sheep out of his flock, to avoid dying of hunger, his invariable answer is, *Manancancka*—There is none. Naturally you give the lie to his assertion by pointing to two or three hundred sheep feeding around him. He then replies: *Manamounanicha*—I will not. These are the only words that can be extracted from him. In such a case the only way to get out of the embarrassment is to select, through the agency of the mozo or muleteer who accompanies us, a nice fat sheep, have it killed and skinned on the spot without listening to the abuse of the proprietor, who, obliged to submit to force, cries, groans, and shows every sign of exasperated grief. When the sheep is cut up you pay four reals (the regular price) to the owner, to whom also one generously abandons the head, the feet, and the intestines of the beast, to make a chupé. In a twinkling he passes from the bitterest distress to the liveliest joy; he thanks the traveller a hundred times, kisses his hand or the stuff of his poncho, lavishes upon him the most gratifying and endearing epithets, and ends by wishing him every possible blessing. If a few conscientious travellers honestly pay the shepherd for what they take, it must be remembered that the greater number simply help themselves, and push their liberality so far as to beat the proprietor of the animal into the bargain.

[2] *Mama,* mother; *cuna,* plural article of two genders. The name of *mama* is generally given to Indian women of a certain age.

[3] *Tayta,* father; *taytachay,* dear little father.

[4] In the great cities, pongos are Indians of the lower class, who very reasonably value their services at fifteen francs a month. They are employed indoors to carry wood and water; to sweep the stones, and to open and close the entrance gate, behind which they sleep squatting. Their name of pongo is derived from *punca,* gate, by corruption *pongo.* They are the porters of the country.

In his terror of the strap, the man descended voluntarily from the dignity of postmaster to the condition of a pongo. Such accesses of humility are frequent among the Indian caste, and I am not surprised at it. The end that I proposed to attain, and which I had partly attained, had otherwise claimed all my attention. I replied then to the postmaster, who had seized the fringe of my *poncho,* and whose eyes glared and nostrils trembled with the fear of the vengeance I had threatened.

"I believe I told you that I am hungry. As you must have some provisions in the house you will prepare a *chupé* as savoury as possible; you will give dry fodder to my mules, and to-morrow before leaving I will settle for that little matter. As to the general, do not trouble yourself to prepare a surprise for him. I will write a line or two that will induce him to dispense with any ceremony on his account.

The postmaster let go the border of my *poncho,* overcome with joy.

"O *tayta,*" he said in a coaxing voice, "good *taytachay,* . . . if you but knew how grateful . . ."

"That's all very well, my good fellow," I replied, interrupting him, "but leave for the present your gratitude, which will not put a single onion in the soup, and lose no time in getting my *chupé* ready." The man addressed some hasty commands to the gossips, who had listened to this dialogue with the greatest interest, and in the twinkling of an eye the station was turned upside down, every one was rushing here and there in search of the domestic animals. I heard the cry of anguish of a fowl whose neck they wrung, followed by the squeak of a guinea-pig, to which one of the women gave chase, and which she killed by breaking its back. Half a sack of llama's dung was thrown upon the burning embers: everything about me assumed the appearance of cheerfulness and abundance. The postmaster assigned to each his task; two Indian postilions had to attend to the fire and blow it without ceasing; four of the women were charged with the cooking of the *chupé,* which consisted of an old hen, a bit of dried mutton, and some real potatoes, the *chuño* or frozen batatas having been unanimously declared too common for a delicate taste like mine. The quantity of salt, of pimento, or of garlic, proper to season the broth, was the object of a discussion among the women, who only settled the point after the maturest deliberation. Never was a *plat couvert* or gastronomic delicacy of any kind destined to excite the worn-out appetite of a despot, or to tickle the nervous papillæ of a bishop's palate, watched, combined, and cooked with more loving care and attention to details than the vulgar *pot-au-feu* which was boiling in my sight. The postmaster himself took charge of the friture. Like Brillat-Savarin he found, apparently, that the art of frying is a very delicate one, and would trust no one but himself with the handle of his frying-pan. His guinea-pig singed, washed, cleaned, spread open, larded over, sprinkled with ground pimento and kept flat in the pan by means of a stone placed on the belly, only awaited the moment when it could be popped on the fire, to acquire, by being quickly fried, that golden colour which recommends the animal to the appreciation of Peruvian *gourmets.*

At length this splendid supper was served up, not on a table, the station did not

possess one, but on a piece of baize spread on the ground, and by which I squatted like a tailor on his board. A wooden spoon was placed at my service, a fork was out of the question. My ten fingers did good duty for one. The postmaster willingly served me as cup-bearer. A quarter of an hour sufficed to sup and return thanks. Then the spectators who surrounded me, having seen that my skins were drawn near the fire, and understanding that I wished to sleep, retired into an adjoining apartment. Nor



PREPARATION OF A SUPPER AT THE STATION OF AGUAS-CALIENTES.

Medina, at a sign from the postmaster, joined the cortége and followed them into the room, letting fall behind him the cow's-skin which, hung up by the tail, served for a door. Soon the noise of eating, mingled with merriment and laughter,[1] made me aware that the servants were supping on the left victuals of the master, and were enjoying by anticipation the pleasures of paradise.

In the morning I rose early and found the postmaster already up. After giving him a dozen reals, the price at which I valued my supper and the provender of my mules, I tore a blank-leaf out of my note-book, and having been repeatedly assured by the Indian that he was unable to read any kind of writing, I addressed the following lines to General L——:

[1] *Rire à la cantonade:* a phrase of the theatre, for merriment heard behind the scenes.—Tr.

"My dear General,—The herein-named Ignacio Muynas Tupayanchi, postmaster of Aguas-Calientes, had intended to follow the example of his fellow-citizens, and burn a little incense on your visit. I have persuaded him to do nothing of the kind, feeling assured that at the moment I am writing you are tired of ovations, and official banquets, and harangues. If then you do not find at Aguas-Calientes the usual display of hangings, flags, and garlands of green rushes, do not blame the aforesaid Ignacio, who has simply yielded to foreign influence. The honest fellow will compensate you by his cuisine for the loss of the vain honours he would have rendered you. He excels in fritures, and with a common guinea-pig can make a dish fit for the gods. It is in this quality of cuisinier that I recommend him to you, my dear general, that on arriving at Aguas-Calientes you may put to the proof the peculiar talent of its postmaster, whom I do not hesitate to declare as good a friturier as he appears to me to be a good citizen, devoted soul and body to the public good.

"I pray that St. Rose, the patroness of Peru, may watch over your days, and over those dear to you."

I was informed afterwards that the unhappy postmaster, put in requisition by General L. and his escort, who had taken my advice seriously, was kept at the frying-pan for eighteen hours, during which time he fried a fabulous number of guinea-pigs collected in the neighbourhood. But let us not anticipate events.

About six miles from Aguas-Calientes, after a slight but continuous descent, we arrived at Marangani, a poor village, which has no other claim to attention than its situation at the confluence of the Huilcamayo (which we have seen to take its rise from the Lake Sisacocha, on the Raya plateau) with the stream of Langui issuing from the lake of that name. The temperature is here a little ameliorated. In some winding nooks of the mountain, sheltered from the wind and cold, were growing little patches of potatoes, barley, oats, quinoa, and a species of the Oxalis locally called *occa*, which the Indians eat in their chupés.

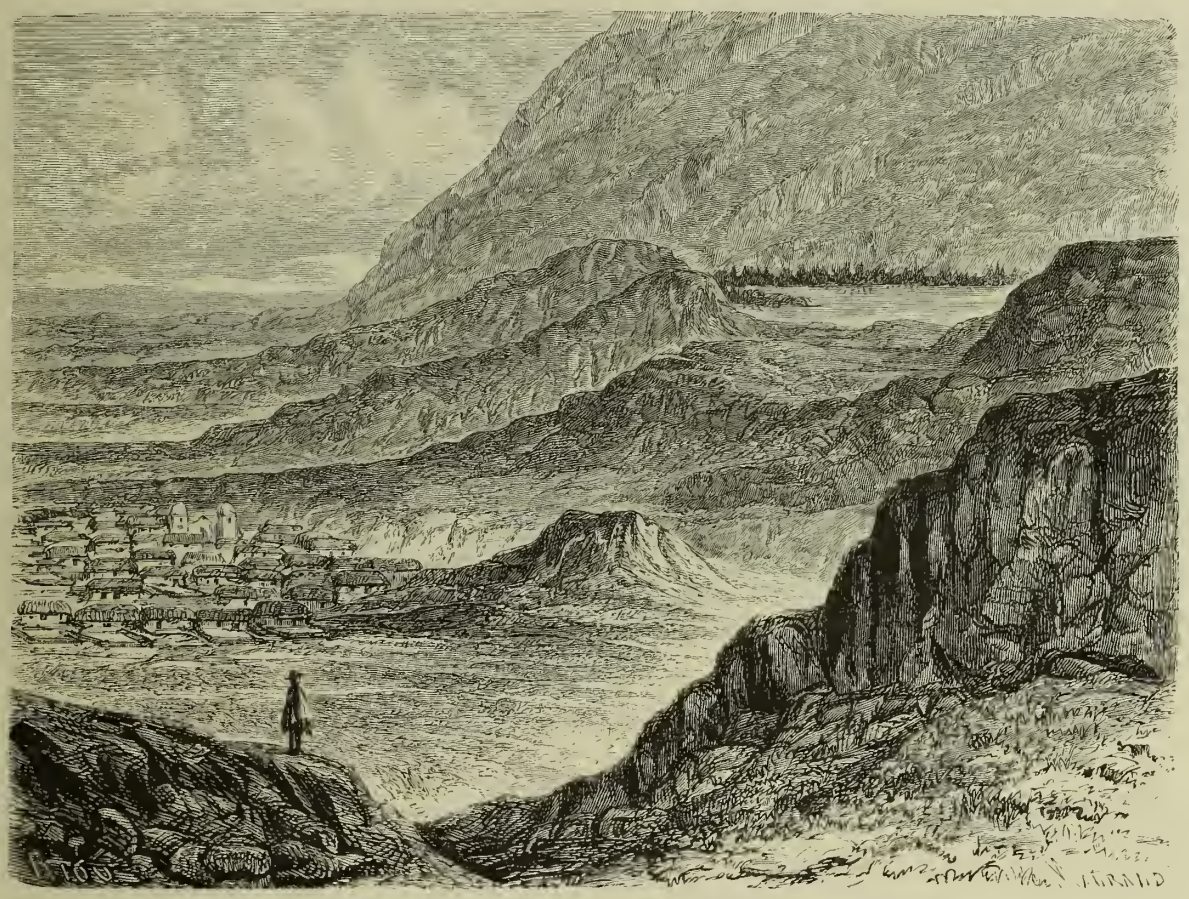
It may be noted as a geographical and statistical detail, that the northern extremity of the Raya plateau forms the frontier which separates the province of Lampa from that of Canchis. The village of Marangani pertains to the latter, which is one of the smallest provinces of Peru. Its area is 540 square miles.

Nine miles from Marangani, northward, and on the right bank of the Huilcamayo, is situated Sicuani, which is marked in the Peruvian maps as a city, but is really only a big village, as monotonous as it is badly built. Its population in the time of the viceroys was 7500 souls, now it is hardly 3000. An hospital for both sexes, founded in the seventeenth century by the viceroy Count Gil de Lemos, has disappeared from the earth with its founder. As to the massive silver lamp which still existed in the church of Sicuani at the beginning of the century, it has been replaced by a poor thing of copper with three branches. A Spaniard named Joaquin Vilafro had presented it to the Virgin of Sicuani, not so much as a devotional offering as an atonement or apology, in dread of the Inquisition and the viceroy, for the immense wealth he had acquired in a short time from the mine of Quimsachata, near the sources of the Apurimac; a precaution, however, which did not save him from being hung *par ordre* for the sake of that same wealth. The lamp of the unfortunate colonist, after having long been the ornament of the choir and the admiration of the faithful, was taken to the mint and coined into piastres during the war between the Royalists and Independents.

It was at Sicuani that the cacique Matheo Pumacahua, who in 1781 had betrayed Tupac Amaru to the Spaniards, received, thirty-four years afterwards, the price of his

services. The Spaniards, who had promised him the epaulettes of a colonel, deferred the promotion till they settled their debt in full by cutting off his head.

A natural curiosity of Sicuani, of which travellers have made no mention, probably because they were unacquainted with its existence, is the lagune of Quellhua, or more correctly Quellhuacocha, as it is called in the country, which is situated on the heights to the east of the village. Let any one picture, if he can, a liquid sapphire

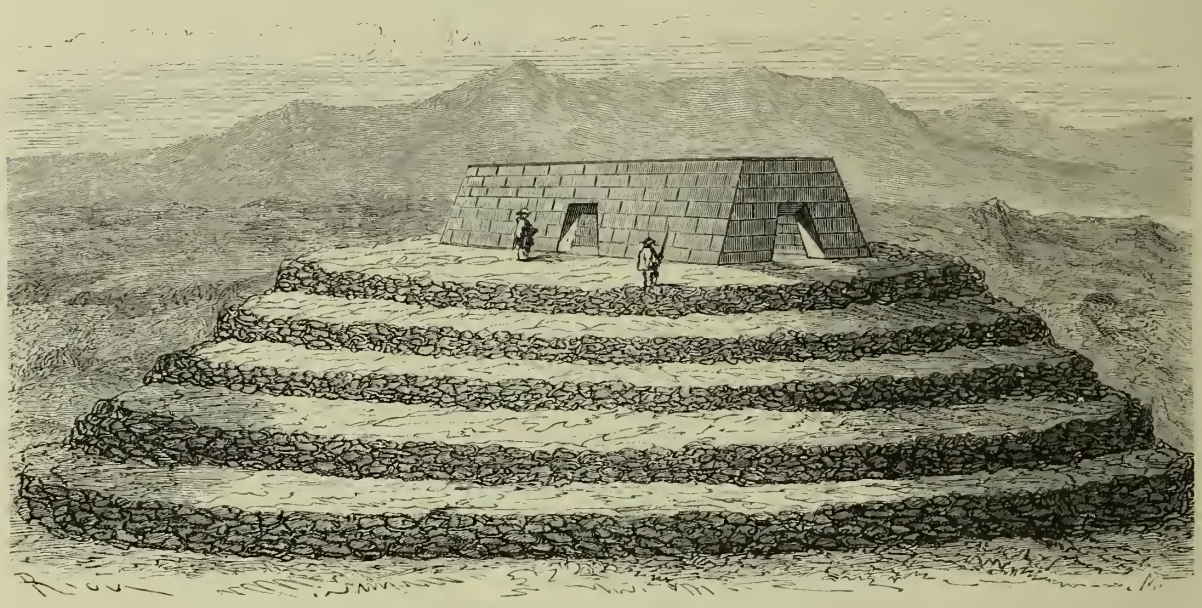


SICUANI, SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF QUELLHUACOCHA.

eighteen miles in circumference, in a setting composed of the five rounded backs of mountains which extend to the horizon the snowy summits of the Cordilleras of Chimboya and d'Atun-Quenamari, and which are charmingly belted with those totoras, or large-leaved rushes, of which we have elsewhere spoken. Nothing can be more calmly beautiful, or more freshly poetic, than this Andean lake, which no wind ruffles, and no vessel has ever furrowed; in which clouds and stars, sunlight and moonlight, are alone reflected; and the whole physiognomy of which is so ineffably sweet that we have exhausted the resources of language when we say it smiles upon us like something human!

San Pablo and San Pedro de Cacha, situated about nine miles northward of Sicuani, are two neighbouring hamlets of the dullest character, and closely resembling each other in the misery of the inhabitants and their wretched mud-built huts. The

villagers of St. Paul boast that they have very much the advantage of St. Peter, and support the assertion by pointing to the school with eighteen pupils which the former possesses, and the latter does not. The rector of a university might appreciate this evidence of superiority; we prefer, for our part, the geological grandeur and archæological illustration of St. Peter, which, instead of a school and schoolmaster, may well be proud of its fine ruins, above which towers a very respectable volcano, unhappily extinct, though the time has been when it covered the country with lava, scoriæ, and pumice. This volcano, the crater of which is inclined from north to south,



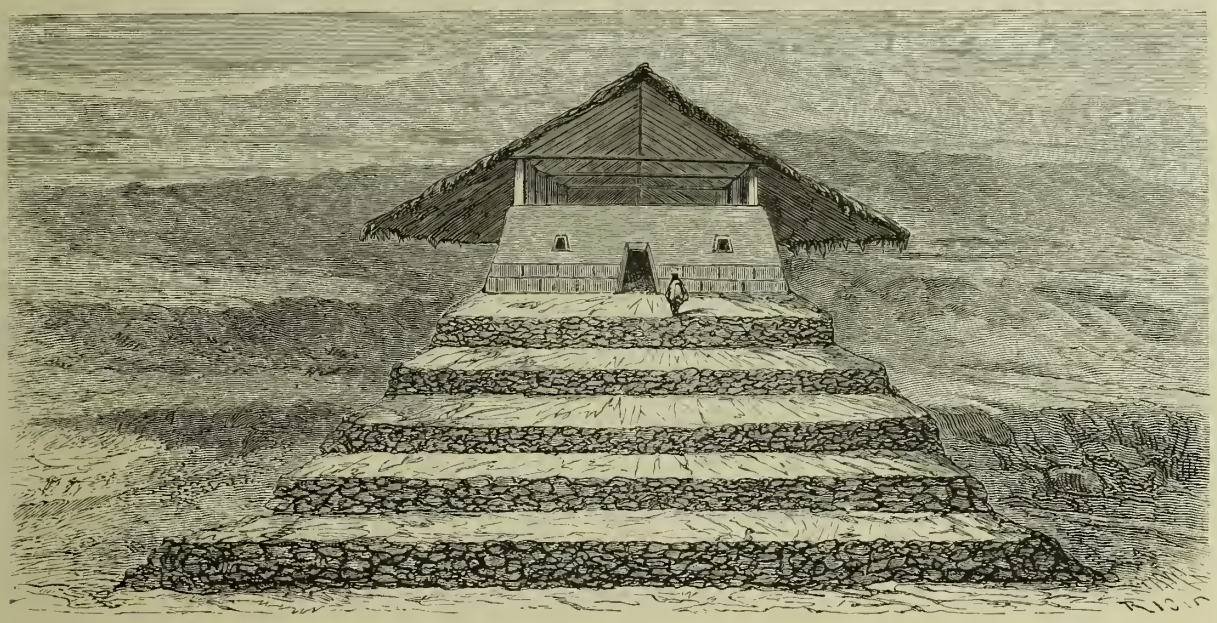
THE TEMPLE OF HUIRACOCHA, ACCORDING TO THE HISTORIAN GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA.

lifts its head above a platform of low hills, on a site which bears the name of *Racchi,* and from which the volcano has been corruptly called the *Riacha* by the natives. At the foot of those barren hills, which form its pedestal, we find a plastic clay, of which the potters of the Cordillera make pitchers, vases, and drinking-vessels of charming shapes. Here also are found several ochres, a red ochre called *taco;* and magnesia, which the thrifty poor, who call it *chacco* (milk of the earth), collect, and of which, mixed with a little water, they make a *poulette,* or white sauce, to be eaten with potatoes by the family.

At some bow-shots from the hills of Racchi, in a place called Yahuarpampa,[1] are the remains of an ancient edifice which can be seen from a long distance, and which travellers have called the ruins of *Tinta* without saying one word of their origin. We do not well know where these travellers got the name. Is it derived from the fact that the province of Canchis, in which these ruins are situated, once formed, together with the province of Canas, a single government, under the name of the

[1] *Plain of Blood,* so called because there the Inca Huiracocha completely defeated his father Yahuar-Huacac, who, having been deposed by his subjects on account of his vices, had come to reassert his right to the empire at the head of 3000 Chancas Indians, who perished in the engagement.

Corregimiento de Tinta? We do not positively affirm this, but what we dare repeat after the historians of the Conquest is, that the ruins are those of the temple built towards the middle of the fourteenth century by Viracocha, or more correctly Huiracocha,[1] the eighth Inca, in remembrance of a dream in which an old man with a long beard, wearing a flowing robe, and holding a chained dragon, had appeared to that prince when as a young man he kept the sheep of the emperor Yahuar-Huacac, his father, in the plains of Chita.[2]



TEMPLE OF HUIRACOCHA, ACCORDING TO THE HISTORIANS CIEÇA DE LÉON AND ACOSTA.

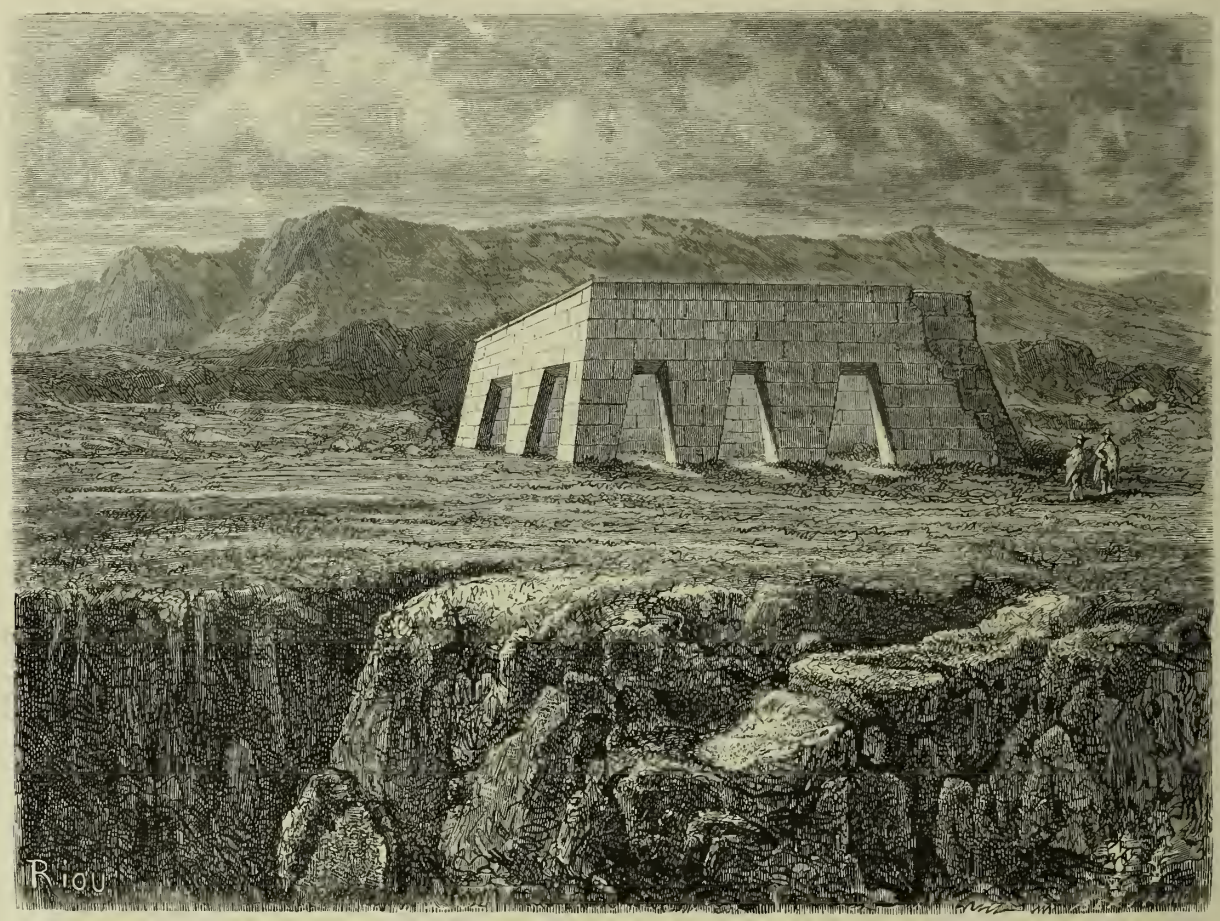
To this dream, from which the heir presumptive had inferred a command from Heaven relative to the subjugation of the Chancas, and which at a later period he religiously accomplished by destroying 3000 of these indigenes, and annexing their territory to the empire, must be ascribed the merit of having enriched the country with a memorial temple 240 feet long and 120 feet wide, the walls of which, thirty feet high, were built half of worked stones and half *en pisé*. This edifice, erected on a plateau which overlooked the environs, was reached by five terraces or steps. It had three doors and three windows upon the northern and southern sides, and a door and two windows at each of its ends or façades. Five pillars, erected at equal distances on the principal walls, and tied by transverse beams, served to support the chief timbers which carried the thatched roof. The overhanging eaves of this roof

[1] *Foam of the Lake*, so named on account of his milky-whiteness, say the historians of the seventeenth century; but, considering the habitual exaggeration of these estimable writers, we cannot help thinking that this pretended whiteness of Huiracocha was only a kind of milk-and-coffee colour, instead of the burned brick tint which marks the race generally. The sister and wife of this Inca, who was equally unlike her features in the comparative fairness of her skin, was called *Mama Runtu* (the mother-egg).

[2] We must leave to the historians of the *Conquest* the responsibility of this apocryphal dream and the explanation of the young prince's presence in the frightful desert of Chita, 120 miles south of Cuzco, the capital of the empire, and keeping *sheep*, which the conquerors did not introduce into America until two centuries later.

formed along the sides of the edifice a sort of pent-house, under which passers-by surprised by a heavy shower could take shelter.

According to Garcilasso, this temple was only 120 feet long by 60 feet broad, or half the dimensions assigned to it by Cieça de Léon and Acosta. He also states that it had no roof, as the dream which it commemorated occurred in the country, *sub Jove crudo,* and its interior decoration consisted of nothing but a simple cube of



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HUIRACOCHA.

black porphyry, upon which was placed the statue of the mysterious old man seen by Huiracocha in his dream. At the period of the Conquest, the Spaniards threw down the statue and destroyed its pedestal, in the expectation of finding hidden treasure.

Of these architectural splendours nothing is left but the ruined walls, about twenty feet in height. It is true these walls have nine doors, while the primitive edifice had only eight according to Cieça de Léon and Acosta. Happily this fact is known to myself alone, for if the ninth door had been discovered by the delegates of a learned society, not only would it have set rival societies by the ears and caused a great waste of paper, but the spirit of paradox would have been ready to declare in public that insatiable Time, *tempus edax,* who gnaws with ceaseless tooth the poor works of our hands until little is left of them, had, on the contrary, added to those

of Peru. From regard for those respectable old women Record and Tradition, I will not say anything so paradoxical. I will admit, with the above-named historians, that the temple of which they speak had only eight doors, and that the ninth was opened in its walls by a shock of the neighbouring volcano. No other way of accounting for the discrepancy occurs to me just now.

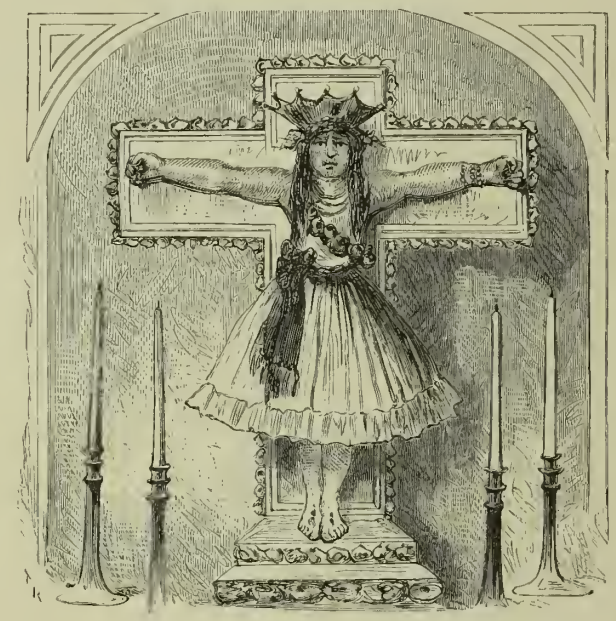
Six miles from St. Peter and St. Paul, we come to the village of Combapata. The distance traversed is a continual descent, and in the measure we descend the tem-



VILLAGE AND LAGUNE OF COMBAPATA.

perature becomes milder, and belts of verdure begin to appear at the foot of the mountains. Combapata, of which we find no mention in any geographical work or in any known map, is a village of some threescore hearths, situated near a turbulent and rapid river. Its little church is very bright and clean, its whitewashed walls contrasting pleasantly with the dirty look of the cottages in its neighbourhood. A Christ, of life size, decorates the chief altar. The work of a sculptor of Huamanga, it is venerated by the faithful under the name of *Seigneur de Combapata*, and is credited with the performance of miracles. It has given sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb. In the eighteenth century, when the Jesuits were exiled from Peru, tears of blood, they say, ran from its eyes—made of enamel. The same prodigy occurred in 1821, when the viceroy La Serna, banished from Lima by the Independents, was compelled to depart for Spain. Unfortunately for the Seigneur de Combapata,

the Christ of Tungasuca, a neighbouring village, has also the gift of miracles. This latter, known as the *Seigneur d'Añaipampa*, renders barren women fruitful, heals the reputed incurable, and preserves sheep from the scab. Like his rival the Seigneur de Combapata, he weeps, on occasions, tears of blood over the miseries of this world. From this identity of powers there results a bitter rivalry between the faithful of the two parishes; the inhabitants of one village glorifying their own Christ by depreciating that of their neighbours. Often in the bacchic solemnities with which each village celebrates the *fête de l'Homme-Dieu*, have we seen the Indians, drunk with fanaticism and brandy, use their heads like battering-rams for the greater glory of their lord.



THE CRUCIFIX IN THE CHURCH OF COMBAPATA.

The river which runs by the village, and debouches in the Huilcamayo, under the name of the Rio de Combapata, takes its rise from the western side of the Andes of Crucero, between the provinces of Lampa and Carabaya. It is an auriferous stream, and when its waters are swollen by the melted snows, it bears along in its muddy waves particles of gold detached from the mountains. The inhabitants of the country at one time established a gold-washing place on its banks. The rapid slope of the lands which it waters gives to its floods a formidable character; it is less a torrent than an avalanche, which hurls itself upon the surrounding country and in an instant submerges it. Two stone bridges, of two arches, built solidly enough to stand for ages, have been successively carried away by the flood. Each of these bridges cost the province 2000 piastres (£400), and the slender resources of the inhabitants have compelled them, as a measure of economy, to return to the swing-bridges of osiers, with which for six centuries their ancestors were contented.

That which distinguishes Combapata from the other villages of the Sierra is not, however, its miraculous Christ or its gold-bearing river. It is the quality of the chicha brewed by its inhabitants. For a long time the process by which the matrons of that

village obtained their local beer, the smell and transparency of which remind one of the *manzanilla* or claret of Spain, was kept secret; but like other secrets it has at length been divulged, and now every one knows that the chicha is indebted for its quality to the previous mastication of the *guñapo* or sprouting maize from which it is brewed. The invention of this process is traced back to the ancient Aymaras; and the chicha-brewers of Cochabamba in Upper Peru, who are descended from those autochthones, still employ it with success. The process, to which we think it our duty to call the attention of the editors of *Cookery for the Million* and *Useful Recipes,* is one of the most simple and inexpensive conceivable. Several old men and women squat on the



BRIDGE OF OSIERS OVER THE RIVER OF COMBAPATA.

floor round a heap of bruised maize. Each takes a portion of the maize, which he puts in his or her mouth, and chews with more or less vigour and for a longer or shorter time according to the strength of his grinders. When sufficiently macerated, it is spit out into the hand and put on a little sheet of leather, spread out in front of each operator. The chicha-brewer then collects these little heaps and throws them into the jar which serves as a substitute for the caldron.

According to the chemists of the country, who have analyzed these chews or this chicha, it is to a remarkable addition of juices from the salivary glands, and of secretions from the pituitary membrane combined, that the maize of Combapata is indebted for the precious qualities which it communicates to the chicha. I would not venture to say whether the local chemistry is right or wrong, having always declined to taste the chicha of Canchis; but I confess that I have taken great pleasure in watching the old men and women who were assembled to chew the maize; the mouths of these honest people opening and shutting with such mechanical regularity, as to recall to my mind, with the memory of my absent country, Désirabode's artificial teeth working up and down from morning to night, in their glass case.

After Combapata, the traveller's next halting-place is Checcacupi, a poor village about nine miles further, containing about thirty hovels, and situated near a small river, flowing, like that of Combapata, from the Andes of Crucero. On crossing this river by a bridge of stone, which dates from the time of the viceroys, and leaving behind us the neighbouring provinces of Canchis and Canas, once combined to form the Corregimiento de Tinta, we enter the province of Quispicanchi. Before we go further, let



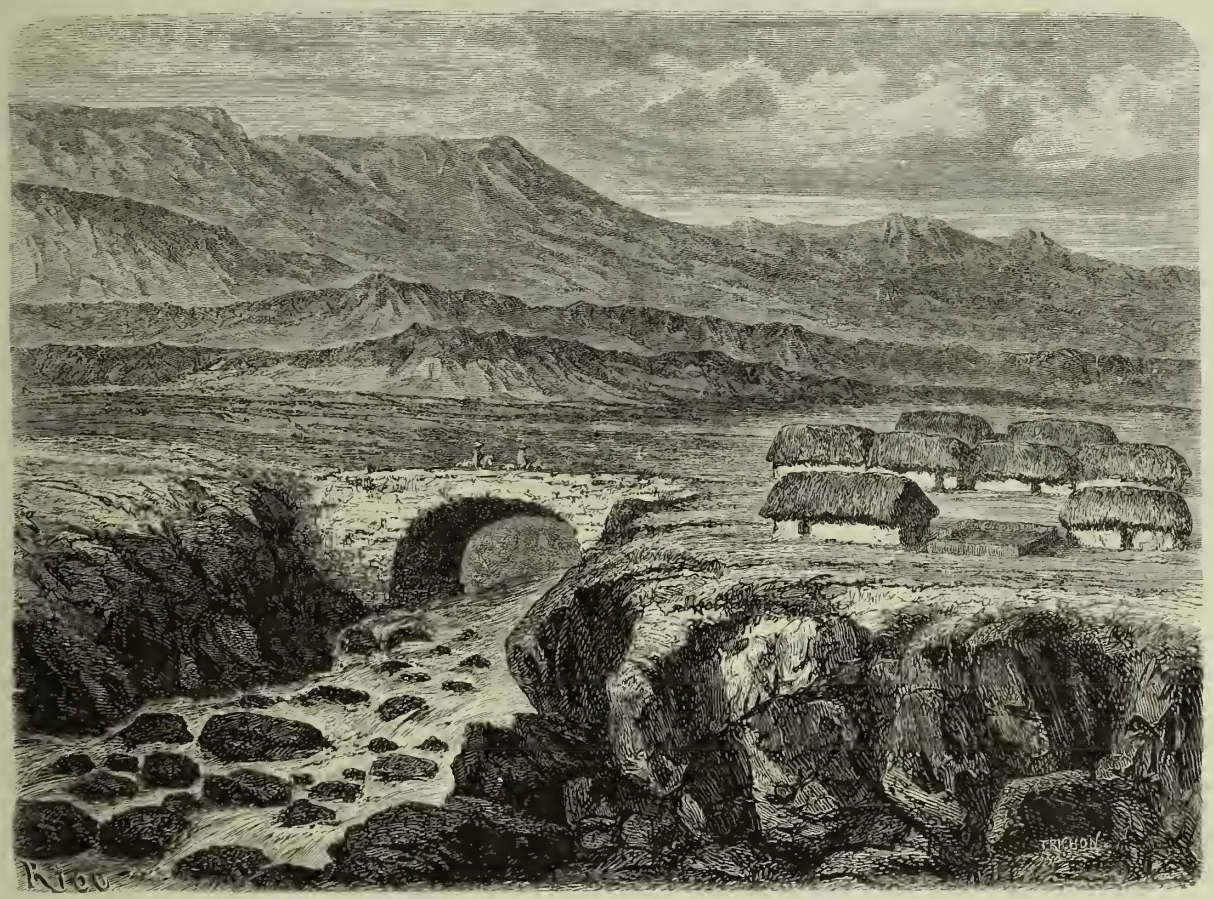
CHEWING THE MAIZE FOR MAKING CHICHA.

us throw a rapid *coup d'œil* over the past history of the double province, which we have abandoned never more to revisit.

A long time before the appearance of the Incas in Peru, two rival nations, the Canas and Canchis, occupied an area of about 14,000 square miles: from north to south, it extended from the Sierras of Chimboya and d'Atun-Quenamari to the plateaux of Ocoruro, and from east to west it reached from the Cordillera de Huilcanota to the torrent of Chuquicabana. The Huilcamayo, of which we have seen the source at Aguas-Calientes, and followed as far as Checcacupi, ran through a portion of this territory. The Canas occupied, in the north and west, the present seat of the villages of Pitumarca, Combapata, Tinta, and Yanaoca, extending as far as the heights of Pichigua and Mollocahua, in the neighbourhood of the river Apurimac. The Canchis inhabited the eastern and southern parts, the district in which are now situated the

villages of St. Peter and St. Paul de Cacha, Sicuani, and Marangani, as far as the Raya plateau.[1]

These two nations, numbering about 25,000 men, were governed by their *curacas* or respective chiefs. Their rivalry, which was of ancient date and occasioned bloody quarrels between them, appears to have had no other cause than the difference of their origin and temperament. The Canas, inhabitants, originally, of the Sierra



THE VILLAGE OF CHECCACUPI.

Nevada, took their name from the volcano of Racchi, which overlooked their territory, and of which they boasted themselves the descendants. *Cana,* in the Quichua idiom, signifies the seat or scene of a conflagration. The Canchis came in old times from the temperate regions near Arequipa. Their name recalls their natal soil with its pale flowers and grasses. *Cancha,* in Quichua, signifies an inclosed place or garden. This difference of origin was aggravated by a difference of costume, the former invariably wearing black, the latter a mixed colour.

The character of these indigenes agreed wonderfully with their national patronymic. The Canas, gloomy and taciturn of disposition, but wrathful and impetuous on occasion, jealous of their independence to the point of sacrificing all for its sake, struggled for four centuries against the power of the Incas, and only submitted at last when the

[1] The present limits of the two provinces imperfectly recall those of their ancient territory.

daughter of their chief became one of the three hundred wives of Huayna-Capac, the twelfth emperor of Cuzco. The Canchis, on the contrary, gentle and timid of character, lukewarm and undecided in spirit, like the climate in which they were born, submitted without resistance to the dominion of the Children of the Sun.

In the sixteenth century the territory of the Canas and the Canchis was formed into one province under the name of the *Corregimiento de Tinta*, and these indigenes, who now formed only one and the same people, passed from the yoke of the emperors under that of the viceroys. For them the halter simply took the place of the collar. As their robust constitution fitted them to work in the mines, they were treated as slaves by their new masters. Every year the Spanish officials came to carry off one-tenth of the entire population in the name of the state. The unfortunate recruits, designated by lot, were collected before the church to hear a mass said on their account, and for which they were supposed to pay themselves. After mass the curé received their oath of fealty and obedience to the King of Spain, then sprinkled them with holy water, pronounced the customary blessing, *Vete con Dios*, and—turned his back on them.

These recruits, escorted by relations and friends, who answered their tears with groans, took the road to Cailloma, Carabaya, or Potosi, sites of those rich deposits of mineral wealth which the viceroys of Peru worked a little for their own benefit and for that of the King of Spain. Doomed to the labours of excavation, the poor Indians descended into the *bocaminas* and *socabons*—pits and galleries—where the want of the pure air to which they had been accustomed, and the emanations of deleterious gases, brought on, according to the doctors of the country, a kind of asthma, called *chacco*, of which they died in a year. When the supply of workers was thus exhausted by death the representatives of the Spanish monarchy had only to throw in their drag-net and again recruit the ranks of the labourers.

Things went on thus during more than two centuries before the population, weary of their yoke, endeavoured to throw it off. The inhabitants of Aconcahua, in the province of Canas, exasperated by an increase of the tribute of gold-dust exacted from them by the state, seized the Spanish collector on one of his visits, and gave him more than he wanted by making him swallow a quantity of the melted metal;[1] after which, to escape the pursuit of justice, they abandoned for ever their village, the site of which is still recognizable. Tupac Amaru, cacique of Tungasuca, after having hung with his own hand the corregidor of Tinta, Antonio Arriega, and raised the country against the Spaniards, was defeated by them and cruelly put to death. Angulo, Bejar, Pumacahua, and Andia, who succeeded Tupac Amaru, paid with their heads the penalty of failure in the work they had undertaken, and which nine years later Simon Bolivar accomplished on the plains of Ayacucho.

When the blow for independence was first struck, the government of Tinta was divided into six districts. These were Sicuani, Tinta, Checca, Checcacupi, Langui, and Yauri, comprising twenty-three villages, the situation of which on the mountain or in

[1] *Para saciar de este modo la sed insaciable del recaudador*—To appease by this means the insatiable greed of the collector, naïvely says Pedro Celestino Florez, who relates this fact in a work entitled, *Patriotismo y amor á la libertad*. The honest writer adds by way of a reflection: *The oppression of those intrusted with power, and the failure of justice in a country, often drives the oppressed to commit atrocious deeds, for which the circumstances are some excuse.*

the plain, and their consequent difference of temperature, had caused them to be classed into *higher* and *lower* villages. Many of them no longer exist; others have become simple *estancias* (farms), though from respect for their past history, and the souvenirs which they recall, the statisticians of the country have preserved for forty years in their annual reports, and will preserve for a long time yet, the rank and situation which they formerly occupied. In like manner the illustrious grenadier, whom France delights to honour, continues to figure long after his death upon his old regimental list, and to answer the roll-call day after day, by the voice of one of his brothers in arms.

While giving due credit to these statisticians for an idea evidently inspired by the purest patriotism, we cannot but censure them for an artifice which gives to the world in general, and to the neighbouring republics in particular, a false idea of the numerical forces of the country. According to them the figure which represents the existing population of each of the provinces of Canas and Canchis is exactly that of the entire population of the government of Tinta in the time of its splendour. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, we know that of all the provinces of Lower Peru, that of Tinta was the worst treated during the Spanish occupation. Its population, decimated in turn by epidemics, subsidies for the mines, forced enrolments, voluntary emigration, and all the exigencies caused by spiritual power and political revolution, did not exceed, in 1792, 36,314 souls. In 1820 it numbered 36,968, and in 1836 it had risen to 37,218. Yet we are expected to believe that a population which had increased by 900 souls in forty years, could almost double itself in the year or two following!

On quitting the village of Combapata it had been arranged between Nor Medina and myself that we should pass the night at Checcacupi, and the next day push on to Huaro, doubling the stage and passing, without stopping, the villages of Quiquijana and Urcos. But feeling there was little prospect of a bed or a supper at Checcacupi, and knowing we should have to cross the Huilcamayo on the next day in order to take the road to Cuzco, the idea occurred to me that we might as well cross to the other bank at once and push on for Acopia, where we had some chance of finding food and lodging. As this would add six miles to our stage, I said nothing to Nor Medina, who would have been in an agony about his mules; and we continued our march. As we were nearing San Juan, a little hamlet agreeably placed by a lagune, I suddenly descended to the river and looked for a fordable place. A bed of flints and pebbles, intermingled with larger stones, was visible through the transparent water. I pushed my mule resolutely forward to cross. Nor Medina, seeing this change in our itinerary, called out as he galloped up:—

"Where are you going, sir?"

"As you see, I am going to cross the Huilcamayo: *Kubos aneriphto.* May destiny be favourable to me, as to Cæsar!"

"But the river is full of holes; you will get drowned and lame my mule."

My only reply to this remark of a venal soul was to shrug my shoulders, seeing which my guide followed me into the river.

"Why has monsieur taken this road?" he demanded with some brusqueness.

The question was so natural that I was tempted to explain my motive; but the tone in which it was put arrested my confidence on my lips. I looked at Nor Medina, *du haut en bas*, and replied:—

"I have taken this road for particular reasons."

"Ah!" said he, "and where is monsieur going?"

"To Acopia."

"To Acopia?"

"To Acopia."

"That suffices. If monsieur has particular reasons for going to Acopia it is my duty to conform to those reasons and follow him."

This, however, he did with difficulty, as his mule twisted about upon the slippery stones, and with the efforts which it made to keep on its feet, splashed us all over from head to foot.

A wetting in the Cordillera is never agreeable, but in spite of its unpleasantness I could not help laughing to see Nor Medina venting his ill-temper upon the mule, calling it *heartless* and *good for nothing*—an infamous style of conversation to which a mule is particularly sensitive, either because it indicates a certain amount of contempt for the beast, or because the words are generally accompanied with blows. We arrived on the other side, and having dried ourselves as well as we could, resumed our march, leaving to our left San Juan and its lagune, from which flows a stream which is tributary to the Huilcamayo. If it was Nor Medina's duty to follow me, as he said, I must admit, to his credit, that he fulfilled it to the letter, but by preserving between us a distance of thirty geometrical paces he gave me to understand that he was in the sulks. A Peruvian *arriéro* is very susceptible. The least thing offends him; he is shut up by the merest trifle. His humour is a limpid lake, moved by the slightest zephyr. The mere fact that I had passed from one side to the other of the Huilcamayo without taking counsel of my guide had hurt his feelings, and turned him against me. Out of consideration for my character, as a traveller paying his way, I abstained from calling him to my side, and left him to trot along at his pleasure. We arrived at Acopia without having exchanged a word.

FOURTH STAGE.

ACOPIA TO CUZCO

(PERU).



VILLAGE OF ACOPIA.

FOURTH STAGE.

ACOPIA TO CUZCO.

Dissertation on the province of Quispicanchi, which the reader may pass by.—Acopia, its pretended ruins and its tarts.—Compromising hospitality.—The widows Bibiana and Maria Salomé.—A demonstration that if all men are equal in the sight of death, they are not so in the sight of fleas.—A dream of happiness.—The Quebrada of Cuzco.—Andajes and its pistachio-puddings.—The Chingana (or cave) of Qquerohuasi.—A quarry worked in the time of the empress Mama Ocllo Huaco.—A botanical discourse which all the world may comprehend.—The traveller laments his spent youth and lost illusions.—A muleteer may be at once a herbalist and a logician.—Quiquijana and the great stones of its little river.—Something about Urcos, the chief village in the province of Quispicanchi.—The Mohina lake and its lost chain of gold.—Zoology and arboriculture.—Huaro, its steeple, its weather-cock, and its famous organ.—Valleys and villages characterized, *en passant*, by a word.—The village of Oropesa.—Why called Oropesa the Heroic.—The traveller has another squabble with his guide.—Sketch of San Jeronimo.—San Sebastian, and its noble families.—The tree of adieux.—The convent of La Recoleta, its prior and its monks.—The Corridor-du-Ciel and the Devil's Pulpit.—A monolithic chamber.—Three sorcerers of Goya in a holy-water font.—By what road we arrived among the descendants of the Sun.—Silhouette of a capital.—Last words of counsel from the lips of Wisdom in the person of a muleteer.—The author packs his trunks with one hand, while writing his memoirs with the other.—Cuzco, ancient and modern.

The village of Acopia belongs to the province of Quespicanchi, or Quispicanchi, according to the orthography adopted by modern statisticians and the editors of the *Calendario*. The limits of the province are not well defined, the Peruvian government not having yet found time to arrange for its survey. All that we can say, geographically speaking, is, that it is inclosed by the provinces of Paucartampu, Urubamba, Paruro, Cotabamba, Chumbihuilcas, and Canas y Canchis; that eastward, beyond the oriental Cordillera, it comprises the valleys of Marcapata, Ayapata, and Asaroma, and extends across regions still unexplored as far as the frontiers of Bolivia and Brazil.

The civilized population, or the people so called, of that immense territory, scarcely number 40,000 souls. As to the savage tribes who live on the shores of

its rivers or upon the borders of its forests, they are by no means so numerous as seems to be believed in Europe. Generally speaking, travellers who have treated of American anthropology[1] have singularly exaggerated the number of these redskins. For that exaggeration there are two causes: first, the *amour-propre* of the traveller, who wishes to persuade the public that after having piled Pelion upon Ossa, he has discovered the singing water and the talking bird, vainly sought for by those who preceded him. Secondly, some allowance must be made for the incorrectness of notes and documents supplied to the traveller by the inhabitants of the country, who, when they are asked a question, blow themselves out like the frog in the fable in order that a great opinion may be formed of them *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.* Let us return to Quispicanchi, which was once the name of a nation, but is now only that of a province.

In the middle of the eleventh century, when Manco-Capac, chief of the dynasty of the Sun, had founded Cuzco, and made it the capital of his empire, the first crusade which he undertook to rally to the worship of Helios-Churi the aboriginal tribes who were spread abroad in the Cordillera, was that of Collasuyu.[2] The Quespicanchis, the Muynas, the Urcos, the Quehuares, the Cavinas, and the Ayamarcas,[3] then occupied in that direction a territory of about 1500 square miles. These tribes responded to the call of Manco, and ravished by the sweetness and unction of his words—to believe his biographers, the Inca spoke with a mouth of gold like Chrysostom—they listened to him with docility. Manco instructed them in a number of things which we are sorry we cannot insert in our text to impart to it more of local colour. After having convinced them that the worship of the sun was preferable to that of adders, toads, and trunks of trees, which these Indians adored, he taught them how to build huts, for the most of them were troglodytes, and, like the chinchillas of their country, lived in burrows. When he judged they were sufficiently refined, and sufficiently impressed with the advantages of civilization over barbarism, he settled them in forty villages on the borders of Collasuyu, and made them his subjects and tributaries.

Manco-Capac, on whom Spanish historians have conferred two faces like Janus, the one simply good, the other cunning, did not stop at this with regard to these indigenes. As a mark of his esteem, and at the same time as a witness to future ages that they were the first idolaters of the Sierra in whom the eyes of the spirit had been opened to the light of the sun, he conferred on them, by means of the *quipos*, equivalent to our letters-patent, titles of nobility, with honours and dignities which they

[1] D'Orbigny, in his work entitled *L'Homme Américain*, has swelled the sum total of his figures to satisfy his own taste, and has also grafted some alien branches on the Ando-Peruvian stock. Thus the inhabitants of the village of Apolobamba, in the eastern valley of that name—Indians and Cholos of the Sierra for the most part—have become under his hand the tribe of *Apolistas;* of the Cholos and half-breeds of Paucartampu, he has made the tribe of *Paucartambinos;* of the *Chuncos* (a generic name of the savage in Peru), a distinct caste, &c.

[2] From *suyu*, direction; direction from *Collao*, or the territory of the *Collas* Indians. This is one of the four primitive divisions of the empire, established by Manco-Capac, and corresponding to the four quarters of the heavens: *chincha-suyu* (north), *colla-suyu* (south), *anti-suyu* (east), and *cunti-suyu* (west).

[3] All these tribes, perfectly distinct before the establishment of the Incas, became mixed and confounded in their time with the great Aymara-Quichua family. The villages of the Sierra, to which these autochthones have left their name, are situated on the territory which they occupied in the tenth century, before the appearance of Manco-Capac.

could transmit to their descendants. Some had the right to cut their hair square across the forehead to distinguish them from the vulgar, others to let it float freely in the wind; these elongated the lobe of their ears to the length of half a foot, those pierced them for the purpose of suspending a bit of osier, a wooden rundle, the tip of a reed, or a tuft or pompon of variously coloured wool. The favour was as highly appreciated as it was appreciable, say the historians of the *Conquest*, parenthetically, and the aborigines always showed themselves grateful for it.

The Spanish conquerors, in their own brutal way, compelled the Indians to sacrifice all these tokens of a nobility that had endured for five centuries. The way in which they scoffed at the great Quichua dignitaries, whose ears hung down to their shoulders, prevented the descendants of the latter from continuing the custom. Under the futile pretext that they could not approach them without feeling a disagreeable itching, Pizarro and his officers compelled the *curacas* (governors of villages) to cut off the luxuriant hair untouched by a comb which served to distinguish them from their subordinates. With the abolition of the capillary privileges, old modes and customs also died out. The *régime* of brute force reigned supreme. In place of the padded collar worn by the Indians in the time of the Incas, Spain substituted a heavy one of iron bristling with spikes. The populations, decimated by the sword, exhausted by exactions and the labour of the mines, died out, or emigrated, abandoning the stubble, the llama skins, and the three calcined stones which represented for them the house, the bed, and the domestic hearth. At this day, what archæologist, however patient and minute he might be in his research, even if aided by spectacles and the works of Garcilaso, Valera, Acosta, Cieça de Léon, Zarate, Torquemada, and other chroniclers, could discover, on the imperial road of Collasuyu in a circuit of nine miles, a vestige of the forty villages of which it boasted in the middle of the sixteenth century?

The province of Quispicanchi, which of all its past splendour has nothing left but the ruins of an aqueduct, is now divided into four districts, in which are contained three towns and a score of villages. These villages are all alike. Their temperature alone differs, according as they are situated in a *quebrada* (or gorge), like those of Huaro, Andahuaylillas, and Oropesa; in a *puna*, like those of Mosoc-Llacta and Pomacanchi; or at the foot of the snowy Andes, like those of Ocongate and Sangarara.

The village of Acopia, where we had now arrived, owes to its exceptional situation, at the base of a plateau and at the entrance of a quebrada, an exceptional climate. It blows, it rains, and it thunders often enough; it hails and snows sometimes; but water there never passes from the liquid to the solid state.

On each side of the road leading into this dull village, which the natives call a town, are the remains of a wall of sun-dried bricks, several feet in height, broken along its summit, and of the agreeable colour of a bituminized mummy. This *débris* of an inclosure, some twenty years old at most, has a false air of antiquity, by which an enthusiastic and inexperienced traveller might easily be taken in. As I am neither a novice nor an enthusiast, I was not deceived, but passed by the pretended ruins without looking at them. My whole attention, in fact, was concentrated upon the piles of tarts

which two Indian women, who make this their trade, had displayed on wooden benches at the entrance of the village, in a fashion to tempt the appetites of passers-by. On dismounting by these stalls, the women looked at me simultaneously, with that sweet commercial smile with which the seller usually greets the buyer, as the serpent fascinates the bird; and I began to reason with myself thus: "This road is little frequented, the pastry before me has been exposed for a month or two to the detri-



TART-SELLERS AT ACOPIA.

mental action of the atmosphere; the layer of dust which covers it, and the singular hardness which time imparts to such things, justify, in some degree, this supposition. But, should a hungry stomach hesitate about such trifles?" Without condescending to inquire, therefore, at what epoch the aforesaid tarts were manufactured, I immediately bought half a dozen of them, at the price of a real apiece; and having wiped one of them with my pocket-handkerchief, soon fastened my teeth in it. I swallowed two mouthfuls without choking, but at the third stopped short. An indefinable mixture of tastes and smells made me feel sick at heart. Mechanically I thrust my fingers in the tart and drew forth, one after another, black olives, slices of onions, little bits of cheese, and leaves of mint. All this was plastered together with burned sugar and hog's-lard. The secret of my nausea was discovered. As Nor Medina had trotted on before me into the village, I could not make him an offer of this pastry by way of regaining his

good graces, I therefore offered it to my mule, to the great disgust of the two women, who looked at me with anything but a pleased expression.

This fine exploit accomplished, I remounted my beast and went in search of my guide, whom I soon overtook. Then without a word passing between us, though we were both occupied by the same thought—that of supper and bed—we went in quest of some house where they would consent to take us in; Acopia having neither caravanserai, tampu, or hostelry to offer to unfortunate travellers. We wandered about for some time among the cottages, examining them from top to bottom, without being able to make a selection. For the most part they were singularly out of repair, and looked as if they were overrun with vermin. Two or three of the number were recommended to notice by having been newly thatched and whitewashed, but they were cruelly closed against us. The situation was becoming critical, for the sun had already disappeared. The horizon was enveloped in a violet-tinted gloom, while a slowly ascending fog floated round the village, and presented its outlines in *silhouette*. Never had twilight seemed to me so wretchedly disagreeable.

As we passed for the third time down a dirty little street, bordered on one side by the fronts of the cottages and on the other by the wall of a sheep-pen, a rather worm-eaten door was cautiously opened, and a woman, holding between her thumb and her index-finger a bit of candle, appeared as the personification of that hospitality of which I was in search. "I will go no further," I said to myself, stopping my mule before the beautiful unknown, who returned my salutation by a charming smile. I was pleased with the woman's kind manner and scrupulous neatness. Her hair was carefully dressed, and glossy with mutton-fat; her *lliclla* of white wool edged with pink ribbons veiled, without hiding, her bosom and her shoulders. Her petticoat was lost in the shade, but the hand which held the bit of candle, and the arm belonging to it, were well rounded and plump, bearing witness to robust health.

Flattered by the notice of which she was the object, on the part of a man with a white skin—it is of myself I must be understood to speak, for my guide was of the colour of a medlar—the beautiful unknown smiled again, and pursing up her mouth said, in a *falsetto* voice:—

"What are you looking for at this time of the day, my good sir?"

"A roof to shelter my head, and something to appease my hunger," I replied, in my natural voice. As the woman was on the point of assuring me I should find them with her, and better than elsewhere, I looked at Nor Medina, who, since we crossed the Huilcamayo, had not opened his lips. His expression was perfectly forbidding, and his gray bushy eyebrows appeared to be drawn closer together than ordinary. I had scarcely realized my astonishment, when my attention was caught by a whispering and laughing at the doors of the neighbouring houses, apparently caused by my colloquy with the woman in the white *lliclla*.

Without stopping to think of anything sinister in these sounds, I dismounted, and at the same instant a voice, whose clear ring revealed one of the fair sex, pronounced distinctly these strange words:—

"Don't shear them too close, Templadora."

"Pack of pickpockets!" murmured the beautiful unknown, to whom probably this recommendation was addressed.

"What does that mean?" I asked, looking first at my intended hostess, and then at Nor Medina, whose two eyebrows were knitted into one.

"It means," replied the woman, "that I have bad neighbours, who wish to take the bread out of my mouth, under the pretext that I do not belong to the country. But come in, my good sir," she added immediately, with her benevolent smile.

"Do not enter, sir!" Nor Medina said, impressively; "and you," he added, looking



TEMPLADORA—A HUARMIPANPAYRUNACUNA OF ACOPIA.

severely at the woman, "go to a hundred thousand devils; we are honest travellers, and want nothing to do with such chuchumecas as you."

These words were hardly pronounced when, like a formula of exorcism which breaks some dark enchantment, they re-established the situation in clear daylight. The beautiful unknown let loose her tongue, blew out the candle, and shut the door in our faces. It was some seconds before I recovered my self-possession.

"What!" I said at last to Nor Medina, "that woman with her hair so well dressed, and such a pleasant smile, was . . ."

"Yes, sir," he replied, without giving me time to finish the sentence. "This was a snare set by Satan."

"To what dangers is a traveller not exposed!" I murmured to myself; and while thankful to God for the visible protection he had afforded me in these circumstances, I remarked that night had fallen, and that a most depressing solitude reigned in Acopia. My guide had recommenced the search, and I followed him, reflecting on the probability that virtue would have to go supperless to bed, and that its bed would perhaps be on the hard pavement of the street. An exclamation from Nor Medina disturbed my reflections. He had discovered a *chicheria*, through the half-open door

of which two fat, greasy-looking women might be seen squatted before a jar making their chicha boil by means of bunches of straw, which one twisted and the other put on the fire. The back-ground of the scene, and most of the accessories, were hidden from view by the smoke.

"If you think good, we will pass the night here," said my guide.

The place had a suspicious look, but the night was getting colder and colder, and hesitation would have been ridiculous. I therefore nodded my approbation, and springing from my mule, bravely entered the cabaret. At the rattle of my clumsy Chilian spurs a number of guinea-pigs, that had been attracted to the hearth by the light and warmth of the fire, scattered on every side with squeaks of terror. The chicheras, a little surprised by my sudden appearance, paused in their work for a moment and inquired what had brought us there at such an hour. A few words was sufficient to explain and settle with them the price of a supper and bed. For four reals, which I paid in advance, they consented to give up to us a corner of their hovel, and to prepare some kind of repast for us. Besides this, they pointed out to Nor Medina an inclosure in the neighbourhood where our beasts would find, in default of forage, companions of their own species. Then, judging by our wearied looks that we were dying of starvation, the good women hastened to fill a pot with water, into which they threw the various ingredients which compose a Peruvian chupé in the Cordillera. To make it boil the quicker, I seated myself by the fire, which I fed with handfuls of straw, handed to me by the two ladies in turn. The frankness of my manner won their confidence, and in ten minutes I knew that they were widows; the one named Bibiana, the other Maria Salomé; that they had no property and no income whatever, but gained their living by making chicha, which they sold to the inhabitants of Acopia, and to the péons of the neighbouring estancias. For my part, not to remain in their debt, I related the various incidents of my entrance into the village, from the episode of the tarts to the compromising hospitality which had been offered to me by a woman of the name of Templadora.

"*Santissima Virgen!*" exclaimed Bibiana, making the sign of the cross and kissing her thumb, "you have spoken to that heathen, come from, we know not whence?"

"My good woman," said I, "what could I do, being a stranger and knowing no one? At first sight that woman seemed to me a Christian, and a good Catholic."

"So Catholic," added Maria Salomé, "that if I were governor, or only alcalde, she should not be in Acopia another twenty-four hours; such creatures are the disgrace of our sex."

I looked at her out of the corner of my eye. Evidently the poor woman flattered herself. That sex of which she spoke was as difficult to decipher in her countenance as a hieroglyphic cartouche of the time of Thothmosis. "After all," I said to myself, "the form alters, but the nature remains; beauty fades, the back becomes rounded, the limbs bowed, but the heart, like the gillyflower among ruins, continues to flourish and bloom when all is dead around it. Who can say that this chichera, with the figure of a hippopotamus, has not hidden, under the layer of fat which envelops it, the heart of a young girl, full of illusions, of tenderness, and of love . . ."

While I mused thus, the broth boiled with fury. In an instant Bibiana, having tasted it, announced that it was cooked to a nicety, and took the pot from the fire. I seated myself on the ground, my guide sat down opposite me, and then with the pottage between our knees, and with the wooden spoon which Bibiana had handed to each of us, after wiping it with her petticoat, we scrimmaged our best.

Our supper being finished, I considered, out of regard for the *convenances* of society, how to fabricate a screen, which dividing in two the common chamber, might isolate us completely from our hostesses. Some rags of serge and old dish-clouts that they brought me, not without laughing at my modesty, and which I hung upon a line, served the purpose. When this was done, I and my guide prepared our beds fraternally side by side, and, covered up to the eyes, awaited the moment when Morpheus should scatter over us his poppies. Already a languid torpor had paralyzed my spirit and my eyes were beginning to close, when two nimble and hairy bodies, the contact of which made me shiver, ran across my face. I could feel that each body had a tail. A cry of horror brought the widows to my side, and Nor Medina sprang up in his bed.

"There are rats here," I cried.

"Impossible!" said Nor Medina.

"Monsieur has taken the guinea-pigs for rats," said one of the women.

"Has a guinea-pig got a tail?" I asked.

"Well, no;" said Nor Medina; "but even supposing they were rats," he added, "the noise you made has so frightened them, that it is a hundred to one they will not return to-night."

This seemed so reasonable that I lay down again. After a few minutes I felt as if a thousand needles had been suddenly thrust into my flesh. As this attack was made at the same moment on every part of my body, my two hands were of little use in repelling it. Despairing of relief I rolled over on my couch with such cries of rage, that Nor Medina awoke again.

"Monsieur does not sleep well," he said.

"Can I sleep by merely shutting my eyes?" I answered, "I am devoured by fleas."

Hearing this, the chicheras began to laugh. "Ah!" said one of them, "the gentleman is surprised he should be troubled by fleas; but they treat all alike in the Sierra, the rich as well as the poor. The fleas are like death, no one escapes them."

In the frame of mind in which I then was, this aphorism appeared to me so stupid, and at the same time it so exasperated me, that I could hardly help addressing some rude apostrophe to the woman, who had really made the remark by way of consolation. I did, however, restrain myself, and tried to sleep; but only succeeded in doing so when the enemy, sufficiently gorged with the purest drops of my blood, ceased his attacks. Then I turned over like a log and slept heavily. In the morning when I looked into my pocket-mirror, I was startled by the image which presented itself. I had become quite livid, my eyes were swollen, and my face more tatooed than that of Chingacook the Mohican. In contrast with mine, the skin of Nor Medina was as

smooth as velvet, and presented no sign of a puncture. I inferred from this, in spite of the woman's remark, that men, who are really equal in the presence of death, are not so in the sight of fleas, since the infernal beasts, while they devoured me, had thought it a duty to spare my guide.

The sun was above the horizon when we thought of recommencing our journey. Nor Medina went to seek our mules, and began to saddle them. He was in the act



A NIGHT OF TORTURE.

of equipping mine, when the end of a strap which fastened the girth became unsewn. While he borrowed a needle and thread to repair it, I took a turn through the village. My evil star, or rather my ignorance of the locality, led me into the street where my interview with Templadora had occurred the evening before. I understood well enough the smiling and whispering which took place when some of the women, standing about the doors of their houses, recognized me again: but, strong in my innocence, I walked haughtily by without deigning to notice them. In this mood I found I had passed unconsciously beyond the houses of Acopia into the country, if one may so call the stretch of hilly soil, strewn with stones and bristling here and there with stunted shrubs, over which I was walking. Two lakes, which I saw at a distance, seduced me still further. The surface of both was on a level with the ground. No tuft of herbage, poor as it was in the locality, flourished on their banks. No feathered fowl gambolled

on their surface; in fine, their motionless waters seemed as if covered with a thin skin. I turned my back upon them and retraced my steps. My guide had finished his task, and was beginning to feel surprised by my long absence. We took leave of Bibiana and Maria Salomé, whose roars of laughter during the night had very much lowered them in my esteem, and were soon far away from their disgusting abode.

The day commenced under the brightest auspices; the sky was serene, the sun shone brilliantly, and the temperature of the air was sufficiently pleasant. Although, as yet, we knew not where we should get a dinner, we were not at all alarmed on that account. The double aspect of earth and sky sufficed for the moment to stay our stomachs, and their serenity, reacting upon our humour, coloured it with sparkling reflections and rainbow hues of light.

Under the influence of this expansion of our moral nature, we chattered—my guide and I—like old friends. He talked trade to me, I talked botany to him. From Mercury to Flora the distance is not very great, and in spite of some little incoherence, we understood each other perfectly well. We thus got over two leagues almost without knowing it, such a charm had this broken conversation. Then, however, we began to feel a little tired, and after a few demonstrative yawns we both ceased talking, and continued our way communing with our own thoughts.

The gaiety of mine was tempered by the reflection that I should never again revisit the scenes through which we were passing. We were approaching the Quebrada of Cuzco, and I recalled the happy, and already far-off time, when I had passed through it for the first time in the midst of a merry company. My companions were muleteers who travelled by short stages. We had met about 200 miles from Arequipa between Putina and Betanzos, and, mutually pleased with each other, had kept together. A few bottles of tafia, with which I paid my footing, had won the hearts of my new friends. During the seventeen days that our journey lasted, they habitually called me *patron;* an honorary title which flattered my vanity, and was worth a second *pourboire* to them when we parted. Singing, laughing, and swearing, we followed the direction of the chain of Crucero, white with hoar-frost from the top to the base during the whole year. What wicked jests, what *repartée* we exchanged during those seventeen days' march! what long nights passed side by side in the midst of the snows of the Sierra! It was our custom to halt at sunset, when we made a fire of dry crottin, placed our camp-kettle over it, and prepared a supper of bean-soup or potatoes cooked with soft cheese. When the hour of rest arrived, my companions would pack up their luggage so as to form with it the three walls of a hut; three sticks, placed across, supported the roof, and under this convenient, though confined shelter, for it only covered my head and chest, I crept on all fours. In the twinkling of an eye I was asleep.

While I slept, on one of these occasions, the fall of the barometer indicated a storm; the wind roared, the thunder rolled, the lightnings flashed; heaven, as we read in Scripture, opened its cataracts. I dreamed of idyllic scenes, of green fields, and pleasant streams. On awaking in the morning, I found my legs buried under a foot of snow, a spotless eider-down as warm as that from the birds' breast. This pleasant life



AN INDIAN'S BIVOUAC IN THE MIDST OF THE SNOWS OF THE SIERRA.

came to an end. We reached Tungasuca, and took the road to Cuzco, through the Quebrada of that name. There unexpected pleasures awaited me. It was the end of December; summer had commenced in the Cordillera. On all sides the beautiful Liliaceæ opened their painted blossoms. Youth is vain and presumptuous; I thought at the time that the Flora of the Entre-Sierra had coquettishly displayed her sweetest treasures to captivate my fancy: at every step a vegetable marvel drew from me a cry



A BED-CHAMBER IN THE CORDILLERA.

of enthusiasm; the muleteers, not comprehending my phytological ecstasy, at first thought me a little cracked, but I explained the matter to them; and as my passion for the flowers of their country flattered their national *amour-propre*, one emulated another in collecting them for me, and bringing them in armfuls. Between Andajes and Urcos I thus accumulated some beautiful specimens. I found all the known species, and added a few new ones to the catalogue of the learned. This magnificent herbal, which should have insured my immortality, was eaten by one of our mules between Huaro and Oropesa. I nearly went out of my mind; but consoled myself with the reflection, that as nature, symbolized by the phœnix, springs rejuvenescent from her ashes, the plants I had lost would grow again the next year. Then eight years passed away. Every year when spring gave place to summer, wherever I might find myself, a sudden restlessness, a desire for change, possessed me. I wished that I were a bird, that I might take

wing and alight in the midst of these cerros, to collect again my harvest of fragrance. The thing was always impossible.

Some of my readers, puzzled by this prelude, may perhaps conceive the idea of unrolling the map of America, or of searching in the reports of official travellers, to seek for some information about this Quebrada of Cuzco. Let me hasten to inform



ALSTRŒMERIAS OF THE QUEBRADA OF CUZCO.

them that maps and reports are alike silent upon the subject—a regretable omission which it is easy, however, to repair.

The Quebrada of Cuzco, commonly called by the Indians the *Atunquebrada* (the Grand Quebrada), is a winding gorge formed by the approximation of a double chain of cerros which take their rise between Acopia and Andajes, trending from south-south-east to north-north-west, over an area of about forty-five miles in length, by a breadth varying from 50 to 500 yards. Broken here and there by a village, a lake, or a curve of the river, this gorge recommences further on, so that it resembles the divided parts of a serpent's body that are said to rejoin each other. In the neighbourhood of Oropesa it suddenly expands in breadth, and its two parallel chains, after having described a gentle curve in the north-west and south-east, approach again some twelve miles further on, thus forming a circular rampart in the plain, at the bottom of which is seated the city of Cuzco. Such is pretty nearly the orographic



A PART OF THE QUEBRADA OF CUZCO.

tracing of this gorge, which, during its long course, often varies its aspect and very frequently changes its name.

Added to its remarkable configuration, the Quebrada of Cuzco enjoys a temperature relatively mild, since in the summer it rises as high as from 64° to 68° Fahrenheit. At this period the melting of the snows in the Cordillera gives rise to small rivers which run through the gorge, watering and fertilizing it for a month or two. All these streams flow noiselessly into the Huilcamayo, a thousand trickling rivulets furrow the flanks of the cerros, reanimating a thousand charming species of vegetation, while the larvæ and chrysalises which have slept for a year in their obscure cocoons are transformed,



VILLAGE OF ANDAJES IN THE QUEBRADA OF CUZCO.

by the heat and humidity combined, into beautiful insects and butterflies radiant with colour. The freshness of the soil and the porousness of the rock give to the grasses, mosses, and lichens which cover them a moist and velvety lustre. All nature is rejuvenescent during this delicious season. Sparrows, blackbirds, turtle-doves profit by it to contract their transitory nuptials; they pursue each other on the wing, entice each other with eye and beak, declare their affection by means of chirrupings, whistlings, and cooings, and end by building their nests in the branches.

The reader may comprehend from this sketch in chalks of the Quebrada of Cuzco that its memory was dear to me. I had hurried forward, in fact, to behold again one by one the places where I had so often halted with the muleteers of Azangaro—here to climb the flank of a hill and collect a charming flower; there to kindle a fire of dried sticks and prepare the potatoes for our repast; further on, to pitch our camp, unsaddle the mules, and set up my tent. I say *tent* merely for the sound of the thing, to round up my sentence—this tent, as the reader knows, being nothing more than a pile of packages.

To return: more than an hour had passed since our entrance into the Quebrada, and not only had I failed to discover any of the remembered sites, but I had sought in vain for certain plants with which I was familiar, and which I knew should have grown in such and such places. Already we were approaching the village of Andajes,

and a few blackened shrubs with straggling branches, and destitute of foliage, withered grasses, yellow mosses, and the soil cracked by drought, were all the details I could recall. Naturally I thought that after eight years' absence my memory had served me badly, and that we had not yet reached the fertile part of the Quebrada. I contented myself



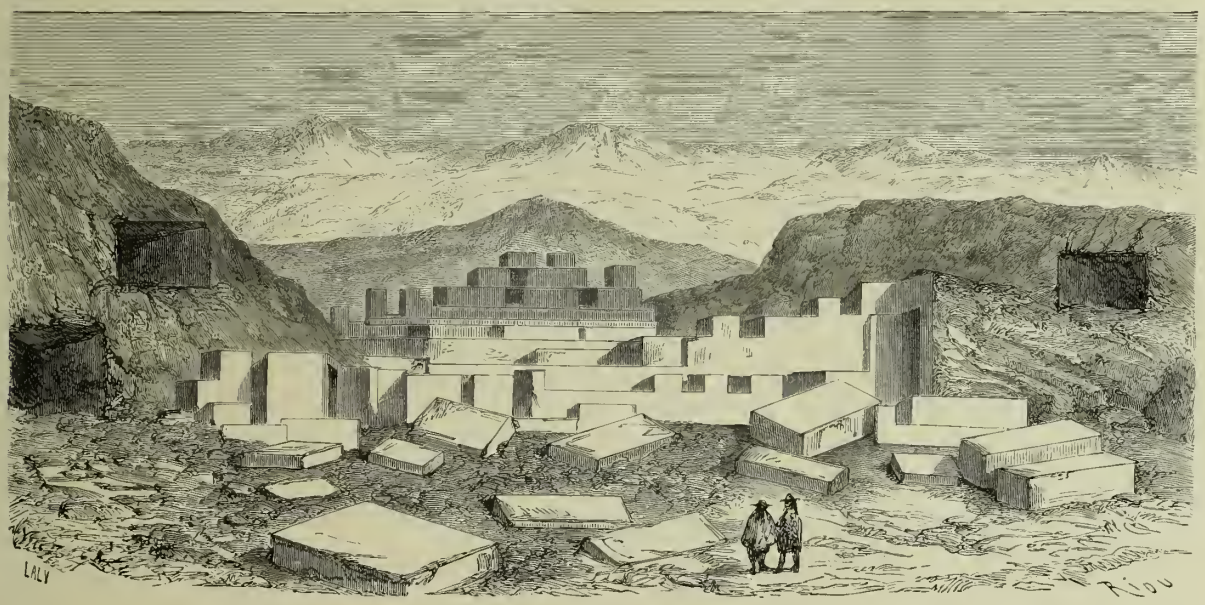
THE CHINGANA OR CAVE OF QQUEROHUASI.

with this idea till we reached Andajes, where we pulled up to buy some coarse bread and *morcillas*—local puddings made of a mixture of lard and sheep's blood, with underground-nuts,[1] pimento, balsam, and cinnamon.

Andajes is a village of forty hearths, which recommends itself to the attention of statisticians by its school, open to young men, and its *pulperia*—a liquor, candle, and grocery store—where we bought our provisions. Andajes has, besides, its legend

[1] *Pistaches-de-terre*, called *mani* by the inhabitants; the *Arachis hypogæa* of botanists; called also the *earth-pea* and *underground-nut*. They are in pods, which, as they enlarge, bury themselves under the surface of the soil.—Tr.

and its dungeon, like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's castles. In front of the village, on the right bank of the Huilcamayo, and on the flank of the cerro *Qquerohuasi*, there is a *chingana*, a deep and winding conduit, where the inhabitants of the country believe that at the period of the Conquest the Indians concealed immense treasures to preserve them from the Spaniards. Allured by this tradition, many have searched for these treasures, without succeeding in discovering them. The last of the adventurers —a colonist from Cadiz, named Vidagura—penetrated to the end of the chingana, which, it is said, was very narrow. While he was busy examining the walls of the conduit, an enormous stone fell from the roof and closed the opening, so that the poor fellow was caught as in a trap.



QUARRY OF THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

About three-quarters of a mile north-north-west of Andajes, on the left bank of the Huilcamayo, and in the neighbourhood of the little lagune of Santa Lucia, the Quebrada of Cuzco slopes away suddenly, and exposes to view in the midst of the cerros a pile of enormous stones perfectly rectangular and worked to remarkably perfect edges. The mountain is riddled with the square excavations from which these blocks have been taken; in the prodigious mass of which an imaginative traveller might easily picture to himself the stones of some unknown Nineveh, or the ruins of a Memphis of which no one had ever dreamed. Massive portals, enormous propylæa, lofty columns, gaping mouths of caverns, black orifices of underground passages, nothing is wanting to convert it into a city of the good old time like that of Ollanta-Tampu. It is only necessary that an archæological memoir should be rashly addressed by some traveller to the third class of the French Institute. Let us, however, hasten to prevent any mistake, by explaining that our supposed city is nothing but a quarry of the time of the *Gentilidad*, and our ruins nothing more than the stones in the extraction of which from the cerros the revolted people had been condemned to

work by the Incas, as were the Athenian captives of old at the Latomiæ of Syracuse.

The ancient quarry was soon left behind us. While trotting along and taking a bite now at my loaf and now at my pistachio-pudding, I examined attentively the landscape, questioning every spot of ground, every stone, every shrub in the march past, if they were not those I had known in the old days. As this research kept me continually raising, lowering, or turning my head, Nor Medina, surprised by my manner, asked if I had lost anything.

"I have lost all trace of my recollections," I replied. From the peculiar way in which the man looked at me, I concluded that if he had heard, he had not understood what I had said. To render it more intelligible, I added, "I am looking for some plants which I cannot find."

"*Vaya pues!*" said he, laughing heartily. "Why, there are plants enough, if monsieur will take the trouble to look at them." Then he pointed to clumps of shrivelled leaves, yellow peduncles, and withered stalks, which pretended to grow at the side of the road and on the slopes. "That," said he, "is the *huaranhuay*, the roots of which serve the Indians of the heights for firing; that is the *puquincha*, with the flowers of which the women dye their llicllas and their petticoats yellow. Here is the *parsehuayta*, from which they obtain a violet colour; and there the *ayrampu*, which gives them a pink. That plant at the foot of the rock is a *marfil*, which cures fever; and that other further on is the *pilli*, which is good for a cough. Here is the *amancaës*, which the Spaniards call the "Lily of the Incas;"[1] and the *queratica*, called by them the "Saliva of Our Lady." See here, too, the *calahuala*, the *hualhua*, and the *huanchaca*, to say nothing of the *chichipa*, good for flavouring soups and broths, and the *sacharapacay*, which is a capital medicine for bile."

I dismounted to examine more closely the vegetable mummies which my guide called plants. In a few minutes I was able to recognize the family, the genera, and the species to which each of them had belonged; I say *had*, because these shapeless blossoms and discoloured petals no more resembled the brilliant flowers which I had admired than a corpse eaten by worms resembles the woman who has taken one's heart suddenly captive.

The sight of this vegetable charnel-house, where so many delicate, charming, perfumed beauties had rotted pell-mell, had sobered my usually buoyant humour. Gloomy visions passed and repassed before my mind's eye. After a moment's silence my guide remarked in a loud tone, that I seemed sad; "What is monsieur dreaming of?" he asked.

"I am dreaming," I replied, "of the brevity of existence and the nothingness of all things. Eight years ago, come St. Sylvester, I passed this spot for the first time. I was young, ardent, and enthusiastic; all nature seemed to smile upon me. The streams ran, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed as if to salute me on my journey.

[1] The botanists who have succeeded to Ruiz and Pavon, and the horticulturists who have simply followed their example, have given the name of "Lily of the Incas" to several varieties of Alstrœmeria, originally from Peru and Chili. They are wrong, however. The only Liliaceæ which the Peruvians call "Lily of the Incas," is, as we have before explained, the *Narcissus amancaës*.

Now in these same scenes she regards me with sullen looks. The streams have dwindled to a drop of water, the birds have taken flight, and the flowers with all their beautiful tints look like tinder. . . . *O gioventu, primavera della vita!*"

These philosophical reflections were such as one should politely hear and leave unanswered; but Nor Medina thought proper to reply—

"From all that monsieur has said, I only understand one thing: that he was journeying here in the summer time, when it is not surprising there should have been water, and birds, and flowers; while now that we are passing here in July,



QUIQUIJANA, THE "MOST FAITHFUL" CITY.

that is to say in winter, it ought not to astonish him that there is nothing of the kind."

I looked at my guide out of the corner of my eye. "After all," I said to myself, "this devil of a man has sense enough, and even exactness of observation: only, where are the reason and exactitude lodged?" From that hour Nor Medina grew considerably in my esteem. I did not, however, let him perceive that I set more value upon him, as this would have given him a too advantageous idea of himself, and by-and-by perhaps had caused him to sin by encouraging pride.

Sufficiently refreshed by the lunch we ate on the way, we passed through without stopping at the town of Quiquijana, called in the Peruvian charts the "Most Faithful." This Hispano-American fashion of honouring cities by prefixing some sounding epithet

to their names would not be in such bad taste were it not abused. If a village, for example, shows so much sympathy for some candidate to the presidency as to aid his pretensions by the secret gift of a thousand piastres, the place is sure to be recompensed with some such title as the *Faithful,* the *Heroic,* or the *Well-deserving.* The political existence of the successful candidate may be as short-lived as the roses; the village he has ennobled keeps the crown of the causeway nevertheless. This is the evil side of the custom. When in matters of caprice, of fashion, or of transient prepossession, the cause ceases, the effect ought to cease also—ask the fair sex of Peru if it be not so—and be it remembered, the nomination of a president never was anything but an affair of fashion.

Quiquijana, the "Most Faithful," is nothing but a jumble of houses, a little pretentious, a little the effect of accident. The roofs of five or six of them have bright red tiles; the others are modestly thatched. The landscape in which these houses are framed is picturesque enough, with its round-backed mountains and its fine contrasts of shade and light. Here and there are cultivated patches, orchards surrounded with walls higher than the apples, cherries, and quinces—the only fruit-trees found in the country—which enliven while they complete the physiognomy of the picture. The Huilcamayo[1] flows through the town and divides it into two parts, which are connected by a stone bridge built only a few years ago.

A detail which I had not noticed before, but with which I was struck on passing through Quiquijana on this occasion, is the breadth of the river-bed. Just now it was dry, and was more plentifully strewn with stones than the sky with stars. Of the proud river itself, so irrepressibly boisterous in the summer, there remained only a rippling stream, which ran noiselessly under the central arch of the bridge, laving with its crystalline water the pebbles of black porphyry. I pulled up to examine the matter more leisurely; the impression it made, and which returns at this moment, was one of astonishment bordering on incredulity. I asked myself how so small a river could swell into so vast a space and roll in its course such stones as I there saw. The ways of God are inscrutable!

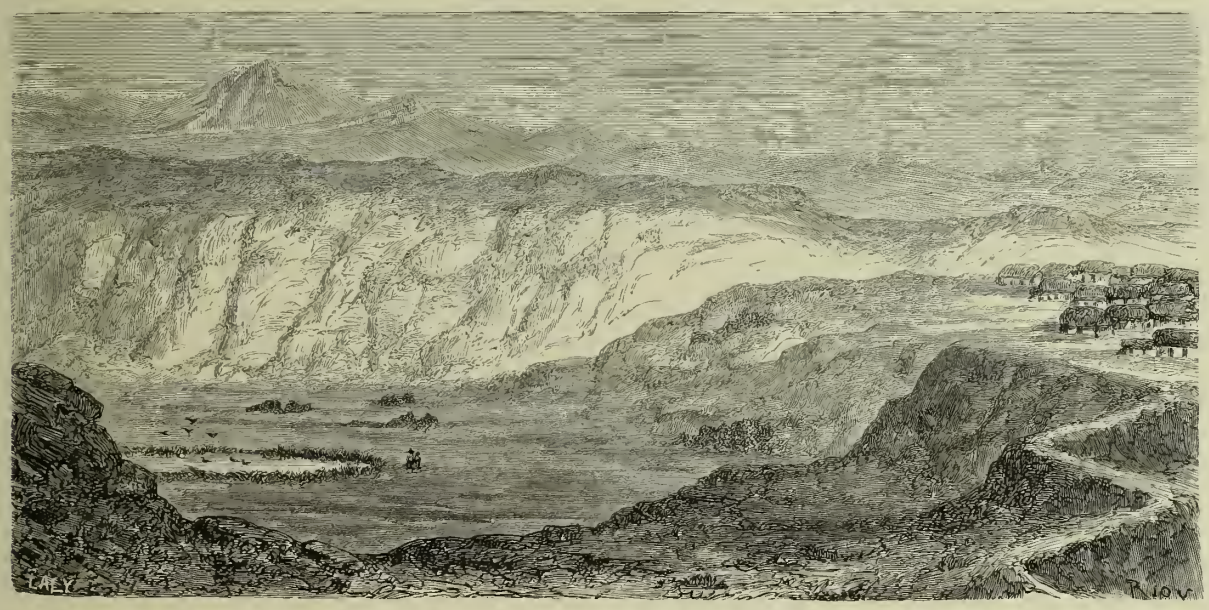
The country situated to the north of Quiquijana is fertile and well cultivated. Lucerne, or Spanish trefoil, grows in the low bottoms; maize and wheat flourish on the slopes; potatoes occupy the plateaux; barley and the *Chenopodium Quinoa* grow in higher regions still. The whole landscape as far as Urcos, twelve miles distant, has the creditable and patriarchal look of a well-to-do farmer; there is nothing angular or violent in its contours; nothing sharp or decided in its blending shades. It is dull, calm, and satisfactory.

The road we were following is marked by soft undulations, stretches of sand alternating with pretty bits of fresh-looking sward and clumps of grasses which, in

[1] After leaving Quiquijana the Huilcamayo takes the name of the Rio de Quiquijana, which it retains as far as Urcos, where it assumes the name of that village. The last French traveller who passed through this country before the author's visit, made a mistake in calling this portion of the river the Urubamba, even at a distance of eighty miles from that town. It is awkward enough that the rivers of Peru should assume the names of the towns by which they flow, without receiving them so long in advance. But, in fact, before taking the name of the river of Urubamba, the Huilcamayo, after leaving Quiquijana, bears in succession six different names.

the eyes of the ants, may be virgin forests. The temperature, becoming milder as we advance, seems to invite the traveller to dismount, throw aside hat, coat, and shoes, and walk barefoot, smoking a cigar, on the tender grass of the roadside. Agreeably occupied by all that surrounds him he is insensible to fatigue, and forgets the length of the road he is traversing. Before he is aware of it, he finds himself at Urcos.

Urcos is the chief place in the province of Quispicanchi. It is a large village, built on an eminence, the houses of which leave much to be desired both in regard to their architectural appearance and their cleanliness. It is nevertheless distinguished for two remarkable possessions—its lagune and its valley. Its lagune, called the *Mohina*, spreads its waters at the bottom of the eminence on which the village is situated.



THE VILLAGE OF URCOS AND THE MOHINA LAGUNE.

The communication between it and the village is by a zigzag path traced out rather than excavated in the wall of the rock,—which on this side is perpendicular, and about 900 feet high.

The Mohina, half surrounded by high mountains, is about three miles in circuit. Its water is at once brackish and bitter. Its depth varies from 90 to 130 feet. Rushes, reeds, and here and there a few stunted shrubs, impart a look of verdure to its borders. A few water-fowl, consisting of red-teal, grebes, and *huananas*—large ducks with brown plumage—disport themselves on its surface. In the daytime, when the sky is serene, and the sleeping lagune wears a golden sheen in the sun's light, the effect is ravishing. At night, when all is calm, and the silver light of the moon is broken by dark shadows cast from the neighbouring mountains, it is more ravishing still.

There is a tradition, which the European traveller to whom it is recited never fails to interpolate in his narrative, that this lake contains the chain of gold which the twelfth Inca, Huayna Capac, caused to be made when the hair of his eldest son Inti-

Cusi Huallpa (*alias* Huascar) was first cut. This specimen of goldsmith's work, which one might suppose to be a simple neck-chain, was, on the contrary, of the size of a ship's cable, and 800 yards long. It served to encircle the great square of Cuzco during the *fêtes* of the equinox, *Raymi* and *Cittua*. On the arrival of the Spaniards, the Indians, it is reported, threw their colossal bit of jewelry into the lake to save it from the cupidity of the conquerors. They, however, heard of this artifice, and sent a detachment of pioneers to recover the treasure by emptying the lake. Canals were dug below the level of its bed. Forty Spaniards and two hundred Indians laboured at the work for three months. But whether it was that the lake was inexhaustible, or that the story of the chain was fabulous, the conquerors had only their labour for their pains. The traces which still remain of their canals have suggested to certain savans of the country, anxious to show their sagacity, that the Mohina was an artificial lake made by the Incas, and that its waters had been brought from a distance.[1]

The so-called valley of Urcos is a space of about 8000 square yards, surrounded with mountains, and rendered comparatively fertile by the mildness of the temperature and the neighbourhood of the river. Besides vegetable crops (*légumes*), they harvest maize and wheat. Apples, pears, and strawberries ripen, but do not become sweet, nor acquire any relish or smell. The people of the country, who are vegetarians and not hard to please, cheerfully accommodate themselves to the circumstances, but Europeans and inhabitants of the south cannot help making an ugly grimace when they bite these fruits.

To the taxidermist, the valley of Urcos has nothing to offer in the shape of birds, except the carrion-vulture (*Sarcoramphus urubu*), a subject little interesting, and unsavoury besides; a Conirostre, with black and white plumage, called by the Indians *choclopococho*,[2] which only makes its appearance when the wheat is ripe, and disappears when the harvest is gathered in; a species of tarin (the *Citrinella*); a crested sparrow; three varieties of turtle-doves; a blackbird with orange-coloured feet (*chihuanco*); and the swallow with a white rump that we have seen flying in the neighbourhood of Arequipa.

To the entomologist who is strong enough to lift or displace the great stones which are scattered over the country, the environs of Urcos offer a few *millepedes* (a species of centipede, of which the *Julus* is the type); some *crustacean isopods* (woodlice); some *Mygales* (mining-spiders); a few beetles of the *Carabidæ* and *Cicindelidæ* families (sparklers); to say nothing of those *hexapodal Apterœ* of the parasitic and sucking genera which, under the name of fleas, &c., lay their eggs indifferently in the thatch of the houses and the bodies of the indigenes.

If from the earth and the air we pass to the liquid element, as fine writers say, we shall not find in the waters of the Huilcamayo-Quiquijana more than two fishes, of the family of the *Siluridæ*, the *bagre* and the *suchi*, whose length does not exceed

[1] Such an explanation might have been admissible in a part of Peru where water was wanting to irrigate the lands. But the Huilcamayo flowed below the village of Urcos in the time of the Incas as in our days, and the immediate neighbourhood of that river rendered useless the creation of an artificial lake.

[2] Literally, the *precursor of the maize*, or *who announces the maturity of the maize:* from *sara-choclo* (spike of maize), and *poco-chanqui* (one who announces).

six inches. Sometimes an otter, with a skin as black as jet, timidly shows his nose between the rocks on either side of the river, but so rarely that the inhabitants of the country, partly on that account and partly from their mania for ennobling everything, have surnamed the animal the river-lion (*mayu-puma*). The flesh of this lion, according to tradition, is as delicate as that of the fishes on which it feeds. I say tradition, because out of more than a hundred individuals whom I have questioned about the mayu-puma, not one had tasted its flesh, but had heard his father speak of it, who probably got the information from his grandfather.

From the village of Ureos we descended towards that of Huaro by a gentle slope. The road is broad and conveniently smooth. On the right and left extend cultivated fields, interrupted now and then by great barren spaces. Cerros of a reddish hue, with bare summits and a clothing of verdure at their base, form the framework of this picture, which the people of the country qualify as *vistoso*—beautiful to behold.

Huaro is situated a little more than a mile (two kilos.) from Urcos, and on the left of the road. It is a fair-sized but dull village, far from well built. The mountains, very lofty here, and disposed in a semicircle, throw a grayish shadow over the locality, so that its gardens and orchards have the soft and undecided hues of an aqua-tint drawing, and consequently look rather strange. Besides this voluptuous half-light, which is peculiar to it, Huaro possesses a square plaza, a few houses built of stone, and many more mud ranchos. Its church, comparatively a large one, is remarkable for the weather-cock on one of its towers. Its material is a yellow copper; its spindle is triumphantly planted on a ball, which sparkles brilliantly in the sun, thanks to the weekly furbishing to which it is subjected by the bell-ringer. The organ of Huaro is renowned for its power and the number of its stops. It is even asserted by amateurs of the country, that it excels the organ of Yauri in the province of Canas.[1] I can give no opinion on the subject myself, not having heard either of them. They are rarely played, as there are but few organists in the country.

Huaro possesses two manufactories of *bayetas* and *bayetons*, coarse cloths, similar to the woollen stuff which French manufacturers technically call *tibaude*. Nothing more poverty-stricken can be imagined than the sheds where these tissues are made by work-people of both sexes; nor anything more primitive than their looms. The first consist of four ruinous-looking walls and a roof of thatch, where the industrious Arachne sets an example to artizans by weaving her nets to catch flies; the second are nothing more than crossed sticks tied together by simple threads.

The province of Quispicanchi, where learning is somewhat honoured, contains no fewer than seven schools; among which that of Huaro is the most celebrated. One might even with some reason call it the university of Quispicanchi, because it is the only school in that province where the scholars are taught, in addition to the fables of Yriarte and the Spanish grammar, to decline the substantives *homo, mulier,* and *cornu,* in the rudiments.

Beyond Huaro, the Quebrada of Cuzco becomes broader and broader. We

[1] It is to the Jesuits that the greater number of the cities of Peru, and some villages in the Sierra, are indebted for the remarkable organs we find in their churches.

travelled over a road, or rather a smooth and broad footpath, which Nature, the only road-maker in Peru, had kept in her best possible order, notwithstanding the frequency of the heavy rains and the displacements of earth which they occasioned. About nine miles of road separate Huaro from Andahuaylillas, a village which has nothing remarkable to show in the summer, except the pools of water and the marshes left by the rains of winter. This village, where the sub-prefect of Quispicanchi has his residence, instead of living, as he ought to do, at Urcos, the chief place of his province, is called a city in the official calendars. To those who feel astonished at the substitution of such a title, we must explain that it would be derogatory to the dignity of a sub-prefect to live in a village. From consideration for the rank of this functionary, therefore, the statisticians of the country have raised to the rank of a city the village in which he has chosen to reside, not from any love of the picturesque, but to look after a farm which he possesses there.

Andahuaylillas, situated at the base of the cerros on ground gently sloping to the south-east, enjoys at all times a sufficiently agreeable temperature. Maize, wheat, and green crops grow very well, and fruit-trees make a great show of flowers. As to the quality of their fruit, it is like that of all the orchards between Quiquijana and Cuzco; that is to say, the best of it is worthless. In vain the arborists of the country, enraged to see their produce so depreciated by strangers, prune, and dig, and remove the insects from the trees, with the view of obtaining better results. The Sun-god, to punish these indigenes for their apostasy, refuses to sweeten their apples and pears, and scarcely consents to give them a touch of colour. Such is, at least we believe so, the only way of accounting for the acidity of the fruits in the Quebrada of Cuzco.

The same statisticians who, out of consideration for a sub-prefect, have given the name of a city to the village of Andahuaylillas, have given the name of a valley to the arable lands which surround it. That valley, to preserve its fine-sounding title, changes its name three miles further on; and instead of the valley of Andahuaylillas, which it was, becomes the valley of Lucre. The traveller who, on the faith of a Peruvian calendar, should look for a valley among these patches of clover and corn, would be surprised to find nothing even approaching that character. The place is simply a farm-stead, around which are grouped, in beautiful disorder, pens for cattle and hovels for peasants. Here they grow with success maize, wheat, and green crops; and here they weave their *bayeta* and their *bayeton*, to the great disgust of Huaro, with whose industry, in so near a neighbourhood, it interferes a little. We regret very much that we have nothing more, and especially that we have nothing better, to say of the place.

To the valley of Lucre, which is adorned, without being improved in a sanitary sense, by a muddy little lake, succeeds on the right of the great road the village of Oropesa. Oropesa, dear to Ceres, is renowned sixty miles round for its cornfields, and its little loaves made with lard, with which, from time immemorial, it has every morning supplied the market of Cuzco. It is the Odessa of the Quebrada. The wheat of Oropesa is at once of superior quality and of a good yield.

Besides its reputation for wheat, Oropesa enjoys a title of honour. It figures in the Peruvian maps as "the Heroic." This title was given to it after an engagement which took place on the neighbouring heights some five-and-twenty years ago. Muse of the épopée, divine Clio, aid me to relate this feat of arms!—Two generals of the country contended for the presidential chair, each supported by a battalion of from five to six hundred men. The opposing forces, after having been in search of each other for a month, met one morning, ensign, colours, and music at their head, on the heights of Oropesa. The shock was terrible and the struggle fearful. "Flesh of wolf,



OROPESA, "THE HEROIC TOWN."

tooth of dog," says Father Mathieu. Not only did the soldiers of the two camps tear each other with rage, but the *rabonas*, savage *vivandières*, whom every foot-soldier has to follow him in the character of sweetheart, cook, and beast of burden, clawed at each other's hair, biting and scratching until their petticoats were reduced to a bundle of rags. In the heat of the engagement, and while the victory was in suspense, each of the pretenders, seized with a sudden panic, judging the battle to be lost and his cause hopeless, turned bridle and fled from the field, the one north, the other south, without any other escort than a faithful aide-de-camp with a remount.

While these warriors devoured space in their headlong flight, victory declared for one of the two armies, whose chief was instantly pursued by some of his officers to announce that he had gained the battle. The conqueror refused to believe the tidings, fearing to be taken in some snare; at length, however, he was sufficiently convinced to turn back, and seeing no signs of his competitor on the field, but the soldiers of the two armies peaceably playing at dice together, he yielded to the evidence of his senses. To perpetuate the memory of this feat of arms, the village of Oropesa received the title of the "Heroic Town," which it continues to bear at the present time. If I do not write in so many letters the names of the pretenders, as I have a perfect right to do,

since they belong to history and are in every Peruvian's mouth, it is because these pretenders have sufficiently expiated, in the obscurity of their present position, the pride of their ancient triumphs. They have both, like Cincinnatus, returned to the plough,—both cultivate, in a humble way, a few potatoes and beans. Let us respect their humility and their incognito.

When the traveller has seen at Oropesa its cornfields, its stunted misshapen trees, and its tiled and thatched houses; when he has looked up, on the right of the village, a ruin of fine pink-coloured sandstone, which dates from the time of the first



A SOLDIER OF THE SIERRA AND HIS RABONA OR VIVANDIÈRE.

Incas—a ruin which modern savants are obstinately bent on taking for the gate of an edifice, but which is nothing more than the arch of an aqueduct,—he may continue his journey. Oropesa is the frontier line which separates the province of Quispicanchi from that of Cuzco. After walking a few steps northward, we are in the province which the people in the time of the Incas held to be sacred. We tread on the classic ground of Inti-Churi, whom in everyday language we call the Sun.

As the Quebrada widened more and more—a certain sign that we were approaching Cuzco—Nor Medina became more and more chatty and communicative. His gaiety, for a long time restrained by the various incidents of the journey, the break-neck ground, the storms, the disagreeable lodgings, the annoyance of having to obey when he wished to command, and the uncertainty of knowing whether the mules which he had lent me would arrive safe and sound, set free by his deliverance from these apprehensions, asserted itself in a deluge of words, intermixed with bursts of laughter and merry conceits. I made a study of the man while listening to his chatter. Apart from his ticklish sensibility, and his insane idea that he was travelling for his own pleasure, and not for mine—a notion which I had always done my best to combat—there was no more honest or worthy creature than Nor Medina, and I never so thoroughly

appreciated his virtues and his faults than at the moment when I was about to part from him for ever. Since our departure from Oropesa his conversation had been quite poetical, referring to the pleasures of returning home, the joy of seeing again a beloved wife, of embracing the dear children, of shaking hands with friends, and of enjoying their company for an hour or two in the cabarets. Having neither wife nor children, possessing no friend in the country, and doubting the cabarets, both on account of the liquor they supply and the vermin that swarm in them, the little pleasures which Nor Medina passed before my eyes like the painted slides of a magic lantern, had but little interest for me, and I let him run on at his pleasure without hazarding a remark. Judging the matter pretty correctly, he turned the conversation on myself, telling me of the *tertulias* (evening-parties), the balls, banquets, and cavalcades which awaited me at Cuzco. When he had done enumerating the pleasures that the old City of the Sun had to offer to the visitor, I informed him that I did not calculate on remaining any longer at Cuzco than might be necessary to make some purchases and do up a few packages, but should at once leave, with a guide, for one of the three valleys of Lares, Occobamba, or Santa Ana, I did not yet know which; and that from thence I should push on into the interior of the country.

"Where then is monsieur going?" he asked, with an astonished air.

"Always forward!"

"One might go a long journey that way," he said, "only monsieur does not know that beyond the Cordillera he will find heathen—Chunchos we call them—and these savages will pierce him with arrows like St. Sebastian."

"Nonsense," I said; "I will win their hearts in the manner of Orpheus, and the bows and arrows will fall from their hands."

"*Valgame Dios!* and monsieur will do that?"

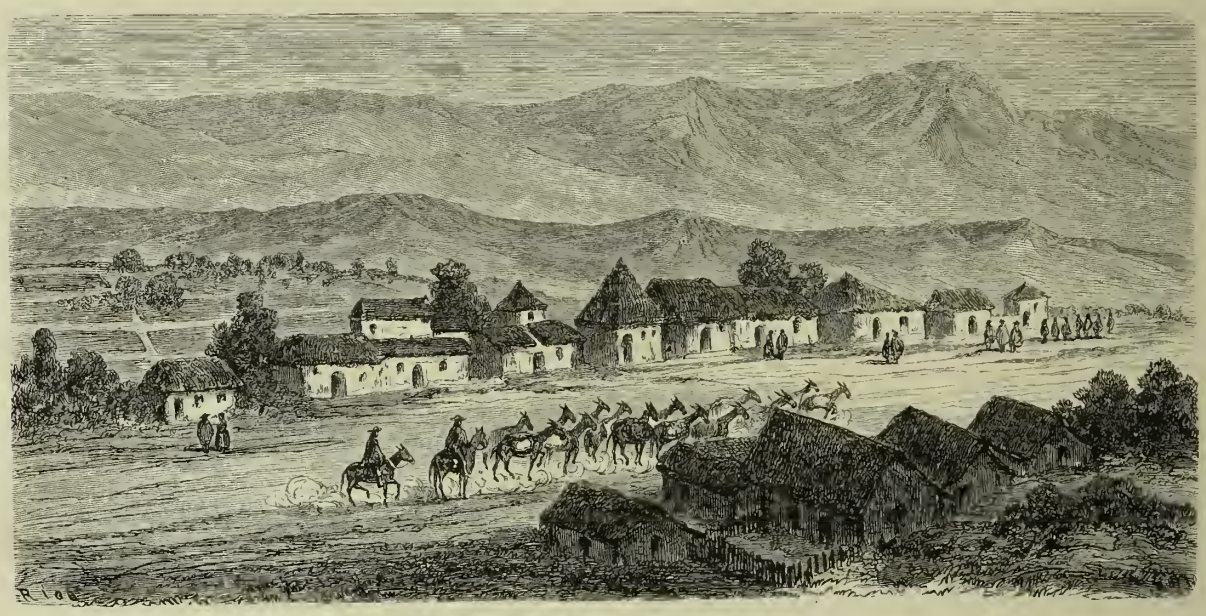
"I will do a little music. We know the savage is sensible to harmony, and to develop that sensibility to my profit, I will take care to buy at Cuzco, in the market of Baratillo, an accordion and a Jews'-harp."

Nor Medina looked at me, *du haut en bas,* with a singular air. Then, shaking his head:—

"Oh señor, señor," he said, in a grave and almost solemn tone, "it is not right to jest upon such a subject. I know well enough that the people of your nation make a joke of everything; but believe what a poor man says to you, who has not had the opportunity like you to read books. There are things that one ought to respect, under the penalty of provoking the wrath of God upon our heads."

As he ended speaking, the worthy *arriéro* passed from the left hand to the right the bridle of his mule, and making him wheel about, placed himself at a respectful distance from me, as was his custom when I said anything to shock his preconceived opinions, to avoid contact with me; in this way I followed his example in the line of honest and childlike simplicity by affecting unconsciousness of the fact. Besides, as our journey was drawing near its end, and our mutual relations would soon necessarily cease, a whim more or less was of no consequence. While I made these reflections we arrived at San Jeronimo.

San Jeronimo is a village of no importance. That which distinguishes it from most of the villages of the Sierra, is that, in place of presenting like them the figure of a parallellogram or a trapezium, the houses are arranged in a double line on each side of the Cuzco road. The air, the light, the openness which it enjoys, the fields of wheat, of maize, of beans, of lucerne, and of potatoes which surround it, render it, if not an absolutely pleasant abode, at least a tranquil, decent, and healthy one. As for specialities, the village contains nothing more remarkable than a third-class *pulperia*—a liquor and grocery store—five or six chicha or beer houses, and the blackened forge of a farrier, of which one might see the anvil as we pass by, but would never hear the



SAN JERONIMO, A VILLAGE IN THE QUEBRADA OF CUZCO.

hammer. Add to this, the disreputable looking paunch-bellied little boys, of the colour of *bistre*, playing about the doors, the starved-looking dogs lying about the road which take to biting either man or beast that disturbs their siesta, the fowls scratching among the bushes, the pigeons cooing upon the roofs,—and you will have an exact photograph of San Jeronimo.

Three or four miles of road separate San Jeronimo from San Sebastian, a village of the same family as the last. It is situated on the right of the main road, and presents to the eye a close and compact looking collection of grayish walls and red roofs. The Huatanay, a river which serves as the sewer of Cuzco, passes by San Sebastian and rolls the tribute of its stinking waters into the Huilcamayo-Quiquijana, between Huaro and Urcos. San Sebastian recommends itself to attention by its lofty church. it has two square towers crowned with cupolas, which appear all the higher from contrast with the lowness of the houses, for, as the reader knows, we speak of a giant among pigmies, or an oak among mushrooms. All the inhabitants of the locality, resembling those of the provinces Vascongadas, are hidalgos before birth, and accounted such when born. They all bear the primitive blazonry of the Incas, namely, *the*

Egyptian pylone (gate of a temple) *in an azure field surmounted by a cuntur* (condor) *with expanded wings.* If these prerogatives astonish any of my readers, let me inform them that the Indians—Cholos, Métis, and mixed breeds—who inhabit San Sebastian are all scions of the *Quispé, Mamani,* and *Condori,* three illustrious families, and the only ones in the country who have descended in a direct line from the Sun, by the emperor Manco-Capac and the empress Mama Occllo Huaco. As a conscientious narrator I must add that these historic families are a little fallen from their ancient splendour. In these days it is not rare to see a Quispé walking barefoot for want of shoes, and driving before him a flock of sheep; a Mamani sclling cabbages, carrots, and other



SAN SEBASTIAN.

vegetables in the market of Cuzco; and a Condori giving his services as a water-carrier or a groom for the small sum of five francs a month. Such scenes are afflicting to remember! Happily for the unfortunate nobles whose origin and ancient grandeur we have here recalled, they are all, in some degree, philosophers. They console themselves by reflecting that Apollo-Phœbus, their divine ancestor, kept the flocks of Admetus; that a king of Babylon was reduced to eat grass, and a tyrant of Syracuse taught children to read. These illustrious examples of decadence enable them to put a good face on their precarious position. Besides, a liberal use of brandy, chicha, and coca assists to banish from their thoughts every painful idea relative to the past.

After leaving San Sebastian, the cerros which bound the horizon draw together, and form, as it were, a circular wall. Cuzco, which we are not yet able to descry, is situated at their base. In our progress northward we discover, like a landmark on the talus at the left of the road, a tree, whose rugged and creviced trunk, exposed roots, and meagre foliage, bear witness to extreme old age. It is of it that one might say, *Durando, secula vincit;* for the tree in question, if one may believe a local tradition, was planted by the Inca Capac Yupanqui, and dates from the middle of the thirteenth

century. This patriarchal vegetable belongs to the family of the Capparidaceæ. The people of the country call it the *Chachacumayoc*, "Tree of Farewells." Every one who leaves Cuzco is supposed to come in company with his relations, friends, and acquaintances to sit under the shadow of this tree to exchange adieus. They take care to provide themselves with eatables and drinkables, and to bring a guitar. They leave the city in good order. At the entrance of the plain, from which the Chachacumayoc



"FAREWELL-TREE" BETWEEN SAN SEBASTIAN AND CUZCO.

becomes visible, they stop, form a circle, and all drink a glass of brandy to the health of the symbolic tree. They do the same when they stand beneath its shadow. This fashion of drinking altogether in a circle, is called *doing the wheel* (*hacer-la-rueda*). After these two *wheels*, a tribute paid to old customs, they sit down hap-hazard, the provisions are taken out of the wallets, the decanters, jugs, and leathern bottles ranged in line of battle, and the action begins at once at every point. For half a day they eat, they drink, they laugh, they sing, they dance; and when the parting moment arrives they weep, and sob, and lament round the traveller, who for his part weeps, and sobs, and laments with them. In fine, they fill up a last cup, that of the *despedida*, or final adieu, and after having tenderly embraced their friend and called down upon his head the blessings of Heaven, they leave him, stupified with grief and perfectly drunk, to go where duty calls him. The band of relations, friends, and acquaintances

then take, untowardly, the road to Cuzco, to continue, for their own sakes, the festival commenced under the Farewell-tree for the sake of the traveller.

At the moment when we passed the Chachacumayoc, two Indians of the humbler class, a man and a woman, were in the act of exchanging tender adieus. Neither of them were drinking, but both appeared to have drunk more than usual. Our ill-timed appearance interrupted their *tête-à-tête;* the man, however, put a good face on the matter, and smiled as he raised his hat. The woman, on the contrary, lowered her head, and turned her back upon us, as if she were examining the stuff of her petticoat.

Ten minutes afterwards we came—I say *we,* out of politeness and respect for the age of my guide, for the man uncivilly kept himself aloof and pretended not to regard anything I did—we came, I say, on the right of the road and on the flank of the cerros,



CHURCH AND CONVENT OF LA RECOLETA.

to the convent of La Recoleta,[1] whose architectural mass, in the form of a long square, looked proudly down on the plain. Happy memories crowded on me at the sight of this edifice. How often, after my botanical excursions in the environs, I had rested in the shadow of its galleries, and amused myself by criticizing the attempts in polychrome which covered their walls under the title of frescoes! The prior, a fine old man of the colour of mahogany, whom I frequently encountered in my visits, and who each time had seen me smiling on his pictures, had conceived a friendship for me under the mistaken idea that my smile was the effect of admiration. Instead of undeceiving him in this respect, I chose rather to countenance his mistake, an innocent bit of deceit, to which I was indebted at various times for a bit of something dainty to eat, a glass of liquor to drink, and a cigarette to smoke. As the good father had then counted seventeen lustrums (eighty-five years), *he has probably flown joyous towards the eternal abodes—sedes æternas lætus advolavit,* as says the epitaph of Father Juan de Matta, his predecessor, engraved upon a marble slab in the chapel. I can only show

[1] This is the most modern of the convents of Cuzco. It was built in 1599 at the cost of a rich and charitable Spaniard, named Torribio de Bustamente, and his first prior was the reverend father Francisco de Valesco, *a native of the mountains of Burgos in Spain,* as his epitaph, written in the Latin of the country, informs us.

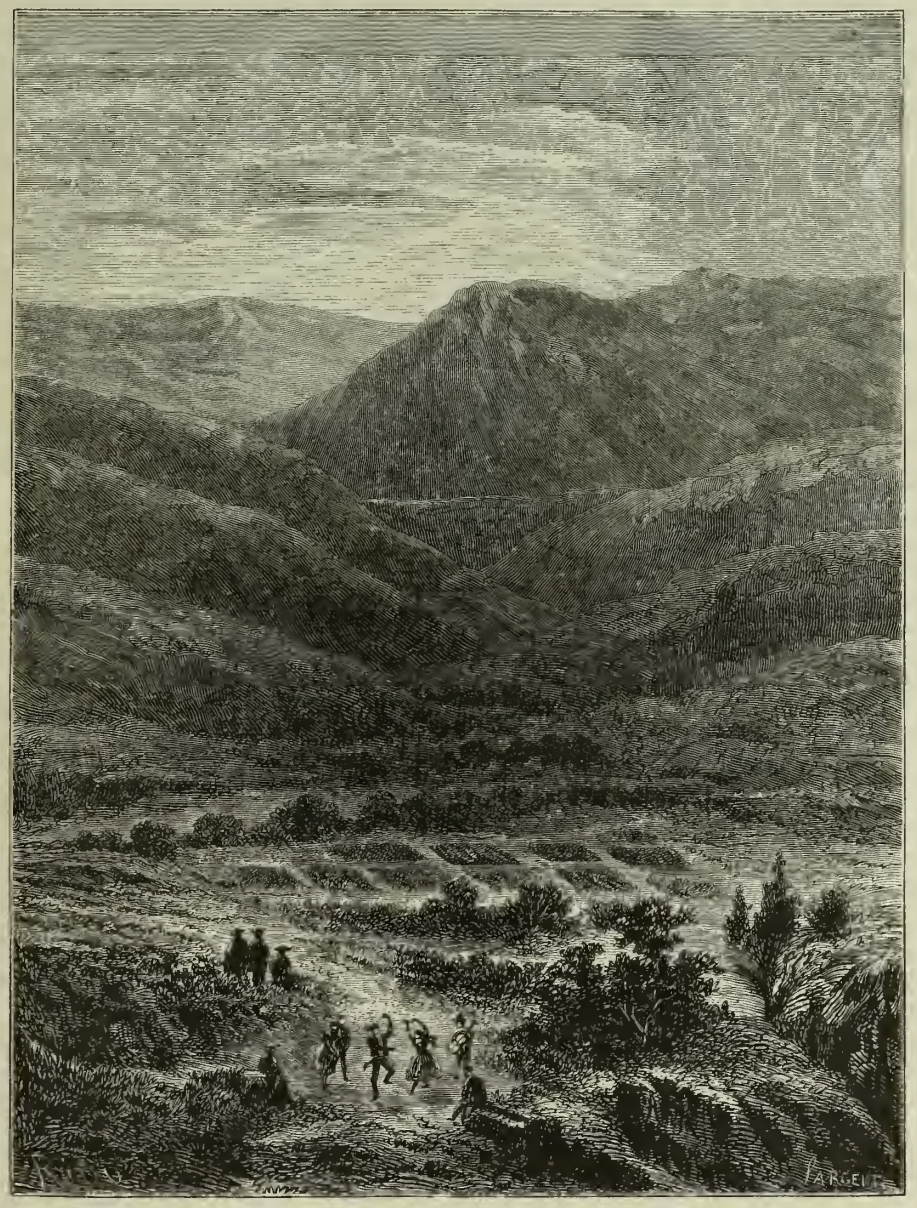
my gratitude by a vain regret and a pious tear to his memory; but God I hope will repay the worthy prior in my name and in another world for the cakes and sweets I have eaten at his expense in this.

The friendship of the prior caused me to be treated with consideration by the monks. The deans of the chapter were pleased to question me about the manners and customs of France, which seemed to them as fabulous an empire as that of Cathay or the Grand Khan of Tartary once did to us. The gate-keeper, seated under the entrance porch, where from evening to morning he occupied himself in knitting stockings while keeping an eye on the wicket, never failed, on seeing me at a distance, to open the gate in advance, and plant himself on the threshold to wait my arrival. After the customary compliments he would beg a few cigarettes of me, and while I took a turn in the cloister he would carefully put to cool in a pail of water the plants I had collected. Sometimes on leaving I gratified him with a silver real to buy tobacco and brandy, two things for which he had a singular affection. Then he exhausted his eloquence in pouring eulogiums upon me, and, along with the warmest benedictions, gave me the pompous title of "*Excellence.*" When, however, it happened that I had forgotten my purse or had no money, he forgot to bless me, and saluted me coldly and briefly as plain "*Señor.*"

As to the younger monks, I had so often surprised them in the neighbouring cabarets with a jug of chicha at their lips, or their gown tucked in their girdle and their hat doubled up ready to dance the forbidden *samacuecas* when the reverend fathers were taking a siesta, that they only smiled when they saw me, as at an old acquaintance. Regarding me as an amiable moralist, disposed, as much by nature as by conviction, to excuse human failings, they were not afraid of my knowing their little secrets. Honest fellows! Seeing them, at an age so inexperienced, such lovers of the bottle and the dance, how often I have said to myself, "What capital monks these little friars will one day make!"

The memories called up by the sight of the convent of La Recoleta sunk into oblivion again as its walls disappeared from view betwixt the hills. We were now passing a spot famous in the annals of the country for the revels of which it has been for a long time past, and still is, the scene. It is a green and almost circular space, with here and there a few small houses, a farm, or an orchard. At the further extremity, in a bluish distance, this space opens to a gorge formed by the cerros, whose rounded backs, rising one behind another, resemble an immense ladder which reaches from the earth to the heavens. The inhabitants call it the *Corridor-du-Ciel*, no doubt by way of antiphrasis, for if this pretended ladder leads anywhere it is to hell. A site which nature seems to have formed for the idyllic intercourse of some local Tityrus and Melibœus, has been transformed by man into a sort of tilting ground or bacchic arena, to which both sexes of Cuzco resort, bottle in hand, and defy each other to drink the hardest and dance the best to the sweet sounds of the guitar. It would need the inspiration of a Homer to record the assaults of arms which during two centuries the citizens of Cuzco have delivered in this place, and the number of the dead, the dying, and the wounded that have been left on the battle-field.

After passing the *Corridor-du-Ciel,* we came to a wild and barren-looking spot on the right of the road, called the "Devil's Pulpit" (*Chaire-du-Diable*). The property of his satanic majesty consists of a mass of rock standing alone in the foreground of two cerros which are united at their base, and in the smooth and almost perpendicular



THE CORRIDOR-DU-CIEL.

sides of which there are square openings from which the Indians in the time of the Incas had quarried stones. These black-looking holes, at an elevation of some thirty feet from the soil, and without a road or path of any kind leading to them, look like empty eye-balls with which the mountain glares on the passers-by.

A short distance from the sites just described, two curiosities of a different kind attract attention at the same time. On the right is a quarry of porphyritic sandstone, from which the same Indians who made the before-mentioned excavations had taken those enormous blocks, which are still regarded with astonishment. Only, after

extracting the stone, instead of leaving a gaping orifice encumbered with fragments, as our quarrymen are accustomed to do, the Quichuas had cut out a beautiful monolithic chamber some thirty feet square, with a ceiling panelled in relief, and three divans along the three sides, upon which one might recline to take a siesta, or sit down to await the end of a shower.

On closely examining this *work of the pagans*, as the fools of the country stupidly call every monument which dates anterior to the Spanish conquest, one hardly knows whether to admire more the metallic hardness of the material or the perfection of the work. These walls, this ceiling, these seats, which it would be difficult to scratch



THE "DEVIL'S PULPIT," NEAR CUZCO.

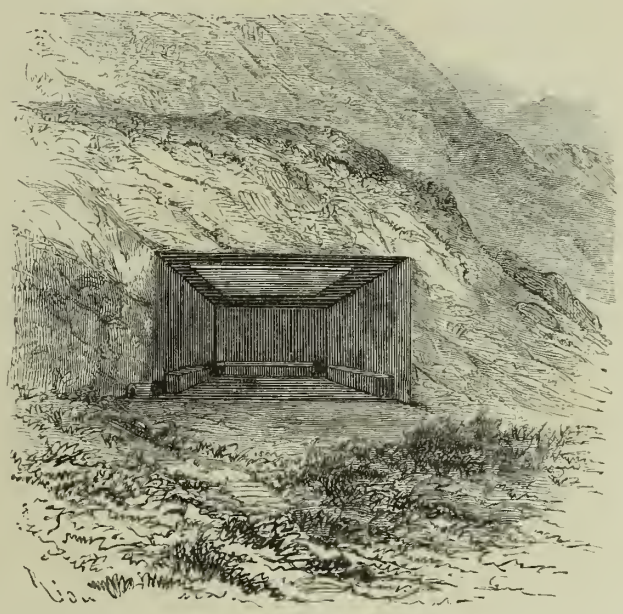
with the point of a knife, look as if they had been wrought and polished by a quarryman who was at the same time a skilled mason. A cabinetmaker of our time could not polish more perfectly a piece of rosewood or mahogany furniture.

On the other side of the road, as if to parody this monolithic chamber, there stands in the midst of a copse of *alerces* and *capulis* (the alders and cherry-trees of the country) a thatched hut, with mud-built walls. The sign of salvation is placed on its summit, and two *nucchos* (*Salvia splendens peruviana*), with seagreen leaves and brilliant purple flowers, entwine their branches over its arched entrance. This hut is the *beaterio* or béguinage of the Recoleta. I cannot say on what day of the year the devotees of Cuzco make their pilgrimage here, or what antiphon is chanted on the occasion; but what I am certain of is, that the place has for its guardians, or its triple-headed Cerberus, three old witches, who came very near one day to scratching my face because I had picked a flower on their estate!

These holy, amphibious beings, the bats of Catholicism, half-rat half-bird, allied to women of the world by their muffler and their coiffure, and to nuns by their sober-coloured petticoats, their leathern girdle, and their paraphernalia of beads, have been

constituted guardians of the béguinage, with the duty of keeping everything in order, washing the altar-cloths, furbishing up the brass instruments, and singing the praises of the Almighty in the idiom of the Quichuas; but instead of washing, polishing, and singing, as they have engaged to do, they pass their time in drinking chicha, talking scandal of their neighbours, and watching the earthen pot in which they are boiling their gruel in the sight of all who pass by.

This *beaterio* of La Recoleta is the last isolated point in the environs of Cuzco. Beyond it the farms, the chacharas, and the orchards increase in number, and occur closer together, until their surrounding walls unite to form a narrow and winding street



MONOLITHIC CHAMBER IN THE ROCKS NEAR CUZCO.

called the Faubourg of Recoleta. The bed of a torrent, nearly always dry, and strewn with stones, runs through this sordid quarter, in which are some twenty beer-shops to satisfy the craving of the Hispano-Peruvian people for drink.

Here and there, where we had to ascend and redescend heaps of alluvial débris, the edifices of Cuzco came into view. Pleased with the anticipation of the substantial repast which awaited me, and the good old Spanish bed, painted white, sprinkled with red tulips, in which I should stretch myself after leaving the table, I mused—what other resource has the traveller on the back of a mule except to muse?—on the poetical exaggeration in which official travellers indulge when approaching Cuzco. Some of the highflown apostrophes of these gentlemen were naturally recalled to mind by the sight of the places which had inspired them,—

"Hail, classic land of the Incas, cradle of an ever-expanding civilization!" is the exclamation of one.

"Behold, then, this capital of a powerful empire, conquered by Pizarro, whose advanced civilization and incredible wealth have struck the world with admiration!" exclaims another.

I know not if this enthusiasm of the traveller, which I merely remark upon as a physiological characteristic, was shared in by our mules, but as we approached the holy city they got quite excited, and dashed forward with almost supernatural vigour. Like Mercury, they seemed to be furnished with wings on every limb. No difficulty of the road embarrassed them. Holes, wheel-ruts, blocks of stone, up-hill or down-hill, were all the same to them. To see how they got over the ground, their ears bent, their nostrils expanded, their legs stretched to the utmost, one could hardly have believed they had come a hundred miles across the Andes. Going at this rate we soon reached the *Cueva-honda* (deep grotto), the continuation of a stony ravine by which the springs of the Sapi roll their waters into the plain. From this relatively high point the



BÉGUINAGE OF LA RECOLETA, NEAR CUZCO.

edifices and roofs of Cuzco came into full view. Alas for enthusiasm! A heavy and compact mass of stones and tiles; little or no details; confused contours; local colour, reddish; light, dull and diffused; positively this is all that the old city of Manco-Capac, revised, corrected, and augmented, but little embellished, by Francisco Pizarro, presents to the eye of the artist.

In the measure that we leave Cueva-honda behind us, the panorama of the city becomes, if not more bright and cheerful, at least more clearly defined. Domes and steeples detach themselves from the mass of house-tops, while white-washed walls contrast here and there with the dirty-red ground of the cerros and ancient buildings. Soon we come to a point where the so-called Faubourg of Recoleta is intersected, on the right by the escarpment of San Blas, one of the eight faubourgs of Cuzco,[1] and on the left by a narrow passage bounded by walls of cyclopean structure. This passage

[1] According to the statisticians of the country, we ought to say *ten*, because they consider the villages of San Sebastian and San Jeronimo suburbs of Cuzco, although they are separated from the city by a plain of about seven miles square.

is the Calle del Triúnfo. The mules, more excited still on scenting the fodder and the stable that awaited them, lower their heads and gallop still faster. In three minutes, without the least preparation for the sudden change, the traveller finds himself landed in the great square of Cuzco in front of the cathedral.



LA RECOLETA, A SUBURB OF CUZCO.

As we were emerging from the gloom which always overshadows this street of "Triumph," whose walls seem to absorb the light, Nor Medina, who had preceded me a moment, pulled up his mule to ask at what tampu of the city I meant to lodge.

"I will lodge alone," I replied.

"Where alone, if monsieur pleases?"

"Galerie du Vieux-Linge, 17."

We crossed the great square diagonally, and dismounted at the house I had indicated. Nor Medina fastened the mules to one of the columns of trachytic sand-

stone which border the three sides of the plaza called respectively the galeries *du Pain, des Confitures,* and *du Vieux-Linge.* After having unsaddled my mule and brought me the equipment,[1] he waited, hat in hand, to be paid. As I added to the price agreed upon a few reals for *llapa* (drink-money), this generosity, which he had not expected, dispersed the cloud from his brow and touched his heart.



CALLE DEL TRIÚNFO—A STREET IN CUZCO.

"If I might venture to speak to monsieur!" he said, after having counted the money and put it into a ratskin-purse which he carried suspended from his neck like a relic.

"At your pleasure, Nor Medina."

"Well, monsieur, I would have you reflect again before doing what you have told me; it is not only an imprudence but a sin. The Chunchos are miscreants and heretics, and the holy religion of Jesus Christ forbids us to have any intercourse with them."

[1] In a journey on the coast, or in the Sierra, where it is the regular custom to use hired mules, the harness is always supplied by the traveller and never by the muleteer who lets out the beast.

"Is that all you have to say to me?"

"That is all, monsieur."

"Well, good day, *mon ami,* and God see you safe home again. My compliments to your wife when you get back to Arequipa."

The arriéro retired, shrugging his shoulders; and I have nothing more to say of him.

After a hearty meal, I took possession of my bed, and slept till the next day. There is a saying that night brings counsel. On awaking in the morning I was able to judge of the value of this proverb. Before going to sleep I had debated with myself what valley I should select for the beginning of my enterprise, but had come to no decision. On awaking, though I could not explain to myself the secret working of my mind, I found, in fact, that my choice was made, and that it had fallen upon the valley of Occobamba, which geographers have neglected to mark in their maps, but which nature has placed between the two valleys of Lares and Santa Ana.

During the forty-eight hours that I stayed at Cuzco, I spent the day in purchasing various articles intended to conciliate the savages I might find *en route.* In the evening, in place of accepting the invitation to a *cacharpari,* or farewell-festival, I shut myself up alone, leaving my acquaintances astonished and even a little indignant at my disregard of local customs. But it was my duty to give the reader some account of the unknown city to which I have brought him *en croupe,* and from whence we shall very soon depart together. Instead, then, of passing these two nights in drinking brandy with the men and fooling with the women, as each would have had me to do, and as etiquette would have required, I employed them in penning the following notes. If the reader can find nothing in them to praise, he ought at least to know how willingly I sacrificed, for his sake, the pleasures of all kinds which a *cacharpari* at Cuzco promised.

The city of Cuzco was founded in the middle of the eleventh century by Manco-Capac, the founder of the dynasty of the Incas. The advent of this legislator in the punas of Collao is enshrined in a mysterious legend, which the Spanish historiographers have amused themselves by reproducing in a variety of ways. We will dismiss from our notice what is marvellous in their recitals, and confine ourselves as nearly as possible to the unadorned truth. Instead of making Manco-Capac and his companion Mama Ocllo emerge like marine gods from the Lake of Titicaca, or of taking them like owls from a hole in the cerros of Paucartampu, we shall see in them merely the last remnant of those travelling colonists who, descending in ancient times from the Asiatic plateaux, their primitive cradle, spread themselves over every part of the ancient world.

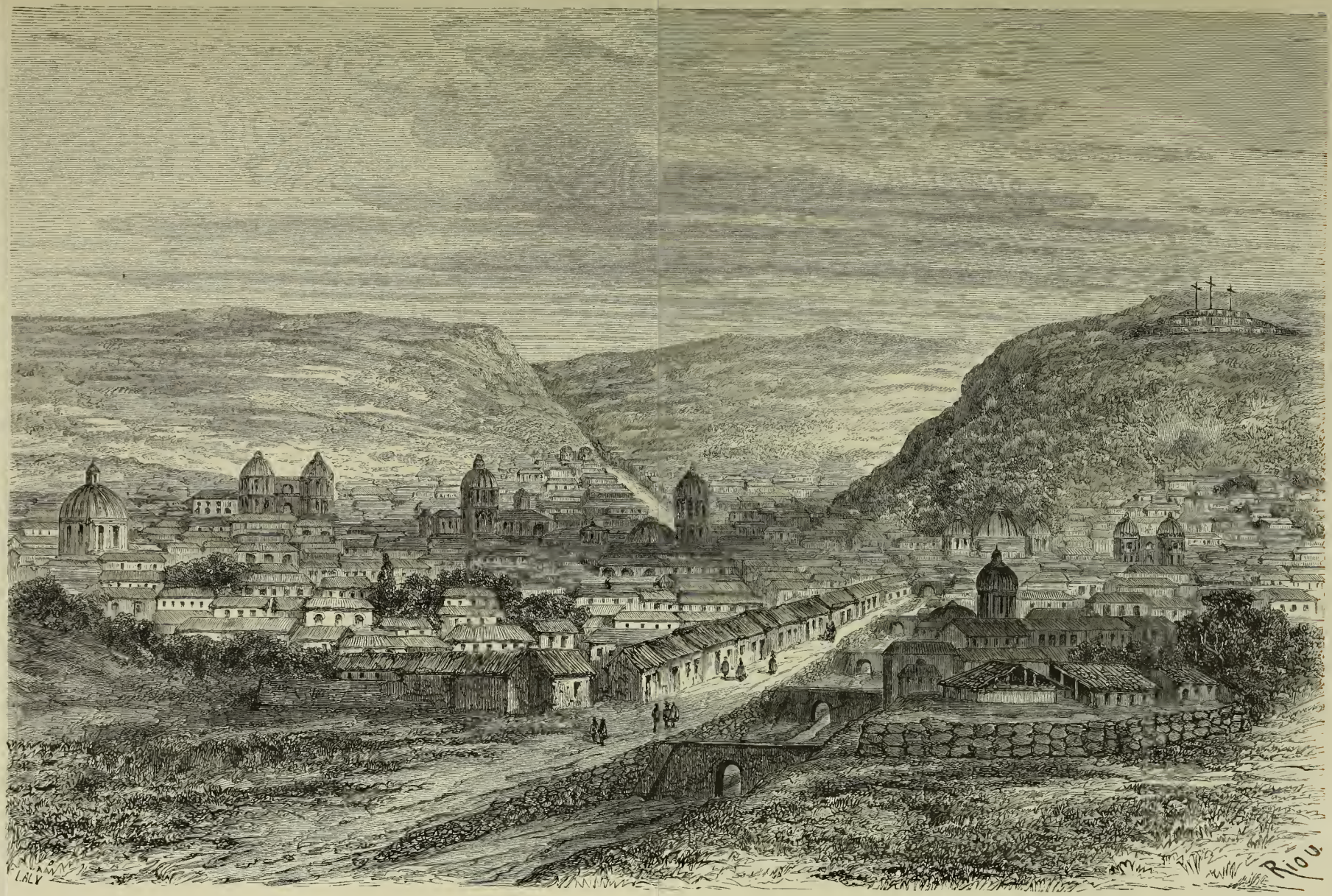
If it is next to impossible in the present state of our knowledge to fix the precise date of the first displacement of that migratory civilization, and the length of time which it halted in various places before reaching the American continent, we have at least as a witness of its origin, its point of departure, and the route which it must have followed, the type of its indigenous representatives. Their manners, their laws, their religious institutions, their system of chronology, their cosmogonies, and their architecture, are all extant.

It is probable that the first communications between Asia and America took place by Behring's Straits, these now distinct portions of the globe being then united by an isthmus. The deep indentations of the Asiatic continent, the gulfs and inland seas of its eastern part, the groups of islands which have been separated violently from the continental mass, or elevated by the active force of volcanoes situated along the faults or crevasses with which the globe is furrowed, all presuppose a vast primitive area, of which the orographie configuration and the climatological constitution have undergone sensible modifications. The north-north-west part of Asia, without high mountains, battered on two sides by the Polar Sea and the great ocean, must have yielded to their double influence, unless, being fractured at the time of the general or partial elevation of the secondary chains of the eastern and western continents, it had been covered by the flowing down of the higher waters into a basin of lower level. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt there was originally a means of communication between Eastern Asia and the north of America, for it is from that side, and not by way of Iceland, Greenland, and the southern parts of the United States, as some have suggested, that one can hope to come upon traces of the first civilized settlements and the introduction of new ideas.

The anthropological study of the American population, all whose varieties may be traced to two fixed and primordial types—the indigenous type, which we will without scruple call the Mongolo-American, and the Irano-Aryan type—naturally raises the following question: Is the American race autochthonous, or must we regard it as a race of emigrants from the Asiatic stock? Without prejudging this question, which we merely state incidentally, leaving to others the trouble of solving the problem, we would, at the same time, remark, that if the American race is really autochthonous, as held by Morton, Pritchard, Robertson, and Blumenbach, its singular analogy with the Mongol race is inexplicable; whereas, if its presence on the new continent results from a displacement of the Asiatic hordes, its perfect resemblance to them, with which one has reason to be astonished, is naturally accounted for.

Of the two aforesaid types, the indigenous or Mongolo-American, however we please to name it, is that which predominates in the two Americas, and characterizes the greater part of their population. Nevertheless one can only recognize in it the colonizing or swarming element. The civilizing element is represented by the Irano-Aryan race, the type of which still endures, if not in its original purity, yet so distinctly marked that it cannot be mistaken. This type is that of the first nations who established themselves in New Spain, from whence they passed into Canada, Louisiana, the Floridas, and Yucatan, and penetrated into the southern hemisphere by the plains of Popayan and Guiana. The sculptures of the Tlascaltecs, the Chichimecs and the Toltecs, and the hieroglyphic paintings of the Aztec manuscripts, have faithfully transmitted to us this type, which we still find among some of the nomad tribes of North America; and in South America among the Aymaras, the Quichuas, and a great number of Antis and Chontaquiros, savage tribes which live upon the left bank of the Quillabamba-Santa-Ana, east of the Andes.

Although at first sight it may seem surprising to discover, in the heart of America,



GENERAL VIEW OF CUZCO, FROM ISCAYPAMPA (PLAIN OF THE THORN).

the types, the institutions, and the monuments of the ancient peoples of Asia, this will no longer appear extraordinary if we examine the various territories occupied by these peoples on the flanks of the great mountain chains commanding the surrounding countries, north, south, east, and west, and so allied to one another as to form a compact and homogeneous whole; those of Zend to the ancient free states of India—*the country of peoples without kings;* these again to Brahmavarta and to Aryavarta—*countries of Brahma and the Aryan nobles;* these latter, touching on Madhya-Desa, from the centre of which territory and beyond it there spread the primitive non-Aryan population;—all these were able to communicate, by the provinces of Persia, with Chaldea and Egypt, by the provinces of Thibet with Transgangetic India (Burmah, Siam, &c.), and with the northern countries of Asia. It would be impossible to conceive of a geographical position more naturally adapted to facilitate the outflow of a teeming population. These plateaux of Iran, of Zend, and of Arya may be compared, as anthropological reservoirs, to lakes in alpine regions, the water of which may remain for a long time immovable, until a sudden flood causes it to overflow its bed, when it drains away through a thousand channels.

There is historical testimony to confirm the establishment of the Hindoos, at a very remote period, in countries situated to the east of their territory. We discover them traversing with the north-east monsoon[1] the Gulf of Oman, and establishing themselves in the southern part of Arabia and the island of Socotora, for the purpose of trading in gold with the Egyptians. We find no mention, on the contrary, of establishments founded by them in the countries of Northern Asia. It is true that nothing on this side attracted their attention or excited their commercial instincts. Ever since the migration, at an unknown period, contemporary perhaps with the earliest ages of the world, which conducted the Misraites (Children of the Sun) from the heart of Asia into the valley of the Nile, Egypt had remained in possession of the traditions and ideas of the race; she was the centre of intellectual culture, and the commercial entrepôt of the known world; her preponderance over the neighbouring countries was solidly established, and the eyes of all nations were attracted to her by the light she radiated. It is not then by any of the needs of civilization, or commerce, or even of territorial aggrandizement, that one can reasonably account for the displacement of the Aryan populations towards the northern parts of Asia. Neither had any religious schism, or any systematic persecution, of which history makes mention,[2] moved them to abandon their primitive home. In the absence of all historic certainty which might throw some light upon the causes of that displacement, one may nevertheless reasonably imagine that the pressure exercised upon these populations by the first conquests of the Pharaohs of Thebes,[3] earlier by nine centuries than those of Rameses the Great—conquests limited at first to the shores of the Indus, but which finally extended beyond those of

[1] In the Malayan tongue, *mussim;* that of the north-east is called the mussim of Malabar, that of the south-west the mussim of Aden. Arabian navigators called it the *maussim*, and the Greeks *hippalos.*

[2] The establishment of Buddhism in India can hardly have taken place more than six centuries before our era. As to the persecutions which it suffered from the Brahmins—persecutions which determined the priests of Buddha and their followers to emigrate towards the north of Asia—historians assign for their date the early years of the Christian era.

[3] About 2200 years B.C.

the Ganges, and which were subsequently completed by the Greek invasion which brought the civilization of the Hellenes and that of the Hindoos face to face—we may reasonably suppose, I say, that these grave events which changed the face of the world, would exercise a powerful influence on the spirit of the Aryan populations, and determine with them those migrations which astonish us, and which we cannot otherwise explain.

In abandoning their birth-place in the Asiatic plateaux, these populations carried with them the idea of a primitive worship, their cosmogonies, their cycles of regeneration, their manners, their arts, their industry, and their language. But the new regions which they traversed; the halts, ages in duration, which they made in divers places; their immediate contact with other peoples, and the mixture of races which must have ensued; in fine, the influences of climates, and the places where they dwelt, upon their constitution,—all these demoralizing causes, if they did not efface among them the pure ideal of the past, must have sensibly altered its form. Borrowing from those among whom they sojourned some formulæ of language and of new ideas, they also left behind them something of their own. Hence the analogies and differences which we are constantly discovering in the language and the manners of the peoples descended from them.

If the worship of Mizraim (the Sun) and that of fire were known from the beginning to the American nations, the same may be said of the system of cosmogony, divided into four great epochs, which represented the human race destroyed by some cataclysm and peopling the earth anew. This system, originally established in Egypt, India, and China, had probably been transmitted by the Asiatic peoples to the Olmecs, the Xicalanqui, the Zacatecs, the Tarascos, the Quitlatecs, and the Otomis, the first civilized nations which established themselves in New Spain. From them the same idea was diffused more lately among the Nahuas, the Cicimecs or Chichimecs, the Acolhuas, the Tlascaltecs, the Toltecs, and the Aztecs, the last group of the Indo-Mexican nations. These four chronological divisions, of which Gomara de los Rios, Fernando de Alva, Gama, and Clavigero have spoken in turn, and which they designate as the *age of giants*, the *age of fire*, the *age of air*, and the *age of water*, embrace, according to these authors, a period of 18,028 years,[1] that is to say, 23,972 years[2] less than the prehistoric period of Egypt according to her priests, and 6020 more than the Persian ages of the *Zend-avesta* (*Boun-Dehesch*).

This astrological fiction, translated into a system of cosmogony and imported into North America by the Asiatic immigrants, spread also into South America, among the

[1] In Hesiod's *Theogony*, also, 18,028 years are assigned to the four ages of the world, which are related to four great revolutions of the elements.

[2] The Egyptian priests assigned to the prehistoric existence of their nation myriads of years, during which they were supposed to be governed by gods and demi-gods or heroes. The period of the gods was fixed by some at 42,000 years, of which 12,000 were assigned to the reign of Vulcan (Phtah) and 30,000 to the Sun. To this first epoch succeeded the rule of the demi-gods, from which the Greeks derived their twelve chief gods. According to Herodotus the hierophantes of Thebes and Memphis calculated that Egypt had then existed 11,314 years. It is clearly impossible to establish a system on data so contradictory and so evidently fabulous.

If, however, the early ages of Egypt present us with chronological problems which are almost insoluble, this is not the case with its historic period, which Manetho's "Dynasties" have been able to fix at 3893 years before the Christian era. This period comprises 113 generations, and 331 reigns from the time of Menes.

nations whose establishment there was long anterior to that of the Incas. Only, in place of being applied by them to four climacteric epochs of humanity, it served to designate four families of individuals. Thus the civilization of Tiahuanacu and of the Collahuina, Aymara, and Quichua populations, asserted to be contemporary with the deluge, had for its founder an unknown man who divided the world (Peru) into four parts, and charged four individuals with their government. The first of these personages was named *Manco*, the second *Colla*, the third *Tocay*, the fourth *Pinahuay*. A mythical legend of similar import existed among the Poque nation, who lived to the east of Cuzco, and among the nations of the north, the *Mayus*, the *Cancus*, and the *Rimactampus*. According to them, four men and four women, in the beginning of the world, came out of a cavern situated in the district of Paucartampu. The first of these men was *Manco-Capac*, the second *Ayar-Cachi*, the third *Ayar-Uchu*, the fourth *Ayar-Sauca*. From the agreement of the first name in the two legends, local traditions, and the historiographers of the Conquest, have transmitted to us the name of the first Inca; but as they have made no mention of the three others, we may fairly infer that all four names apply to four historical epochs, or serve to designate four dynasties, of which one only, that of the Incas, counted, according to Juan Astopilco and Torquemada, some threescore sovereigns anterior to the dynasty we know.[1]

Some of the learned have tried to refer the foundation of the empire of the Incas to the last displacement of the Toltecs, who had abandoned Mexico to pass into South America. Unhappily for the system of these savants, historians have traced the itinerary of the Toltecs since the year 544 of our era—some say 596—according to which, coming from Tlapallan into the country of Anahuac, they inhabited successively, during a period of 124 years according to the one, or 145 years according to the other, the countries of Tollantzinco and Tulan. A dreadful pestilence, in which we recognize the small-pox, which has caused, and still causes, great destruction among the populations on both sides of the Andes, finally drove the Toltecs from the country of Anahuac. It is from this period (1051) that their migrations tend towards the south, but after this epoch, also, they disappear mysteriously from history. Whether it was that they perished, obscurely, of sickness, poverty, and hunger[2] in the regions of Yucatan and Guatemala, where they had sought an asylum; or whether, surprised in their march by the Aztecs, who, coming from Aztlan, opened themselves a road southward by way of Tlalixco, Tulan, Tzampanco, and Chapoltepec, they were completely lost in the superiority of the more powerful nation. But at the period of these displacements (1051) the empire of the Incas was already constituted.

A fact not less conclusive than the preceding, is the use of the hieroglyphic alphabet, which was common not only to the Toltecs and Aztecs, but to all the peoples who preceded them in New Spain, while it was always unknown to the Incas. Certainly the Toltecs, in migrating south, had not failed to introduce their

[1] It is this dynasty which, according to Garcilaso, Pedro de Cieça, Blas Valera, Zarate, and others, comprises thirteen sovereigns from Manco to Huascar inclusive, whose reigns, from A.D. 1042 to 1532, embrace a period of 490 years.

[2] The material difficulties of existence could not have been less in the case of these wandering peoples than they are now for most of the savage races of America, that is, the object of a constant pre-occupation, and the end of a thousand expedients.

method of picture-writing (*escritura pintada*, as Gomara says), which their forefathers derived from the oriental peoples.

The use of hieroglyphics among the Mexican nations appears to have been posterior to their establishment in New Spain. Before the introduction of symbolic characters these nations used the *quipus*, or skein of variously coloured wools, which we find again among the Canadian tribes, and the use of which in China ascends to very remote times. After the introduction among them of symbolic characters, the Mexican nations continued to use the quipus as a means of traditional numeration. More recently, after the extinction of these peoples, we find again in the southern continent, among the Puruays of Lican and the Incas of Cuzco, the same quipus, but not the hieroglyphic characters. Is it not then reasonable to believe that the Mexican nations having parted company at a very early period, either in consequence of the rivalry of caste or from religious differences, or, what is more probable, from the insufficiency of resources in a territory that was too thickly populated;[1] and one of the divided parts, continuing to dwell in New Spain, remained, if not in contact, at least in communication, with Asiatic civilization, and was able to feel foreign influences; whilst the other, passing into South America, and wandering farther and farther from their ancestral homes, retained nothing of the past but fundamental ideas and rudimentary forms, or if at a later period some impression of new ideas which had regenerated the ancient world recurred to them, it was only as a vague and confused perception, like the echo of a noise but faintly heard in the distance.

The more one studies the type, the manners, and monuments of the Mexican races, the more we are struck by their intimate connection with those of the Indo-Egyptian nations. The portrait which tradition has left us of the chiefs who led them in their migrations, or of the legislators who gave them laws, recalls at once the *rot-enne-rôme* type of the Egyptian race and the *namou* type of the Irano-Aryan race, according to the division into four parts of the world represented in the ancient Egyptian system. The Spanish historiographers of the Conquest, following their genius for amplification, have seen in these personages with yellow or brown skin and a long beard, bearded men with *a white skin*. The first legislator of the Aztecs, Quezalcoalt, whom some have made grand-priest of Cholula, and others the god of the air, was one of these *bearded whites*. In South America, Bochica, the founder of the civilization of Cundinamarca, was likewise a white man with a long beard. The ancient Mexican sculptures of Tenochtitlan and Culhuacan, as well as those of Tiahuanacu in Higher Peru, represent bearded personages clothed in flowing garments whose appearance agrees with that of the oriental peoples. The carboniferous sandstone or the porphyroid trachyte in which they are sculptured does not permit us to decide whether their skin is a brownish-red like that of the Egyptians, a yellow-brown like that of the Asiatics, or a white like that of the *Tamou*, the European or Indo-Germanic race of which the Spanish historiographers have made choice probably from regard for

[1] The break-up of the great *Miraña* nation, which occurred little more than half a century ago, had no other cause than the failure of the game and fish in the territory, some ninety miles square, which they had occupied during the previous century in the basin of the Amazon, between the Japura and the Rio Negro.

themselves, but whom the ancient Egyptian system places below the *Nahari*, or negroes, whom it treats as the last, and least appreciable, of the series.

After the historiographers come the commentators, who have seen in these white and bearded men ancient Erse or Irish who came by sea to North America. Their long and flowing robes, represented in Mexican sculpture, have been transformed into the albs and surplices of priests or missionaries,[1] come to instruct the peoples of Virginia and Carolina in the faith. There can be no doubt that white men had visited at an early period the southern part of America, comprised between Virginia and Florida, since in the twelfth century we see the Normans already established in their settlements between Boston and New York. The Danish archæologist Carl Rafn, in his *Antiquitates Americanæ* (1837), speaks of explorations attempted in North America since the tenth century of our era by the colonists of Iceland and Greenland. But whatever be the value of these various statements, and the date (1005) assigned to the discovery of North America by Leif Ericson, a discovery which some have endeavoured to make coincident with the appearance of the first Inca (1040–1042), there is nothing in the worship, the manners, the institutions, and the monuments of the Mexico-Peruvian nations which would suggest the idea of a civilizing influence exercised by the nations of the north of Europe, who were still plunged in the darkness of barbarism at a period when American civilization, which already counted many centuries of existence, still diffused its light.

It would be irrational, then, to seek elsewhere than in Asiatic regions for the source of the great civilizing currents by which America was first fertilized; but at the same time it would be quite as unwise to assume that these currents have flowed over the new continent at one epoch only, and in equal volume. Everything conspires to prove, on the contrary, that American civilization has been arrested at various times by long periods of torpor and numbness, when, thrown back upon itself, it has remained stationary, until a new impulse was given to it by the mother country, whose most active representatives were then the Phœnician, Etruscan, and Arabian navigators. Had it been otherwise we should have found among all the descendants of the first Asiatic colonists the exact formulæ of one and the same faith, the same manners, and the same architecture. But the fact is, that if, among the nations of New Spain and those of the southern continent, we find the idea of worship fundamentally the same—appearing among some of them under an abstract figure, among others in the concrete form—if also the general traits in the category of morals are common to the two groups of nations, proving their community of origin and their common point of departure—there exists at the same time such decided differences as to separate the one from the other hierarchically, and to establish the supremacy of the former over the latter. That supremacy has no other cause than the division which took place at a very early period, and which, as we have before observed, left the predominant race in communication with the ideas which continued to flow in from the south of

[1] These Irish colonists, on their return from Virginia and Carolina, established themselves in the south-east part of Iceland, at Papyli, and in the little island Papar, where, after they had left, the Normans found bells, croziers, books, and other things used in worship. Hence they were supposed to have been called *Papar*, *papæ* (fathers), *clergy*, in the work of Dicuil, a monk who wrote in the ninth century, *De Mensura Orbis Terræ*.

Asia; whilst the subject races, by their farther and farther removal from the point of influx, ceased to feel the influence, or felt it but feebly.

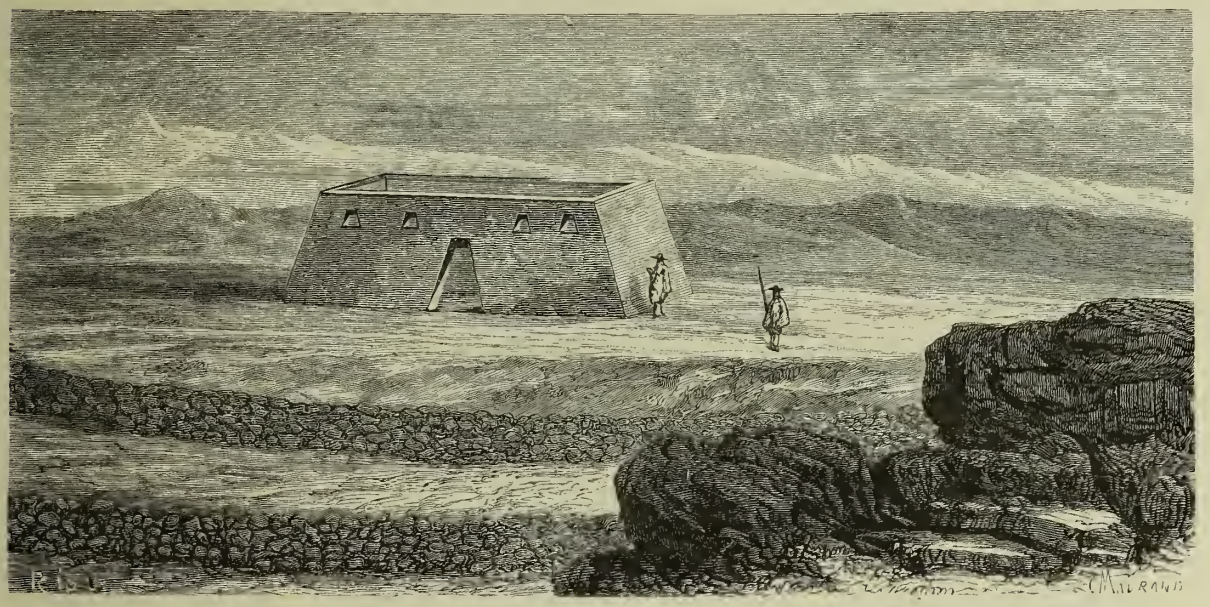
We see, in fact, after the separation of the two groups of peoples on the plateaux of higher Mexico, the first constituting themselves the guardians and depositaries of the past tradition, the religious myths, and the cosmogonical ideas of India and Egypt. Their physique, their colour, their hair soft and tressed, their garments white or variegated with brilliant colours—all about them recalls the *namou* and *rot-enne-rôme* races, and the double branch (Semitic and Japhetic) from which they sprang. The pontiff chiefs who governed these peoples and ruled their worship, the king-legislators who gave them their laws, are men with long beards and flowing garments, who seem to continue in America the theocratic and warrior castes of the Orient. Ages have passed away since the departure of these peoples from the regions which gave them birth. Established on a new continent, they continue to receive from that old Asia —their *alma mater*—the germs of a progressive civilization. Hieroglyphic writing is naturalized amongst them. The use of the papyrus (*maguey*) is introduced. Their architecture, which had been confined to copying from memory the massive primitive structures of India and Upper Egypt, develops a new phase. While continuing, in their temples, palaces, and monuments, the hieratic and unchangeable forms of the ancient edifices, that architecture, inspired anew by art, covers their walls with an elegant and complicated ornamentation, in which we recognize the delicate fancies of the Greek style of the Macedonian epoch. The monuments of Teotihuacan in the state of Mexico, those of Culhuacan, of Guatusco, and of Papantla in the state of Chiapa, the temple of Chichen-Itza in Yucatan, have descended to us as magnificent specimens of American art at different epochs.

Under the dynasty of the Aztec emperors American civilization attained its apogee. Ceremonies of worship, spectacular splendours, sumptuary laws, all seem to have renewed that insensate luxury of the Persian satrapies to which Hernando Cortez went to put an end, as Alexander the Great, nineteen centuries before him, had done in regard to the provinces of Media, Babylonia, and Persia.

If from the first group of peoples we pass to the second, we shall see them after their separation from the primitive swarm, and their introduction to the southern continent, traversing the wooded regions of Venezuela and Guiana, leaving upon the rocks of Orinoco and of Cassiquiare, on the shores of the Rio Cauca, one might say, a sculptured attestation of their passage. Among these travelling hordes there were some who halted for several centuries on the plateaux of Bogota; others found their rest under the equator, and founded in the country of Lican the dynasty of the Conchocandos; others again continued their course as far as to the Lake of Chucuytu, and covered the neighbourhood of Tiahuanacu with temples and monuments. Let us remark, incidentally, that in the measure that these peoples wandered away from the seat of intellectual culture in New Spain, the pure ideal of the past wore out, and became more and more obscured among them. Left to their own resources, having no communication with the rest of the world, deprived by their distance of all civilizing influences, they gradually fell into a state of relative decadence, so that while in the

northern hemisphere the architectural art took from age to age a new flight, it dwindled in the southern hemisphere until it returned to the feebleness of infancy.

To speak here only of the teocalli, that symbolic edifice which is allied at once to the pyramids of Ghizeh, the temple of Bel, and the pagoda of Chalembron, having the threefold utility of a tomb, an observatory, and an altar given to it by the first nations of Upper Mexico. This teocalli is already, in Canada and Florida, only a tumulus, more or less elevated, which covers the remains of the chief warriors of the tribe. Among the nations south of the equator it is transformed into a mound of earth,



PUCARA OR FORTRESS OF THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

rounded at the summit, an involuntary return towards the past, to which, however, we can assign no rational purpose. Such is the artificial hill of Tiahuanacu.

After a lapse of time, of which we cannot give an exact idea, the teocalli reappears under the dynasty of the Incas. During the greater part of this period it is an isolated mamelon, of a conical or rounded figure, but the work of nature, and no longer of man, except in so far as he perfects it by forming two or three retreating stages, or steps, with broken stones piled one upon the other. The teocalli, thus disposed, supports a *pucara* (fortress); sometimes its layers of stone, plastered with mud instead of cement, are transformed into sustaining walls, intended to prevent the slipping down of the sands, in which case it bears the name of a *chimpu* or *andaneria.*

What we have said of the teocallis of the southern continent is applicable to the architecture of its monuments, in which we may observe the same phases of decadence. Thus the edifices of Tiahuanacu in Upper Peru (which belong to an epoch contemporary, as we think, with the civilization of the Muyscas of Cundinamarca, but anterior to that of the Puruays of Lican), so far as one can judge from the ruins of their walls, were massive structures with no pretensions to elegance, and no ornamentation save a few moulded figures (*sculptures en creux*), representing the Misraites kneeling before

their god, and a series of grotesque heads of coarser execution placed below them. As in the earliest efforts of Etruscan art, these works are of very primitive character, and border on caricature. Of two stone giants, formerly seated at the foot of the hill, and of which Pedro de Cieça and Garcilaso have made mention, there remains nothing but the two heads almost defaced. As to the population of statues which surrounded them, and which perpetuated, according to the testimony of the same authors, the punishment inflicted by Pachacamac, the lord of the universe, on the natives of the locality, the earth has swallowed it up, and only a few images without arms or legs are disinterred at long intervals.[1]

The blocks employed in the construction of the edifices of Tiahuanacu generally exceed in size those of the Peruvian edifices attributed to the Incas, and in the style of their sculpture, as well as their great mass, constitute a distinct architectural epoch.



ANDANERIAS OR SUSTAINING WALLS.

It is often asked, after reading the almost always hyperbolical descriptions of the historiographers of the Conquest, and the amplified narrations of modern travellers, how the nations of that part of the continent had been able, without tools or power-engines of any kind, to accomplish such labours. Let us say at once, that the edifices of South America, when one examines them at leisure and in detail, instead of seeing them casually and in their *ensemble*, as most travellers have done, have absolutely nothing to *astonish the mind* and *confound reason*, as some have taken the pains to write. What monument of these countries can ever be cited as a parallel to those of India, Persia, and Egypt? where shall we find, if we search from the isthmus of Panama to the twentieth degree of south latitude, an ancient edifice which can be compared with the temples of Elora, of Kaïlaça, of Persepolis, of Karnac, or of Ipsamboul; and this not merely from an artistic or decorative point of view, but simply

[1] "In the neighbourhood of the edifices of Tiahuanacu," says Garcilaso, "are found immense numbers of statues of men and women holding vessels in their hands and drinking from the same. Some are seated, others standing; the latter have a leg raised, and their garments tucked up as if crossing a stream; the former are carrying their children in their swaddling-clothes, straitened out or lying down, and, in fact, in every variety of posture. The natives told the Inca (Mayta Capac) that these *natives* had been changed into statues as a punishment for their past crimes, and above all for having stoned a stranger who visited the country."

as a work of labour and masonry? Let any one look up, in the pages of Herodotus, Diodorus, and Strabo, the number of men[1] and the years occupied in building the great monumental edifices of Egypt, or the structures of Van and Babylon, and they will no longer be astonished that the nations of South America, much more numerous some ages ago than they are now, were able, favoured also by the immediate neighbourhood of the Andean chain and its ramifications, to accomplish the works attributed to them, the most considerable of which was the fortress of Sacsahuaman, commenced



FRAGMENTS OF AYMARA SCULPTURE.

about the middle of the fifteenth century by the twelfth Inca, Tupac Yupanqui, and finished by his son Huayna-Capac.

The manner in which these indigenes extracted the blocks from the quarry has also puzzled the ethnographers and savants who have deprived them of the necessary tools. Notwithstanding the fact that no implement belonging to that age has been discovered—perhaps because the indigenes on the arrival of the conquerors secreted those which they possessed, fearing they should be compelled to use them for the benefit of their new masters, as they also disposed of a greater part of their wealth to prevent its falling into the hands of the Spaniards—it is certain they were acquainted with iron, which they called *equellay;* lead, which in its native state they called *titi,* and

[1] According to Herodotus, a hundred thousand men, who were relieved every three months, were employed in quarrying and conveying the stone for the Great Pyramid (*Euterpe,* cxxiv.)—Tr.

caca after it was melted; copper, which they called *anti;* and an alloy of two or more metals, to which they gave the name of *champpi.*[1]

As to their method of quarrying stone, it was that of the ancient Egyptians, as described by Herodotus. Like them the American workmen first traced upon the stone the shape of the block they required, then cut the outlines with a chisel,[2] and drove into these grooves wedges of dry wood, which they afterwards wetted, and which, by their swelling, split the stone. In the neighbourhood of Cuzco, in the districts of Quiquijana and Ollantay-Tampu, we still find in the quarries these wedges made of the



FIGURE OF A NAÏAD.



SPHINX CORREQUENQUE.

SCULPTURES OF THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS, FOUND BY THE AUTHOR IN THE BACK-YARD OF A HOUSE IN THE CALLE DEL TRIÚNFO.

wood of the huarango (*Mimosa lutea*) fixed in the joints of the stones, and become by lapse of time as soft and spongy as German tinder. As to the transport of these blocks, they were carried, according to their size, on the backs of the men, or with the help of their arms. Garcilaso, whose relationship with the Incas entitles him to be regarded sometimes as the best informed of the historiographers of the Conquest, as he is also the coolest liar[3] among them all, whom we have read and re-read, and annotated in

[1] Tin and glass were also known to these indigenes, they call the first *yuractiti* (white lead), and the second *cqucspy.* There is the less reason for doubt in this respect, because the Peruvians never gave the Quichua names to things brought among them by their Spanish conquerors, but contented themselves with the names which the latter gave them. Hence the large number of Castilian vocables which have corrupted the original purity of the Quichua idiom.

[2] The two sculptures found by me in the back-court of a house in the street of Triumph—one that of a sphinx *Correqucnque* (vulture-gryphon), the other that of a naïad crowned with rushes, which served as a fountain, as proved by the leaden pipes placed in her mouth and her breasts and the greenish tint which the water has given to the stone—however coarse they may seem, must have been fashioned with a chisel and a mallet in some way, because we cannot reasonably admit that they were cut with *blows of a flint,* a process, says Garcilaso, employed by the workmen in the time of the Incas, who cut and polished with blows of hard flints called *hihuanas* the stones destined for their edifices, and, he adds, *gnawed and crumbled rather than cut them.*

[3] The gasconnades, at once simple and audacious, scattered at random through the works of Garcilaso and his competitor, Pedro de Cieça, would fill a considerable volume. We cite the following hap-hazard by way of specimens:—

Speaking of the *matteellu* (*Hydrocotyle multiflora*), which from the time of Garcilaso the Indians have eaten as a

the very localities which inspired him, and whom for that reason we cite with extreme reserve, makes mention, in his *Comentarios Reales,* of blocks weighing 20,000 metrical quintals (1000 tons), which the Indians were compelled to leave on the road. These masses, which he designates by the name of *piedras cansadas* (fatigue-stones), may be actually seen in certain localities of the Sierra. Let us hasten to add for the edification of the public, abused by ingenuous and credulous travellers who, on the faith of Garcilaso, have measured with their astonished eyes these fatigue-stones, that they are nearly all what geologists call drift-blocks; but are occasionally composed of the granite rock itself cropping out in the form of polyhedral masses, some of them cubic or rectangular, and inclined to the north-west.

After the historiographers and commentators come the archæologists, who have taken the trouble to class the American monuments by epochs according to the nature of the material employed in their construction. According to these gentlemen the stone edifices are the most ancient; those of brick come next in point of time, and constructions of earth and stone are the most modern. This scheme, however, is inadmissible, because we find on both continents and among the same nations the three kinds of material used simultaneously in constructions of the same epoch. Thus the edifices of Teotihuacan in the state of Mexico, attributed to the Olmecs, one of the most ancient nations established in New Spain, present in two teocallis, dedicated to *Tonatiuh* and *Meztli,* the sun and moon, the use of clay, of small stones, and of blocks of porphyritic sandstone serving to plate the exterior. The pyramid of Cholula in the state of Puebla, constructed by the Toltecs, is composed of layers of clay, earthen bricks dried in the sun (*xamilli*), and of blocks of stone. By the side of these structures we find other monuments both of a more remote and a more recent date built exclusively of stone. Such are those of Mitla, attributed to the Tzapotecs, and those of Culhuacan or Palenque. The exclusive use of stone, or of sun-dried bricks alternately with it, characterizes equally the constructions of Canada, Florida, and Yucatan.

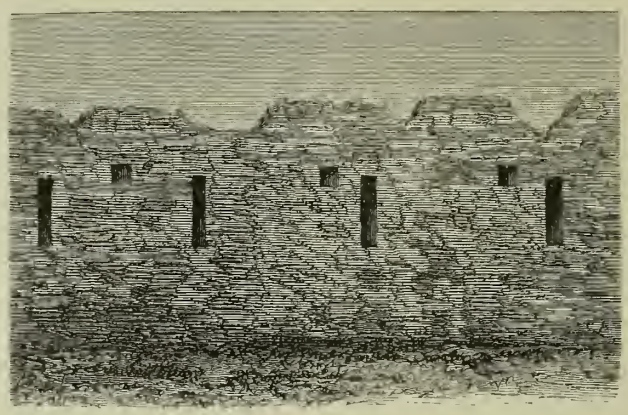
The same observation applies to South America, for example to the remains found in Cundinamarca, the seat of the civilization of the Muyscas, whose antiquity appears to be greater than that of the Aztecs, if we admit the period of 2000 years which these

salad, and of which they made poultices for sore eyes, which they no longer do in our day, our historiographer recites the marvellous cure which he operated with the above-named herb. A translation of his words would only weaken them:—" *Yo se la puse a un muchacho que tenia un ojo para saltarlè del caseo: estava inflamado como un pimiento, sin divisarse lo blanco ni prieto del ojo, sino hecho una carne y lo tenia ya medio caido sobre el carillo, y la primera noche que le puse la yerva, se restituyo el ojo à su lugar, y la segunda quedo del todo sano y bueno. Despues acà he visto el moço en España, y me ha dicho que vè mas de aquel ojo que tuvo enfermo que del otro.*" The reflection which terminates this recital is a true touch of comedy.

Again: "The first pomegranates that appeared in America in the seventeenth century were carried in triumph in the procession of the Host. They were as big as half a hogshead; but the times are changed. In our day, and notwithstanding the indisputable though slow progress of cultivation and the application of huano, which was not used in the seventeenth century among the first Spanish colonists, the finest pomegranates grown in the western valleys of the Pacific do not exceed in dimensions the size of a large orange."

As to Pedro de Cieça, he tells us he has *seen* (*seen* with his own eyes, or what he calls *seen*) among the peoples of the Sierra, but what people he forgets to name, on the stalls of the pork-butchers, cutlets, beefsteaks, and fillets of human flesh, regularly cut up and set out for sale, as well as pâtés, puddings, and force-meat balls (*moreillas y longanisas*), made of the flesh, the blood, and the bowels of men.

peoples place between the advent of Bochica their legislator and the first dynasty of the Huancas, his successors. The materials employed in these constructions were successive layers of stone and clay mixed with chopped straw or small stones. Under the equator among the Puruays of Lican, whose subjugation was completed by the Incas about the end of the fifteenth century, the remains of their edifices are also found to be constructed of stone alternating with sun-dried bricks (*tica, tapia,* and *adobe*). Tiahuanacu, whose civilization appears to date from the same epoch as the establishment of the Muyscas in the neighbourhood of Bogota, presents, together with the remains of edifices constructed of porphyritic and carboniferous sandstone, some



RUINS OF A FORTRESS OF SUN-DRIED BRICKS (TAPIAS) IN THE DISTRICT OF OLLANTAY-TAMPU.

débris of earthen walls. Such are the ruins of two edifices situated about three miles east-south-east from the actual village in the middle of a desert plain.

After these monuments of divers countries and ages, come the constructions built by the Incas, and those the last of the series, since they do not mount higher than to the middle of the eleventh century. All these constructions are of stone; sun-dried bricks are employed only in four or five fortresses at different points in the Sierra, edifices of no architectural importance which the Incas erected on the boundary of the newly conquered territories, and the best preserved specimen of which exists upon the left bank of the Quillabamba, in the district of Ollantay-Tampu.

If, as these facts justify us in concluding, the nature of the materials and their supposed exclusive use in the monuments of the two Americas fail to furnish arguments of any value whatever in respect to the antiquity of these nations, they throw a clear light, on the other hand, upon their common origin, and at the same time bear testimony as to the countries from which they borrowed their architectural ideas, their various methods of construction, and even the use of the materials which they employed. We have seen that they derived from the ancient Egyptians their method of extracting blocks from the quarry, of working them on the spot, and of transporting them by manual labour. Their method of fixing the stones, without lime or cement, by continual rubbing and the addition of a little water to make them adhere more perfectly, is evidently borrowed from the orientals,[1] as likewise is their idea of monolithic construc-

[1] See Strabo—Chardin—Niebuhr.

tions. The use of dried bricks alternately with stones of all sizes is common to them and the Persians, the Medes, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, and the Babylonians. The simultaneous use of these materials is observable in the ruins of Persepolis, Ecbatana, Nineveh, Borsippa, and Babylon. Even China is not excluded from the list of oriental nations which have furnished these ancient Americans with the idea of some one of their constructions. The revetment of certain teocallis, the disposition of the pucaras or fortresses, the chimpus and andanerias serving at once as sustaining walls and lines of demarkation or defence, often more than a thousand yards long, resemble the walls built by the peoples of the Mongol race which are every day being discovered in the eastern part of Asia.

After this rapid coup-d'œil of the presumable origin and the intellectual development of the American nations, we pass on to consider that last fraction of them, the dynasty of the Incas, which carried into Peru the worship and the traditions, then almost effaced, of the old Orient.

Local tradition, when the clouds which obscure it are dispersed, represent Manco-Capac and his sister Mama Ocllo as having come from the hot valleys situated beyond the Cordillera, to the east of the Lake of Titicaca. These valleys, lying between Apolobamba and the sources of the Rio Beni, now belong to Bolivia, and are commonly designated by the name of the Yungas of La Paz.

Carrying a rod of gold, the emblem of power,[1] the new Horus, pastor of the peoples to come, crossed the punas of Collao, followed by his companion, and after a march of 240 miles in a north-westerly direction, arrived on the heights of Huanacoté (now Huanacauri), where he discovered a vast circular quebrada surrounded by mountains, which he fixed upon for his residence. The city that he subsequently built in the centre of this quebrada bore the name of *Ccozçco* (now Cuzco), which signifies the point of attachment, or navel.

In a short time the people of the environs rallied to his voice, and drawn by his eloquence and the charming life he pictured, which recalled perhaps the primitive state from which they had declined, accepted his laws, and exchanged the precarious life of the chase for that of agriculture. While Manco instructed the men to cultivate the ground and dig canals for irrigation, Mama Ocllo taught the women to spin the wool of the vicunas and alpacas, and weave the stuffs necessary for the clothing of the family, and initiated them into their duties as wives and mothers. The city was planned in the form of a parallelogram of no great extent; its greatest length was from north-east to south-west, and it had no wall. A stream descending from the Cordillera bounded the south side of the city, and at a later period divided it in two, when under the successive reigns of thirteen emperors the boundaries of the primitive acropolis had extended northward to Huancaro and southward to Sapi.

The inequality of the ground caused the city to be divided into two parts (faubourgs), the upper town called *Hurin,* now San Cristoval, the lower *Hanan,* now the quarter of the cathedral. After the erection of the Inca's palace in the upper

[1] Some modern writers have spoken, but erroneously, of *a wedge of gold.* The Spanish texts agreeing as regards —*una vara de dos pies de largo y un dedo de grueso*—can have no equivocal meaning.

town and of the houses for the people, the first edifices built in the lower town were the temple of the Sun and the Acellhuaci, or palace of the Virgins consecrated to its worship. These two edifices, commenced by Manco, were not finished till fifty years after the foundation of the city, by his eldest son, Sinchiroca. For half a century the temple of the Sun was nothing but an inclosed space (*chimpu*). Its walls were constructed of unwrought stones, and in the centre of the area was a square pillar roughly chipped into shape, like the hirmensul or Druidical stone of the Sun; at once the letter and the symbol, the altar and the image, of the divinity.

After some years devoted to the organization of the rising city, Manco began a crusade among the surrounding populations east, west, north, and south. His enterprise, undertaken in the name of the Sun, whose eldest son and envoy he styled himself, had both a religious and a political object, that of spreading among the infidels the worship of Helios-Churi, and of augmenting at the same time the number of his subjects and his possessions. This apostolic mission, which continued many years, resulted in the subjugation of some score of peoples spread over an area extending to thirty miles round the capital, and to the annexation of their territory to the empire. Under Manco the limits of the empire were at Quiquijana on the south, Ollantay-Tampu on the north, Paucartampu on the east, and Limatampu on the west.

After a reign of some fifty years Manco died, leaving his power in the hands of his eldest son, Sinchiroca. Already the empire was organized, the religion of the Sun was founded, its powers established, its exterior worship assured, and the policy of the rulers distinctly marked out. Manco had foreseen everything; his successors had only to continue his work.

On mounting the throne Sinchiroca took for his wife, according to the custom of the primitive races, his eldest sister Mama Cora.[1] He finished the temple of the Sun and the palace of the Virgins, and, following the example of his father, undertook a series of pacific conquests, which aggrandized by twenty-one square miles the empire of the Incas. The exterior sign of power adopted by Manco was a roll or fillet of variously coloured wool, which was twisted five times round the head, its two ends falling upon the shoulder. Sinchiroca substituted for this ornament a fillet of nine variously coloured threads, like the former, but girdling the forehead like a crown. Like his father he had his ears lengthened some nine or ten inches, and a wooden ring about ten inches in circumference suspended to the lobe. This fashion, which all the Incas adhered to,[2] proves clearly that the founder of their dynasty had long resided in eastern regions, among the long-eared nations from whom are probably sprung the *Botocudos* of Brazil, as well as the *Orejones*, the *Ccotos*, and the *Anguteros* of Peru.

[1] These unions in the families of the Incas had for their object the preservation of the purity of race. To increase their prestige in the eyes of their subjects, and give to their origin a divine source, they pretended that in the marriage of brother and sister, they followed the example of their father Churi (the Sun), who married his sister Quilla (the Moon).

[2] The sculptors of Huamanga and the painters of Cuzco of the eighteenth century, as well as the artists who succeeded them, have not taken care, from their regard for the form and worship of *bonito* (the beautiful), to give to the statuettes and portraits of the Incas these extravagant ears, the attribute of their race. While pointing out this designed omission on their part, we have ourselves hastened to repair it, from respect for local colour, and without disquieting ourselves about the artistic effect.

After a peaceful reign of forty years, Sinchiroca died, or as his faithful followers say, went to rest from the fatigues of existence in the domains of his well-beloved father, the Sun.

Loqui Yupanqui, the eldest son of Sinchiroca, succeeded to his power, and continued to extend the bounds of the empire. But it was no longer by that persuasive eloquence which Manco had recommended to his successors when confronting savage tribes that the new Inca recruited his subjects. The force of arms was tried, and during his reign the provinces of Collao were annexed to the empire, and fortresses of rammed clay built on the borders of the conquered territory. It is to Loqui Yupanqui that historians have attributed the erection of astronomical *observatories* in the higher and lower towns of Cuzco. These observatories were seen by the Spaniards, and were in existence about thirty years after the Conquest. If the idea of their erection is to be referred to a remote epoch, it is necessary to observe that they were no more like the Mexican teocallis than the pyramidal edifices of Chaldea and Egypt. They were simply quadrangular pillars of unequal height, arranged in two groups of eight pillars, four of which were large and four small. They were united together by chains of gold. One of these monolithic groups was situated in the east of the city, the other in the west. The position of the sun in relation to the pillars indicated to *astronomers* the epoch of the solstices and equinoxes. Some of the palaces had dwarf pillars of this kind placed in the middle of their courts to serve as gnomons. The March equinox was celebrated by grand processions round the bean and corn fields. That of September gave occasion to great rejoicings. The revolution of the earth round the sun, and of the moon round the earth, were known to these peoples. The first they called *Huata,* meaning the year, and the duration of a month (each month having its own particular name) they called *Quilla,* from the moon.

Eclipses terrified them. On seeing the face of the moon grow dark, they imagined she was sick, and would fall down and annihilate them. To avert this catastrophe, they made a frightful uproar, beating drums, clashing cymbals, blowing trumpets, and thrashing their dogs to make them howl. As the moon has a particular affection for dogs, and dogs, on their part, love the moon—in whose face they look with tenderness, and break out into a romantic howling on quiet moonlit nights—the moon, seeing her friends abused, and hearing their cries, experienced a lively emotion, which was supposed to hasten her cure. The days on which eclipses of the moon happened were regarded as "bad days," and called *punchau.* The morning which preceded them was called *pacari,* and the night which followed *tuta.*

The lunar spots, which they were also acquainted with, as they were with the revolution of Venus, the Milky Way, and the Southern Cross,[1] were attributed to an enchantment as old as the age of gold, when beasts had the gift of language. A fox, the legend went, seeing the moon so white, so round, so fascinating, and taking it for a cheese, sprang towards it with the idea of snapping it up, but the star of night, disagreeably impressed by the odour of the beast, *seized him in her*

[1] Venus, on account of her radiancy, was called *Coyllur Chascca,* the star with the bristling hair (the French *chevelure* means streaming light as well as hair). The Milky Way they called *Catachillay,* and the Southern Cross *Crinita.*

arms, and was about to throw him into space, when a magic charm united the one to the other for ever. For other particulars of this astronomical system see Garcilaso, Pedro de Cieça, and Acosta.

It was during the reign of Loqui Yupanqui that poesy, literature, music, philosophy, and the sciences represented by medicine as well as astronomy, as we shall immediately see, made their first timid essays. Poesy limited itself to the composition of little poems of ten or a dozen strophes in eight-syllable lines of blank-verse, the compositions of the *yaravicus* (poets). These works, called *yaravis*,[1] from the name of their composers, were at first songs of victory, odes, and dithyrambs in celebration of the triumphs of the Inca, his personal qualities, and his power. In course of time they assumed other forms, and told of love, of nature, and of flowers.[2] The usual figures in this kind of poesy are borrowed from the most beautiful objects of creation. The star, the flower, the turtle-dove, and the butterfly play the first part in them, one might say the only part. If the style of these compositions is almost always florid, the form is poor, the idea puerile, the sentiment cold and artificial. Like its elder sister, the poetry of the Zend races, that of the yaravicus of Peru is characterized by a drowsy monotony, reminding one, though distantly, of the eternal loves of the Persian rose and bulbul. The only difference to note between the Indo-Persian poets and their compeers of the American continent is the graceful freshness which characterizes the works of the former and the profound melancholy which marks those of the latter. In the poesy of the western Aryans, notwithstanding the constant return of the same images and their fatiguing monotony, one may fancy he hears, in the pure atmosphere of the morning, the lark singing to the light. In the poesy of the yaravicus we seem to hear the plaintive note of the goat-sucker (*Caprimulgus americanus*) on the approach of twilight. The rapture of love is never expressed in the works of the yaravicus. If passion enters into them, it is like a subdued flame or ardour without hope.

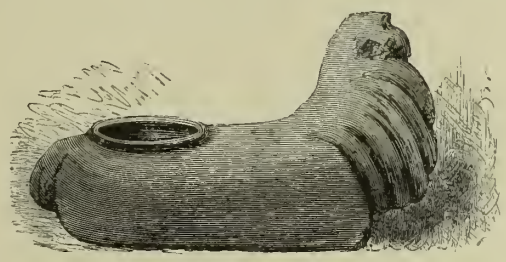
These little poems were recited by the yaravicus themselves, who were at once composers and rhapsodists. As in the old Greek and Latin times, flute or flageolet players gave the note to the declaimers, and sustained the modulation. These instruments were made of reeds, and were of various sizes. Some, with three holes, were called the *pincullus*, others, with five or six holes, the *qqueynas*. The peoples of Collao used a Pandean pipe or mouth-organ. The pincullu was played in the ordinary manner, but the player of the qqueyna placed the mouth of his instrument in an empty jar, kneeling before which he played into it to augment the sound. This kind of melody is still heard in the Sierra, and sometimes several performers indulge in it at the same time. We may imagine the discord of all these instruments playing hap-hazard, but the racket cannot very well be described.

[1] Literally, *sad songs; yaravicu*, the author or composer of sad songs. The yaravis of the present day are simple romances, the music of which is always written in the minor key, and in a very slow movement. They are sung to the accompaniment of the guitar. We will give a specimen further on.

[2] The most modern of these yaravis, and at the same time the most celebrated, is entitled the *Pica-flor de Huascar-Inca* (Inca Huascar's Humming-bird). *It is said* to have been composed some years before the Spanish conquest.

The peoples of Collao, historiographers inform us, were the cleverest flutists in the world. By means of the flute and mouth-organ they conversed with each other from a distance, giving to certain notes a distinct value, and asking or replying to questions about their health, their flocks, the weather, the probability of a good or bad harvest, &c. Time and experience enabled them to formulate more complex ideas: love-passages, business matters, and even small talk, arrangements to meet or to travel, were all translatable into a tune on the flute or pipe. This musical language was so generally understood, that a lover playing on his flute at the door of his mistress would indiscreetly reveal to passers-by all that we in Europe take so much trouble to conceal.

In times of war the soft notes of the pincullu, the qqueyna, and the Pandean pipe were strengthened by the clash of golden cymbals and the patter of little



PHYSIC-BOTTLE MADE OF PORPHYROID TRACHYTE.

drums, on which they struck with one hand only, as on a box. At a later period, when the Incas had extended their conquests as far as the shores of the Pacific Ocean, horns of Ammon (*pututus*) added their cavernous moanings to the strength of the before-mentioned orchestra.

If poesy was the resource of the yaravicus, literature had for its representatives the *amautas*, who were at once astronomers, dramatists, and philosophers. Their works consisted of tragedies, comedies, and something resembling morality plays. Farce, so much used and abused in more enlightened countries during the last four centuries, was interdicted. The ordinary subject of the tragedies was borrowed from the wars and the triumphs of the Inca. Comedy dealt with agricultural operations and domestic affairs; and the morality plays consisted of a series of sentences, aphorisms, and maxims, which two actors addressed to each other before the assembled court. In the tragical and comical performances the reigning Inca habitually played the first rôle; the secondary parts were taken by his relations or the principal dignitaries. The *coya* (empress) and the *pallas*, or women of the court, took no part in these divertissements, and were present only in the character of spectators. It is the same at the present day among all the savage tribes of the Cordillera, where the men do the drinking, howling, and dancing, while the women, squatted on the ground, look at them without saying a word.

Medicine was limited to the knowledge and application of a few simples. The custom of bleeding by means of a needle made of hard stone, which served as a lancet, and the use of violent drastics, were familiar to them. One of these purga-

tives was a white root very similar to a wild turnip. After having eaten it, they exposed the stomach to the sun, praying to their god to hasten the effect of the remedy. At the end of a moment they fell into frightful convulsions, straightened themselves out at full length, ran, jumped, fell again on the ground, and rolled about, howling and foaming like epileptics. Garcilaso has related, with a naïveté which is characteristic of him, the details of the diabolical treatment to which he was subjected by his relations, who, as descendants of the Incas, had religiously preserved the formulæ and the prescriptions of the olden time.

To this rapid coup-d'œil of literature and poesy, art and science, in the times of the first Incas of Peru, we believe it our duty to add some specimens of the vocabulary of the same period. The Quichua words in our list, extended by others collected from different idioms which we shall meet with in the course of our journey, will form a table of philological specimens, the analogy and comparison of which will not be uninteresting to some of our readers. If there are any whom such an essay in comparative philology is likely to embarrass, or send to sleep, we beg them to accept in advance our very humble apologies.

QUICHUA VOCABULARY.

God	Pachacamac.
devil	supay.
sun	churi.
moon	quilla.
star	ccoyllur.
day	ppunchao.
night	tuta.
air	huaruy.
cloud	puhuyu para.
rain	paray.
thunder	illapa.
lightning	illu illu.
rainbow	ckuychi.
earthquake	pacha cuyuy.
water	unu.
fire	nina.
cold	chiri.
hot	rupay.
man	runa.
pud. hominis	ullu.
woman	huarmi.
pud. mulieris	raca.
child	huahua.
father	tayta.
mother	mama.
sister	ñaña.
brother	huancané.
great	atun.
old	machu.
young	huayna.
life	causay.
death	huanuy.
head	uma.
hair	chuccha.
eyebrow	caychi.
eye	ñahui.
nose	cencca.
mouth	simi.
tongue	ccallu.
tooth	quiru.
ear	rincri.
neck	cunca.
breast	ccasco.
shoulder	huasa.
arm	ricra.
hand	maqui.
finger	ruccana.
belly	uieza.
navel	pupu.
leg	pincuyo.
knee	cuncuri.
foot	chaqui.
bone	tullu.
honey	misqui.
wax	mapa.
bee-hive	huasi huancuyru.
potato	papa.
sweet potato	camote, apichu.
pine-apple	achupalla.
serpent	machaco.
tiger	puma.
guinea-pig	huangana.
ape	kcusillo.
dog	alccu.

bird	pichqui.
vulture	huaman, cuntur.
cock	ulluc-huallpa.
hen	huallpa.
egg	runtu.
wild turkey	hocco.
duck	ñuñuma, huallata.
parroquet	uritu.
turtle-dove	urpi.
humming-bird	quintisullu.
bat	maçu.
meat	aycha.
grease	huero.
tortoise (land)	motelu.
lame	kumu.
silly	poque.
thief	sua.
earth	ualpa.
mountain	urcu.
sea	atun cocha.
river	mayu.
lake	cocha.
tree	ccaspi.
forest	satcha.
leaf	inquill.
flower	sisac.
grass	quihua.
wood	llamta.
house	huasi.
bank	ccauitu.
plantation	chacra.
spade	lampa.
canoe	canoa.
raft	huampu.
thread	ccaytu.
needle, thorn	iscay.
fish-hook	hacchuna.
bow	huacchiy.
arrow	huacchi.
club	champpi.
lance	rejon.
shooting-tube	pucuhaña.
poison (for weapons)	hampi.
a man's clothing	uncu.
a man's hat	chulio.
a woman's mantle	llicclla.
tissue or woven stuff	ahuan.
ear-rings	ririnchana.
necklace	huallcca.
bracelet	maquihuatana.
comb	ñaccha.
crown	llautu, pillu, mucucu.
purse	chuspa.
flute	qqueyna, pincullu.
drum	huancar.
horn	quepa.
trumpet	pututu.
pot	manca.
jar or pitcher	puyñu.
cotton	utcu.
tobacco	sayri.
arnotto	achiote.
genipa	huitoch.
manioc (cassava)	yuca.
maize	sara.
beer made of maize	acca.
tortoise (fresh-water)	charapa.
toad	ampatu.
frog	cayra.
fish	challuau.
bee	huancuyru.
fly	chuspi.
mosquito	huanhua.
locust	tian-tian.
ant	cici.
white	yura.
black	yana.
red	puca.
yellow	keellu.
blue	ancas.
green	komer.
one	huc.
two	iscay.
three	quimsa.
four	tahua.
five	pichcca.
six	zocta.
seven	cchanchis.
eight	puzac.
nine	isccon.
ten	chunca.

As far as twenty the Quichuas of that time, like their descendants of the present day, placed their ten before unity; for example:—

chunca-huc	eleven.
chunca-isca	twelve.
chunca-quimsa	thirteen, &c.

On reaching twenty, or more correctly twice ten—*isca-chunca*—they put unity before the ten.

isca-chunca-huc	twenty-one.
isca-chunca-isca	twenty-two.
isca-chunca-quimsa	twenty-three, &c.

So also for thirty, or three times ten—*quimsa-chunca;* forty—*tahua-chunca;* fifty—*pichcca-chunca;* sixty—*zocta-chunca;* seventy—*cchanchis-chunca;* eighty—*puzac-chunca;* ninety—*isccon-chunca;*

a hundred	*pachac.*
a thousand	*huaranca.*
ten thousand	*chunca-huaranca.*
a hundred thousand	*pachac-huaranca.*
a million	*chunca-pachac-huaranca.*

On reaching ten times a hundred thousand, or a million—*hunu*—they left off counting, and called anything beyond *panta china,* the innumerable sum.[1]

Mayta Capac succeeded his father Loqui Yupanqui. The reign of this fourth Inca, whom historians place at the commencement of the thirteenth century, is celebrated for the discovery of the ruins of Tiahuanacu, the invention of suspension-bridges, and the great aggrandizement of the empire. The apologists of the Spanish conquests have tracked the march of Mayta Capac across the provinces of Puno, La Paz, and Oruro, as far as the Lake of Paria in the south, and in the west his exploration of the provinces of Cailloma, Chumbihuilcas, Velilla, Union, Aymaraës, Paucartampu, and Arequipa. That itinerary, which appears so strange when followed out on a map of Peru, is explained by the topographical ignorance of the conqueror in regard to the countries which he overran, or rather across which he marched hap-hazard. I have already given some details concerning the Aymaras, the primitive inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Collao, which old authors call Culhahua, and related how they were treated by Mayta Capac.

Capac Yupanqui, the fifth Inca, succeeded his father Mayta Capac. At the head of 20,000 men he took the road to Arequipa, subdued the Yanahuaras, completed the subjugation of the Aymaras of Cuntisuyu (the region of the west), and invaded that part of the coast country comprised between the 17th and 19th degrees of latitude, then occupied by the Chanquis (Changos). After some years of repose he made an expedition southward, and passing beyond the province of Paria, already subdued by his father, he pushed on as far as Challanté in Upper Peru, which formed the limit of his conquests.

His son Roca was contented with the subjugation of the peoples established to the north of Cuzco, between that city and the province of Amancaës, where grew in abundance those beautiful yellow lilies (*Narcissus Amancaës*) which have since been called the Lily of the Incas. There are no more lilies in that province, which has also changed its name from Amancaës to Abancay. The Inca Roca has the credit of having founded the first schools where the amautas publicly taught astronomy, philosophy, and literature, and the yaravicus poesy and music, or rather the musical conceits, of which we have spoken above.

[1] We are indebted to the Spanish Jesuit Antonio Ricardo for a grammar and a vocabulary combined of the Quichua idiom. A copy of this work in 18mo, and printed on coarse paper, but gilt-edged for the occasion, was presented to Louis XV. by the academician La Condamine, on his return from Quito.

Some years subsequently the Jesuits Diego de Torres Rubio and Juan Figueredo also published a combined grammar and vocabulary of Quichua (Lima, 1754). These works have become extremely rare in the country where they were written and published.

To the Inca Rocca, succeeded his eldest son Yahuar-Huaccac. His first conquests southward resulted in the enslavement of the Carangas in Upper Peru, of the Llipis in the great desert of Atacama, of the Chicas, grouped between the 22d and 23d degrees of latitude, of the Amparaës established on one of the affluents of the Pilcomayo, and of the Chancas, riverside inhabitants of Mapocho or Paucartampu. Eastward, this Inca pushed his expeditions beyond Mapocho, crossed the snowy chain of Huilcanota (Vilcanota), and penetrated into the Trans-Andean valleys of Havisca, Tono, and Chaupimayo, which he annexed to the empire. During his absence a revolt, excited by his son Viracocha (Huira-Cocha), broke out at Cuzco. Deposed by his subjects, who had elected Viracocha in his place, Yahuar-Huaccac put himself at the head of the recently conquered Chancas, re-entered the capital of the empire, and gave it up to pillage. Afterwards being repulsed from Cuzco and defeated in a battle with his son Viracocha, at a place called Yahuar-Pampa (the Plain of Blood), he was compelled to abdicate and retire into private life. It was in the reign of Yahuar-Huaccac that huano was first employed as manure by the populations of the Sierra.[1]

The reign of Viracocha is celebrated for the extension which this Inca gave to agriculture, the aqueducts which he caused to be constructed, and the irrigation canals which he had dug. He also erected many temples to the Sun, among others one at some distance from the volcano of Racchi, in remembrance of a dream that he had in his youth.[2] Historians have credited him with the reduction of eleven provinces, but as none of them are designated by name, and as the conquests of his successor commence at the point to which Yahuar-Huaccac had extended the empire before him, we must conclude that the Spanish authors have mistakenly seen in the *inspection* which this Inca made of eleven provinces the *conquest* of them. The error is all the more probable, as the Incas were in the habit, at certain periods, of visiting the provinces of their empire, either to improve the administration of the curacas or governors of those provinces, or to assure themselves that their orders tending to the same end had been faithfully executed.

Pachacutec succeeded to Viracocha. After the deposition of the father by the son, we see the grandson violating the law which Manco had imposed on his descendants, in order to preserve in its native purity the blood of the Children of the Sun. Instead of marrying a sister, he united himself to a noble woman of illegitimate birth, a simple Palla of the name of Mama Anahuarqui.[3] The conquests of this sovereign, directed towards the north-west, comprised the provinces of Huaylas, Pilcopampa, and Conchuco, extending beyond Cajamarca. He is said to have built many temples to the Sun in the provinces subjugated by his predecessors.

[1] From the time of the Incas these deposits of huano, still untouched, formed upon the islets and rocks of the shores of the Pacific a range of conical eminences which were visible at a great distance owing to their whiteness. Every year this huano was distributed to the indigenes in certain quantities according to the extent of the lands they cultivated. Sentinels were posted for its protection, and the penalty for being found on the islets or rocks, at the period when the birds (*huaneros*) laid and hatched their eggs, was death.

[2] We have already looked up the site of *Yahuar-Pampa*, mentioned the events which it recalls, and given an engraved view of the ruins of the temple of Viracocha.

[3] The ruins of his palace still exist on the hill of Apuchanca, beyond the village of Cchoco, about three-quarters of a mile from the baths of Huancaro, and three miles north-west of Cuzco.

Down to the time of Viracocha, the diadem of the Incas had been a fillet of nine woollen threads, which Sinchirocha, the son of Manco, had substituted for the simple cordon (*llautu*) worn by his father. To that band which surrounded the *chulio* or bonnet of brown wool, the form of which reminds us of the Phrygian cap, some Incas had added a golden plate surmounted with golden myrtle-leaves, or an aigrette made of the tail of a bird (*Ardea alba*). After the time of Loqui Yupanqui, golden ear-rings, as big round as a saucer, had been adapted to this head-dress. As for the kingly sceptre, it had varied in form under each reign. Pachacutec, on the promulgation of his new sumptuary laws, adopted for his crown a golden mitre with fillets or falling bands of the same metal, which recall the *pschent* of the Egyptian sphinxes. This mitre had for its aigrette two wing-feathers, half white and half black, of the *corre-quenque* (*Vultur gryphus*). A woollen fringe of a dull red colour, of two fingers' breadth, and falling over the forehead just above the eyes, was added to this coiffure,[1] which was completed by the golden ear-rings spoken of above.

The primitive garments of the Incas consisted of a short shirt made in one piece, called the *uncu*,[2] and a mantle called the *llacolla*. Pachacutec added to these, golden knee-coverings, and sandals of the same metal, engraved with the image of the Sun. A shield carried for display, and a sceptre of gold and silver, in allusion to the sun and moon, and which was called *champpi* (signifying an alloy of the two metals), completed the new costume, which the successors of Pachacutec varied and embellished yet further. To the exclusive use up to that time of woollen stuffs, this Inca added that of cotton stuffs, the material for which was supplied by the subject nations beyond the Cordillera in the nature of tribute. These nations had to furnish besides, perfumes, fragrant woods for making the frames of litters, and feathers used for the *achihuas*, many-coloured parasols which the deformed dwarfs who filled at court the office of buffoons, held over the emperor's head. The woven designs assumed in time a marvellous delicacy, and in place of the three or four colours uniformly repeated hitherto in the woollen stuffs, presented some variety of shades. Threads of gold and silver were woven in to brighten up the colours, always a little dull.[3]

It was in the reign of Pachacutec that the ceramic art reached its perfection. Those vessels, of a material so fine, so pure in their outlines, or so decided in their originality, which we still admire, date from this epoch, and served as models to the potters of succeeding reigns. Some specimens in gold and silver filigree represent expanded flowers, butterflies with their wings spread, birds with their tails displayed and fashioned like perfume-burners, statuettes of gold and silver, and electrum (*champi soufflé*), in a style which recalls Etrurian and Egyptian art,—men and women coiffed with the

[1] This diadem, called *mascca paycha*, was somewhat similar to that of the Aztec emperors, called *maxtlatl*.

[2] This is the *ichcahuepilli* of the ancient Mexicans; it is not unlike the short shirt of the modern Arabs and the antique garment of the Egyptians.

[3] We have seen in a private collection one of these *yacollas* (llacollas), the long mantle worn by the Incas, and which reminds us of the *pallium* of the Romans. This specimen was of white cotton, very thick, crossed by stripes of three fingers' breadth about six inches apart, which were combined in the most fantastical manner. Some took the form of the Greek border, some were meandering, some interlaced, some like a draught-board, some like heraldic billets, some formed crosses, some stars, and combined with all were hieroglyphic characters and figures of men and women, quadrupeds and birds. Painted in dull colours, it resembled at a short distance a tissue of cashmere.



EARTHENWARE VESSELS: PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

pschent, and fashioned like termini;[1]—all these objects, discovered in the tombs after the Spanish conquest, or preserved as curiosities in old families who have inherited them as heirlooms, date from the reign of Pachacutec, and witness to the solicitude of that Inca for the plastic arts.

Tradition ascribes to Pachacutec a series of philosophical maxims, which one might believe had been taken from the Proverbs of Solomon; we will cite a few of them for the edification of our readers.



THE INDIAN OF ALARCON—AN EARTHENWARE VESSEL OF THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

"The wages of honest folk will be lost if thieves are not hung."

"He who kills another without reason or *without authority* condemns himself to death."

"Envy is an adder which gnaws the entrails of the envious."

"He who envies and is envied suffers a double torment."

"The judge who seeks to suppress the claims of another ought to be treated as a thief, and judged and condemned as such."

"The doctor or the dealer in simples, who administers his medicines or his herbs without knowing their virtues, is a fool worthy of contempt."

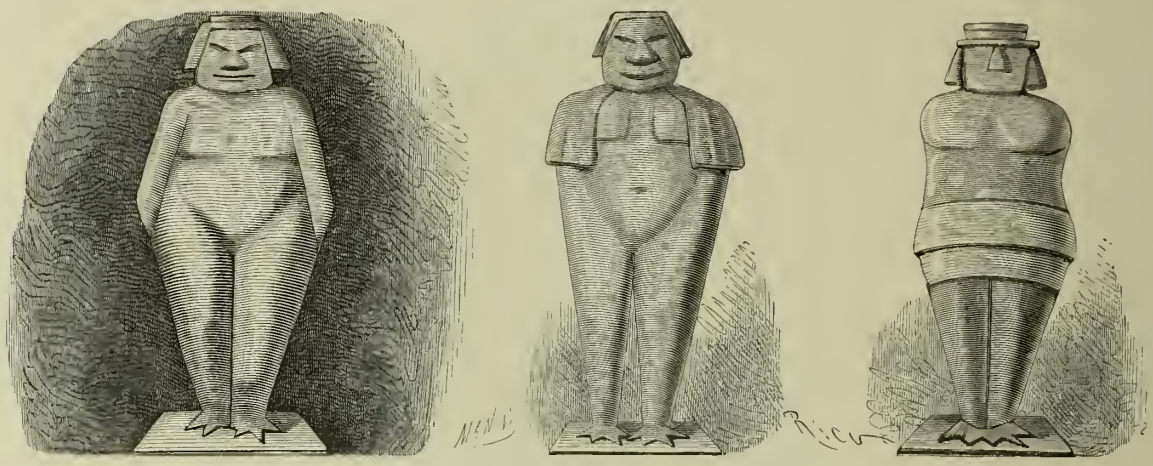
"He who pretends to count the stars, and cannot tell the number of them, deserves that one should laugh in his face."

To Pachacutec, succeeded his eldest son, Yupanqui. Following the example of his great-grandfather, Yahuar-Huaccac, he crossed the snowy Cordillera of Huilcanota, penetrated into the valleys of the east, among the peoples who inhabited both sides of

[1] The engravings on the next page are defective; *cteis rigida phallusque erectus, quæ insigniebant hæc simulacra illaque conjungebant ægyptiacis imaginibus, adempta sunt pudoris causa.*

the Amaru-Mayu,[1] reduced some of them, and passing through the country of Musus,[2] from which he reached that of the Chirihuanas,[3] returned into the Sierra, and advanced to Chili, then peopled by the Araucanians. He was the first to subjugate the Llipi Indians, of the desert of Atacama, of Copiapo, and of Coquimbo. In his reign the limits of the empire were pushed as far south as the right bank of the Rappel, latitude 34° 50′. The ruins of a Peruvian fortress, intended to mark the frontier and prevent the invasions of the Chili Araucanians, may still be seen near that river.

Historians have ascribed to the Inca Yupanqui the interior decoration of the temple of the Sun. That edifice, commenced by Manco-Capac, finished by Sinchiroca,



STATUETTES OF GOLD, SILVER, AND ELECTRUM—PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

improved and embellished by their successors, had nevertheless preserved, in the fifteenth century, its primitive simplicity. Yupanqui, profiting by the tribute in gold and silver imposed on the conquered nations, lavished on this temple the treasures of which the Spaniards possessed themselves on their arrival at Cuzco.

Among the number of buildings which signalized the reign of this Inca, there were four in various quarters of the city, which served as menageries; this Inca appearing to have a special taste for tame and wild animals. One of these edifices, situated in the north-west of the city,[4] served as an aviary, containing birds of every species; another, devoted to boas, pythons, and snakes, was annexed to the ancient palace of Capac Yupanqui;[5] a third, in which pumas, improperly called American lions, were confined, adjoined the temple of the Sun;[6] finally, the fourth, and most celebrated, was peopled with jaguars of various sizes and colours; it crowned the

[1] From *mayu*, river, and *amaru*, serpent. The Incas gave it that name on account of its winding course. It is formed by the union of the *Ocongate*, *Coñispata*, *Tampu*, *Pilleopata*, *Avisca*, *Callanga*, *Chaupimayo*, *Piñipiñi*, and *Tono*, which rise in the little valleys of the same names. The Amaru-Mayu has borne, since the end of the last century, the name of *Madre de Dios*, which was given to it on the occasion of a statuette of Mary being found upon the shore. This image came from a chapel built by the Jesuits, in their hacienda of Coñispata. Having been carried off by the Tuyneris in one of their raids, these savages had thrown it into the river as a worthless object.

[2] Now the Moxos Indians.

[3] The territory of these Indians now belongs to the department of Chuquisaca in Bolivia.

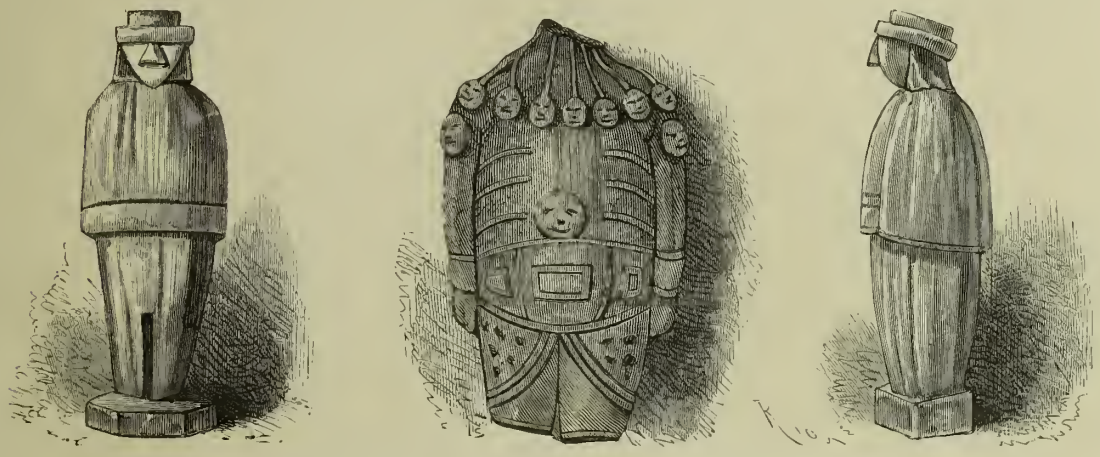
[4] Now the quarter of Almudena.

[5] Now the church of the Jesuits.

[6] Now the church and convent of Santo Domingo.

eminence of Amahuara, adjoining the fortress of Sacsahuaman.[1] However, what rendered this edifice remarkable among its neighbours, was not, as one might suppose, the number or variety of the feline race confined in it, but its anthropological curiosities. These consisted of a collection of a hundred Chancas Indians, previously skinned alive, by order of the Inca Yupanqui, as a punishment for their revolt, whose tanned skins, painted in bright colours and stuffed with ashes, figured in the character of musicians, holding drums and flutes, and dancers, suspended from the ceiling. These beautiful objects no longer exist, and of the edifices themselves there remain but a few stones.

Tupac Yupanqui succeeded to his father. Leaving undisturbed the southern



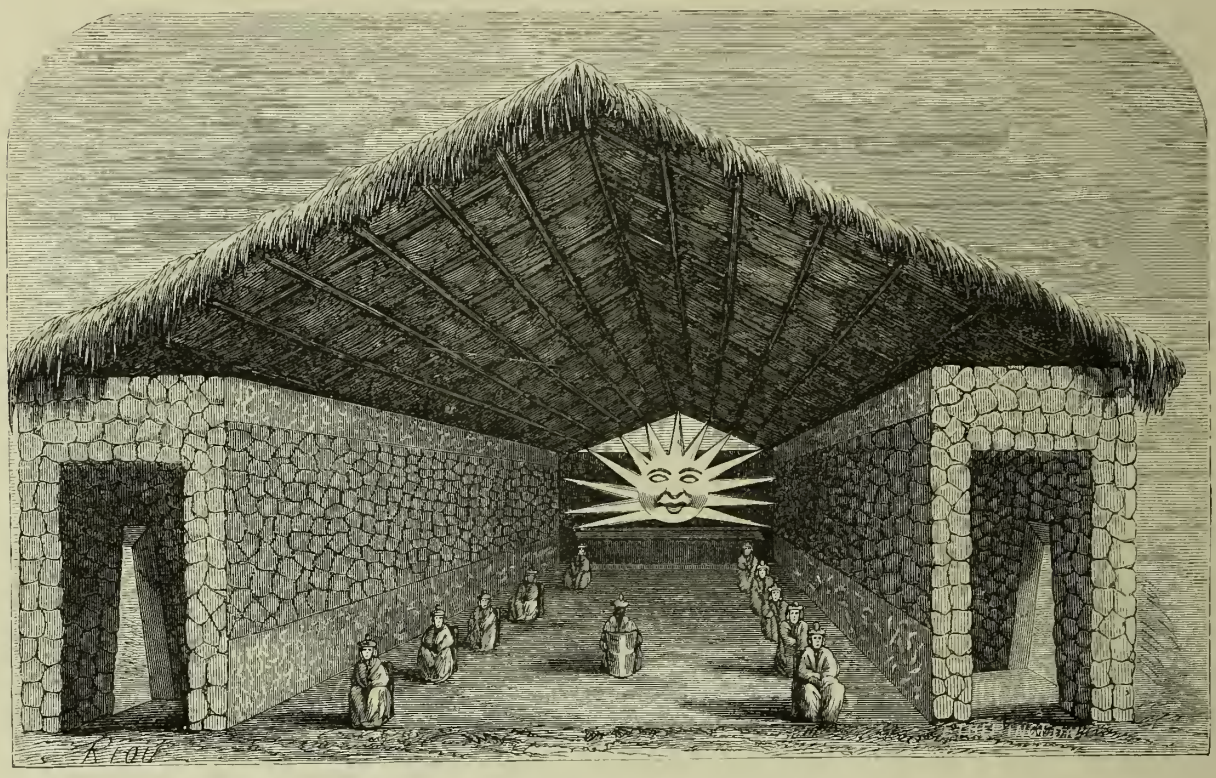
STATUETTES OF BASALT—PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

limits of his empire, he directed his conquests towards the north. Setting out from the provinces of Huacrachucu, Cassac-Marquilla, Cunturmàrca, Tumipampa, he passed beyond the country of Lican (the equator). Dating from this epoch, a part of Conchocando was annexed to the empire, and its boundary traced by a route from Quito to Cuzco established across the Sierra. It is to Tupac Yupanqui, also, that historians ascribe the construction of the fortress of Sacsahuaman, a work which Spanish authors have cried up as an eighth wonder of the world, and at which modern travellers fall into ecstacies of admiration from respect for tradition.[2] That fortress, celebrated by Diego Hernandez and his associates, who have left a lying description of its buildings, its towers, and its pavilions covered with gold, never possessed more than the three walls, built in crescent-shaped retreating platforms, which still exist, although roughly treated by the hand of time and the soldiers of Pizarro. These walls, formed of irregular blocks put together without lime or cement, present twenty-two salient angles, and as many re-entering angles. Each of them had its name and its gate, a large bay

[1] Now the eastern extremity of the quarter of San Blas.

[2] One of these gentlemen, whom we will not name, but whom the reader may easily recognize by the help of the following lines, which we cite from his work, thus expresses himself on the subject of Cuzco, its Incas, and its monuments: "*Cuzco interests me infinitely. Its history, its fables, and its ruins are alike enchanting. That city might be called the Rome of America. The immense fortress, situated on the north of the city, is its Capitol, and the temple of the Sun its Coliseum. Manco Capac was its Romulus, Viracocha its Augustus, Huascar its Pompey, and Atahuallpa its Cæsar. Pizarro, Almagro, Valdivia, and Toledo are the Huns, the Goths, and the Christians who destroyed it. Tupac Amaru is its Belisarius, to whom was given a day of hope, and Pumacahua is its Rienzi and latest patriot.*" Surely one could not carry further the sublime art of rhetoric.

without doors, the straight side-posts of which were formed by monolithic blocks. The stones of the fortress, the greatest that the Incas have anywhere employed in their constructions, have received the name of *Saycuscas.*[1] The first wall nearest the city was called *Moyoc-Marca,*[2] the second *Paucar-Marca,*[3] the third *Sacllac-Marca.*[4] All three were constructed, as their remains still enable us to determine, in the less perfect cyclopean manner of the heroic period—a detail of no importance in itself, but which I, who am nobody, feel it necessary to be particular in relating, because it puts me in



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN DURING THE LATER REIGNS OF THE INCAS.

opposition to the illustrious Humboldt, who observes:—". . . *We know by certain evidence that the Incas constructed the fortress of Cuzco after the model of the more ancient edifices of Tiahuanacu, situated in south latitude* 17° 12′."

I am forced nevertheless to contradict on this subject the man of science and of genius, led into error by some inexperienced tourist. The buildings of Tiahuanacu and the fortress of Sacsahuaman differ in the shape and size of the stones and in the finish of the work: in a word, both in the kind of material, and the manner of its arrangement in their construction. One may even say that there is all the difference between the two cases that there is between the infancy of healthy and vigorous art and the period of its decrepitude. Speaking thus of the fortress of Sacsahuaman naturally leads me to remark that among the Quichuas the art of building did not progress, but retrograde, in course

[1] From the verb *saycuni*, to fatigue; *saycuscas*, fatiguing.

[2] Height of water, probably the zone of the level of springs.

[3] Height of flowering, the zone of vegetation of flowers (*Paucar sisacc inquill cuna*).

[4] Height dominant, the elevated zone, barren and stony (*Sacllac rumi urcu cuna*).

of time. The palace of Manco-Capac and Sinchiroca, the Accllhuaci, or House of the Virgins, those first efforts of Peruvian art, are also the most perfect. Passing from this epoch, the fashion which the Greeks called *isodomon,*[1] and the canaliculated or rustic[2] surfaces, exclusively employed till then in Peruvian edifices, disappeared, and were replaced by cyclopean blocks of great elegance, it is true, and of which we find no equivalent in any Pelasgic construction, but which nevertheless with the Incas constitute a phase of decay, and a tendency to barbarism. This kind of construction, of which the palace of Mayta Capac in the Calle del Triúnfo is the only specimen with which we are acquainted, itself degenerated under the successors of that Inca. Heaviness took the place of elegance, the size of the stones was considered of more import-



REMAINS OF THE FORTRESS OF SACSAHUAMAN AT CUZCO.

ance than the finish of the work, and insensibly architecture assumed that Pelasgic character of which the walls of the fortress of Sacsahuaman are an example.[3] When we compare the works of the first period of the Incas with those of the later sovereigns of their line, we are struck by the length of time, in an artistic point of view, which seems to separate them. Between the constructions of the eleventh century and those of the fifteenth one might suppose there had been an interval of two thousand years.

Huayna-Capac, the eldest son of Tupac Yupanqui, succeeded on the death of his father. He subjugated the populations of Séchura, Piura, Tumbez, and Santa Helena, who occupied the coast between the sixth degree of south latitude and the second

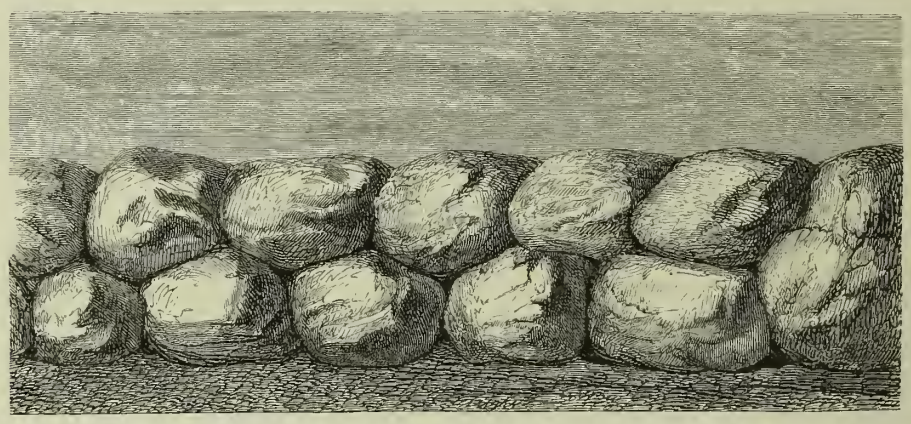
[1] In this construction, formed of rectangular stones from a foot to a foot and a half long, the vertical joints are always opposed to the middle of the corresponding stone of the lower and superior courses.

[2] Called *bugnato* by Italian architects.

[3] This fortress of Sacsahuaman was considered absolutely impregnable, and had not sustained any siege, but still preserved its mural virginity, when, some fourteen years after its construction, the Spaniards entered Cuzco.

degree north, as well as those of Huanuco and of Chachapoyas, situated east of the Cordillera; finally bringing under his rule the petty provinces governed by the Guastays, or tributary princes of the Conchocando of Lican. Notwithstanding that he had already married at Cuzco two of his sisters and one of his cousins, and possessed besides a harem of three hundred concubines, Huayna-Capac espoused the daughter of the sovereign of Lican, whose name, according to some, was Pachachiri, according to others, Totapalla. By her he had a son named Atahuallpa. The route from Quito to Cuzco across the Andes, on which Tupac Yupanqui had employed the recently conquered population, was continued by Huayna-Capac as far as the paramos or plateau of Chuquisongo.[1]

The greatest marvel of the reign of this Inca was the chain of gold which he caused to be made when the hair of his eldest son, Inti Cusi Huallpa, was first cut. That



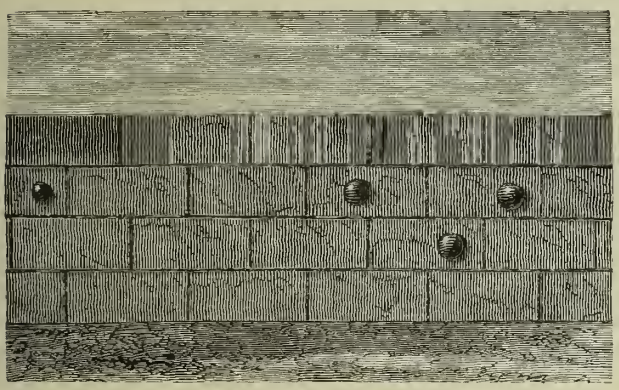
COURSES OF STONE IN THE FORTRESS OF SACSAHUAMAN.

operation was performed in the family of the Incas when the child attained his seventh year. It was the occasion of a family festival called *Naca*, at which the relations were assembled, who never failed to make the child a present. If we are to believe historians, the golden chain which Huayna-Capac had had cast and sculptured from the tributes alone of the latest conquered nations was 800 yards long. It served to encircle the great square of Cuzco during the equinoctial festivals *Raymi* and *Cittua*. This prodigious specimen of jewelry disappeared at the period of the Conquest. Historians, to whom we are indebted for the description of it, assert that the Indians of Cuzco threw it into the Lake of Urcos to save it from the rapacity of the Spaniards.

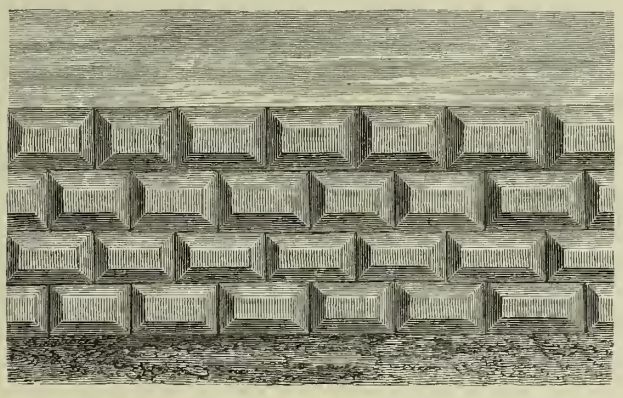
[1] The military road of the Incas commenced from the side of Quito only, and never existed on the Cuzco side, where, on the faith of the learned Humboldt, who gave it more than 2000 miles of length, we vainly sought for it during several years. Its length from Quito to beyond Cajamarca, where it stopped unfinished, might be from 550 to 600 miles. This road, which, according to the always exaggerated accounts of the historians, and the parrot repetitions of certain travellers, one might suppose to be even to this day a grand highway, paved with granite, and bordered with parapets throughout its entire length, is in fact nothing but the work of nature assisted here and there by the hand and the labour of man. For every league or two that we find it bordered by enormous stones there are spaces three or four times as great where we find nothing of the kind. In the neighbourhood of inhabited places, near Assuay, Gualasco, on the heights of Cuenca, and above all, near Cajamarca, it has been constructed with more care than in the desert regions of the Cordillera. At certain points from which the prospect embraces a vast horizon, it presents some monolithic blocks cut in steps, and evidently destined to sustain sieges. In a word, there are ruins of crumbling walls, tampus, and fortresses, at long intervals. The construction of this road was interrupted by the death of Huayna-Capac, and was never recommenced.

Huayna-Capac died at Quito from inflammation of the lungs caused by taking a cold bath, into which he had plunged when perspiring. Struck by the appearance of white and bearded men mounted upon winged monsters, who ploughed the seas of the south,[1] he predicted to his relations before dying that strangers sent by Pachacamac (God) would take possession of America, and put an end to the dynasty of the Incas. Here, therefore, we touch on the Spanish conquest, a grave historical event which resounded through the whole world, revolutionized the ideas and science of the epoch when it occurred, and of which the immediate consequences were, as Huayna-Capac had predicted, the fall of the empire of the Incas, and the end of their dynasty.

Inti Cusi Huallpa, better known under the name of Huascar, succeeded his father Huayna-Capac. Shortly before his death the latter had divided his vast empire into



THE ISODOMONIC MODE OF CONSTRUCTION.



COURSES OF STONE EN BOSSAGE, OR RUSTIC FASHION.

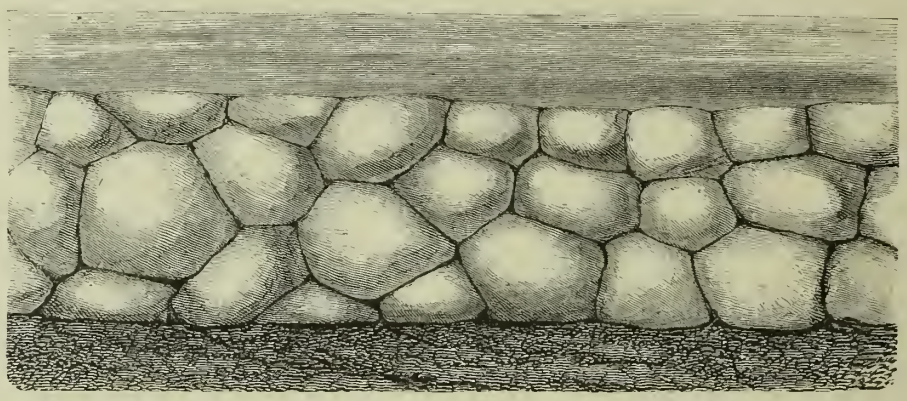
two unequal parts, each of which had its sovereign. The largest, the richest, and the noblest of the two, that which comprised the veritable empire of the Sun (*Aylla Ccozçco*), to which the other remained vassal and tributary, fell to Huascar as the legitimate son and direct heir of Huayna-Capac. The other portion, which comprised the ancient states of the Conchocando of Lican, became the appanage of Atahuallpa. This division, unequal as it was, offended Huascar, who, unable to forgive his brother for his illegitimate birth and the favour with which he had been honoured by their father, resolved to take from him the provinces which he held by the will of Huayna-Capac. On his part, Atahuallpa, either guessing the intention of his brother, or too proud to pay him homage, conceived the idea of dethroning Huascar, and making himself sole master of the empire.

The struggle between the two brothers soon commenced. Each of them had a large army on foot to support his pretensions; each in turn was conqueror and conquered. After three years of desperate warfare, the issue was still pending between the rivals, when, in a skirmish before the walls of the city of Andamarca, Huascar was taken prisoner by two of Atahuallpa's generals. Their first care was to snatch from his forehead

[1] *The Spaniards and their vessels.* The caravel commanded by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had been observed some years before off Séchura and San Miguel while the Inca Huayna-Capac was at Tumipampa.

the *mascca-paycha*, the attribute of power, and to send it to their master, as a proof that the struggle was ended. Atahuallpa was then encamped at Caxamarca (then Caxamalca), about 336 miles from the city of Andamarca, where his brother Huascar was detained prisoner. This unhoped-for success fulfilled all his desires; already he saw himself in imagination lord of Cuzco, and master of a powerful empire, when Francisco Pizarro and his companions, who had disembarked at Tumbez and crossed the Sierra, entered Caxamarca!

The arrival of these strangers, to whose first reported appearance Atahuallpa had been far from attending, deranged a little his future prospects. He nevertheless put a good face on the matter, and tried by friendly demonstrations and rich presents to



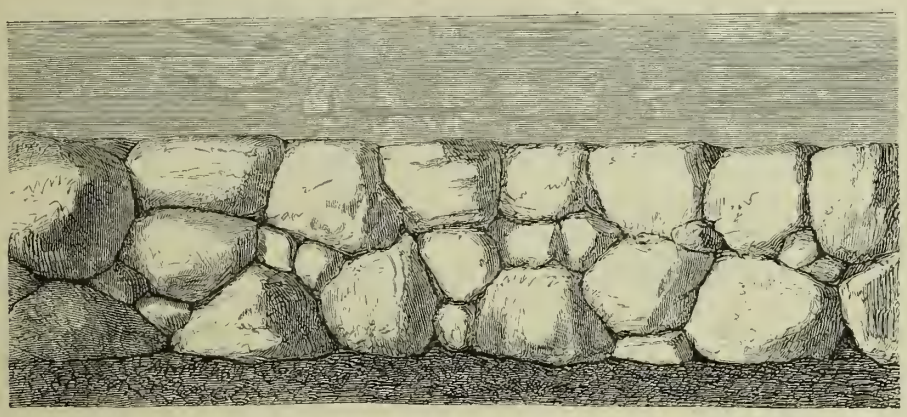
CYCLOPEAN METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION: PALACE OF THE INCA MAYTA CAPAC.

secure their good-will. Huascar, for his part, having been apprised of the arrival of bearded men with white skins, found means, notwithstanding the watch that was kept upon him, to inform them of his position, and claim their assistance to recover his throne. Thus situated between two sovereigns, one of whom solicited his friendship, the other his assistance, and each pretending to have equal right to the empire, Pizarro took the simplest possible course, by setting aside both the contending sovereigns, and seizing the empire himself. As he was above all things a man of action, he organized a massacre of the Indians on the very next day, and imprisoned Atahuallpa in his own palace.

When intelligence of these transactions arrived at Andamarca, the two generals of Atahuallpa, who had constituted themselves the *ad interim* jailers of Huascar, fancied that Pizarro and his Spaniards, by their massacre of the population of Caxamarca, and the imprisonment of Atahuallpa, meant to reinstate Huascar on the throne of his fathers. The intention of the Hueracochas appeared the more manifest, seeing that Hernando Pizarro, one of the conquerors, had come to visit the Inca in his prison—"*to revive his courage*," say some authors; to "*look after his treasures*," say others. If their surmise was correct, Quizquiz and Challcuchima—the jailers of Huascar—judged it would be good policy to rid themselves of a prisoner who, should he ever remount his throne, would either roast them at a slow fire, or flay them alive, for their audacity. Taking advantage of a dark night, therefore, they dragged Huascar from his prison, and

strangled him or killed him with a hatchet—opinions are divided as to the manner of his death—and threw his body into the river of Andamarca.[1]

Pizarro received the announcement of Huascar's death with the satisfaction of a verse-maker who hits unexpectedly on a long rebellious rhyme. For three months he had revolved in his brain some plausible means of ridding himself of Atahuallpa, and had found no way to do so, when the demon came to his aid. Atahuallpa, fratricide, usurper, and heretic, was not worthy to live. Arraigned before a tribunal presided over by Pizarro, the prisoner was convicted without difficulty of the three alleged crimes, and was condemned to be burned alive. A commutation of his sentence was offered if he would consent to abjure his idolatry and receive baptism.



CYCLOPEAN CONSTRUCTION IN THE LATER PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

He accepted the alternative, and after being baptized under the name of Juan by the monk Valverde, he was garotted on the 3d of May, 1532. Pizarro was present at the execution, gave him a pompous burial, and wore mourning for him twenty days.[2]

To the official list of the thirteen Incas who reigned over Peru from the foundation of Cuzco to the Spanish conquest, and whose reigns we have briefly sketched, we will add the princes of their line of whom historians make no mention.

This pedigree, *imperial tree* as they call it at Cuzco, was painted and written upon Chinese taffeta by an artist of Cuzco in the sixteenth century. It was preserved with the greatest care in the archives of the cathedral, as much for its historical value as for the time employed in its execution. The work cost, we are told, six years of assiduous labour. As it was composed of twenty-four medallions of emperors and empresses, and of an inscription of about five hundred words, each of two or three syllables long, the nameless artist must have written a word

[1] Tradition relates that the unhappy Inca, after he had tried in vain to soften the murderers, whom he supposed to be acting by order of his brother Atahuallpa, exclaimed, "*Manan asccatachu camachini auccainiy causainiymanta camachecc, cainin manani asllatapis camachecta atipahuanchu*"—My reign has been short, but the traitor who disposes of my life, though he was my subject, will reign no longer than I.

[2] The ransom which this sovereign during his detention at Caxamarca offered Pizarro to save his life, and which the latter accepted without completing his part of the bargain, amounted to £3,500,000 sterling in gold and about £35,000 in silver.

every four days, and painted a medallion every three months! This original and conscientious work, which Garcilaso de la Vega had the happiness to see in all its beauty, as he tells us himself in his *Commentaires Royaux*, disappeared during the occupation of Cuzco by the Independents. Happily for the friends of iconography, a family of the country, whose name figures among the princes of the ninth descent, designated *Ayllo Ccozçco Panaca*, possessed a copy of it, which they were willing to communicate, and which we here reproduce.

1st Pedigree: Ayllo Chima Panaca.



INCA MANCO CCAPAC.



COYA MAMA OCLLO HUACCO.

Sinchi Rocca.—Apo Anauci.—Anta Ccachuncar.—Rocca Yupanqui.—Auqui Cchuma.—Auqui Allcay.—Piñas Ttupa.

2d Pedigree: Allo Raurahua Panaca.



INCA SINCHI ROCCA.



COYA MAMA CORA OCLLO.

Lloqui Yupanqui.—Auqui Allcay.—Piñas Ttupa.—Anta Ccachuncar.—Rocca Yupanqui.—Auqui Cchuma.

3d Pedigree: HAHUANIMA AYLLO.



INCA LLOQUI YUPANQUI.



COYA MAMA CCAHUANA.

Mayta Ccapac.—Apu Condemayta.—Orcco Huaraucca.—Apo Jisac Condemayta.—Condi Maucaylli.—Maytu Purian.—Ccayau Jahuaira.—Pauca Jalli.

4th Pedigree: USCA MAYTA.



INCA MAYTA CCAPAC.



COYA MAMA CUCA.

Ccapac Yupanqui.—Jarcco Huaman.—Paucar Mayta.—Apuri Mayta.—Apu Orcco Huarancca.—Apu Ahuaycha.—Michi Yupanqui.—Apu Tisoc Yupanqui.—Auqui Huarinarco.—Auqui Ccopalli Mayta.—Apu Saylla Ccaca.—Auqui Cchuma Huisa.—Condemayta.—Quisquicllan.—Quimi Mayta.—Huaccac Mayta.—Ccopalli Mayta.—Inti Conde Mayta.—Auqui Jarqqui.—Tampu Uscamayta.—Ancca Marca.—Apu Cchoro.—Huarcailli Quiso Mayta.—Auqui Llamac Chimpo.—Auqui Jayaneca.—Auqui Jocay.—Auqui Cahuitupa.—Auqui Jotic.—Auqui Cullinchima.—Auqui Hualla.—Auqui Allcca Chimpo.—Ccochan Condemayta.

5th Pedigree: Ayllo Apumayta Panaca Urin Ccozçco.



INCA CCAPAC YUPANQUI.



COYA MAMA CURIHILLPA.

Rocca.—Auqui Apumayta.—Apu Rimachi Mayta.—Auqui Huayllacan.—Curin Jahuaira.—Paucar Jalli.—Apu Quisquis.

6th Pedigree: Ayllo Huicca Iquirai Panaca Anas Ccozçco.



INCA ROCCA.



COYA MAMA MICHAY CHIMPO.

Yahuar Huaccac.—Auqui Huicca Iquirau.—Paucar Huamataysi.—Auqui Urco Yupanqui.—Auqui Huarancca.—Huaman Itupa.—Huaccac Mayta.—Auqui Jampo Jocto.

7th Pedigree: AYLLO HUACAILLI PANACA.



INCA YAHUAR HUACCAC.



COYA MAMA CCHOQUE CCHICYA HILLPAI.

Huira Ccocha.—Orcco Huarancca.—Apu Marota.—Auqui Mayta.—Chima Chahuac.—Sibi Rocca.—Pahuac Chullimayta.—Tupa Huamanchiri.—Auqui Auccailli.—Apu Hiqqui Yupanqui.—Auqui Cchara.—Tupa Qqueso.—Huamaurimachi.—Atau Yupanqui.—Ccollo Tupan Yupanqui.—Auqui Ticsi Huatutopa.—Panaca Chahomayta.

8th Pedigree: AYLLO SACSO PANACA.



INCA HUIRA CCOCHA.



COYA MAMA RUNTO.

Orcco.[1]—Pacha Ccutic.—Auqui Ticsi Yupanqui.—Yibi Yupanqui.—Sucsu Collatupa.—Chalco Yupanqui.—Auqui Yupanqui.—Cayru Yupanqui.—Quispi Sucsu.—Auqui Ticsi Yupanqui.—Auqui Michi.—Apu Janqui Yupanqui.—Auqui Itupa.—Auqui Qquiso.—Auqui Huallpa Itupa.—Itupac Rarico.—Paucar Cchuiño.

[1] Orcco, more commonly called Urco, succeeded to his father, and reigned six months. He was a downright nonentity, according to tradition, and at the same time full of vice, drunken, brutal, quarrelsome, and so licentious that even the vestal worshippers of the Sun were not spared. His people having deposed him, his sister and wife, as well as his concubines, abandoned him. From respect for the memory of the Inca Viracocha the Amautas effaced from their traditional quipos the name of his son Urco, who, from that moment, was not reckoned among the Incas.

9th Pedigree: Ayllo Ccozçco Panaca



INCA PACHA CCUTIC.



COYA MAMA ANAHUARQUI.

Yupanqui.—Amaro Tupac Uturunco.—Achachi Sinchi Rocca.[1]—Apu Achachi.—Apu Illaquita.—Ima Ititu.—Itupac Yupanqui.—Huayna Auqui Yupanqui.—Jayan Achachi.—Auqui Itupa.—Ccacca Ccozçco.—Anahuarqui.—Sahuaraura.

10th Pedigree: Ayllo Inca Panaca.



INCA YUPANQUI.



COYA MAMA CHIMPO OCLLO.

Tupac Yupanqui.—Chanca Itupa.—Auqui Larico.—Huaillac Cchillca.—Itupa Yupanqui.—Salta Cusi Huallpa.—Paucar Itupa.—Huaman Achachi.—Huayna Yupanqui.—Mayta Yupanqui.—Auqui Qquiso.—Qquco Yupanqui.—Paucar Itupa.—Mayau.—Ttupa Titu Yupanqui.—Cchachua Rimachi Huallpa.—Atoc Rimachi Huallpa.—Anti Tupa Auqui Huillacpi.—Auqui Calla Conchay.—Huallpa Ttupa.—Anccas Palla.—Ccolque Coca.

[1] It is to this prince, appointed generalissimo of the armies of the empire by his elder brother Yupanqui, that the credit is due for the definitive subjugation of the Llipis of Atacama, of Copiapo, and of Coquimbo, and for the conquest of Chili. The Inca Yupanqui, to whom history ascribes these conquests, remained at Cuzco.

11th Pedigree: AYLLO CCAPAC PANACA.



INCA TUPAC YUPANQUI.



COYA MAMA CHIMPU OCLLU.

Huayna Ccapac.—Auqui Amaru Tupac.—Qquechuar Tupac.—Titu Rimachi.—Auqui Mayta.—Apu Sahuaraura.—Auqui Tomac Tupa.—Tumis Ccalla.—Ayar Marcu.—Junqui Ttupa.—Auqui Chiello Ccallo.—Auqui Tomac.—Ccayo Tupac.—Ccolla Tupac Sinchi Ruccana.—Qquechuar Ttupa.—Huari Ttitu.—Quispi Huallpa.—Tupa Yupanqui.—Auqui Suña Huallpa.—Anti Tupa.—Tasnac Cusi Huallpa.—Puric Tupa Ccoritupa.—Charca Ttupa.—Auqui Aucco.—Manco Ttupa.—Ticsi Huallpa.—Auqui Huallpa.—Tupa Rimachi.—Tupa Tticollopaisi.—Auqui Sutanca.—Tupa Huaman.—Auqui Ccana.—Auqui Atavalo.—Pilco Tupa.

12th Pedigree: AYLLO TUMIPAMPA PANACA.



INCA HUAYNA CCAPAC.



COYA MAMA PILLCO HUACCO.
COYA MAMA RAHUA OCLLO.
COYA MAMA RUNTO.

Inti Cusi Huallpa (Huascar).—Manco.—Huaca Ttupa Paullu.[1]—*Mama Cchoqui.—Mama Hillpa Cchoqui.—Mama Cuya Hupa.—Mama Jocto Ocllu Coca.*—Auqui Huanca.—Auqui Pumaca.—Sayri Tupac.—Auri Tupac Amaru.—Tupa Atauchi.—Choqui Huaman.—*Mama Cusi Chimpo.*—Pilco Ititu.—Titu Atauchi.—*Mama Hillquita.—Doña Inès Quispe Sisa.—Doña Beatrix Quispe Sisa.*—Juan Atahuallpa.—Francisco Atahuallpa.—*Doña Isabel Palla.—Doña Mariquita Itaquita.—Doña Maria Assorpi Ninancorro.*—Auqui Ruqui.—Don Carlos Inquil Tupa.—Don Alonzo Pucasa.—Don Estevan Ccolla.—Itupa Huanca.—Auqui Tupa Ataurimachi.—Chicha Thupa.—Achachi Tupac.

[1] The names printed in italics are those of women, sisters or cousins of the princes of this pedigree.

INCAS OF THE 12TH AND LAST PEDIGREE.



INTI-CUSI HUALLPA (HUASCAR), 13TH INCA.



COYA MAMA CHOQUI.

In the pedigree of Huana Capac, which is the last of the series, notwithstanding that Huascar, the eldest son of that sovereign, had reigned for three years over Peru,[1] we may recognize the disturbing influence of the Conquest upon the families of royal blood. To the legitimate male descendants, who are alone inscribed in the preceding reigns, are now added those of uncles, nephews, cousins, and illegitimate branches. Juan Atahuallpa, son of the sovereign executed by the Spaniards, figures by the side of his nephew Francisco Atahuallpa, a son of Pizarro.[2] For the first time also women are mixed with men, and Indian names preceded by baptismal ones are connected with those of the Spanish nobility. Disorder and confusion are conspicuous.

However, the dynasty of the Incas is not yet extinct. In this tumultuous period which intervenes between the fall of the ancient empire and the establishment of the viceroys, one sees the dynasty revived and ruling for some years under the tutelage of Spain, as if the conquerors, on overthrowing the established order and usurping the seat of authority, had been willing to give to that usurpation some kind of legal sanction. But the Incas whom they re-established temporarily in power are no more than lay figures, tricked out in frippery and crowned to satisfy the vulgar eye. When

[1] As, at the death of his father, Huascar was not old enough to reign, one of his uncles, named *Colla Tupac*, was intrusted with the regency for some years. Previously, in the twelfth century, a similar thing had occurred on the death of Lloqui Yupanqui, whose heir, Mayta Capac, was a minor. Nevertheless, no member of the family having been deemed worthy or capable of governing the empire *ad interim*, the many-coloured woollen fillet, then the symbol of power, was deposited in the temple of the Sun, where it remained till the young prince attained his majority.

[2] Atahuallpa left a son and two daughters. The son received at baptism the name of Juan, which had been that given by Valverde to his father some minutes before his death. The two daughters were named Beatrice and Angelina. Pizarro, at a later period, had a son by this Angelina, who took the name of Francisco: he also had a child by the aunt of Angelina, a sister of Atahuallpa, their parents being the Inca Huayna Capac and Totapalla. This child, a daughter, was baptized Francisca Pizarro. She lived to marry Don Martin Ampuero, and commenced the line of Ampuero, whose descendants are numerous in Peru.

once the Spanish domination is thoroughly established throughout the provinces of the immense empire, these phantom sovereigns will disappear never more to return.

The fourteenth Inca who girdled his brow with the *mascca-paycha* was Manco, a younger brother of Huascar. Like the last he reigned three years, and was killed at a game of bowls by a Spaniard named Gomez Perez. In the heat of a dispute between two players the Inca had boxed the Spaniard's ears, upon which the latter hurled one of the bowls at his head and killed him on the spot.[1] The people tore the Spaniard to pieces.

The fifteenth Inca was Sayri Tupac, brother of Manco. The Spaniards baptized him under the name of Diego, and crowned him at Vilcapampa. By an accident of ill omen the *mascca-paycha* or imperial crown which they placed on his head was that worn by Atahuallpa at Caxamarca, and which a Spanish soldier named Miguel Astete had taken from him when he made him prisoner. Sayri Tupac reigned some months only and died, leaving a daughter, whom Pizarro married to one of his captains named Martin Loyola.

Sayri Tupac was succeeded by his brother Philippe Tupac Amaru. He reigned five months. Accused of fomenting disturbances among the indigenous populations, he had his head cut off in the great square of Cuzco. Thirty-six of his relations and adherents were executed with him.

Cristoval Paullu, his brother, was the seventeenth and last Inca of Peru. His reign was of short duration. He abdicated in favour of the Spaniards, and retired into the little valley of Yucay, eighteen miles north-east from Cuzco, where he ended his days in peace. With him disappeared the moral authority of the Incas and the prestige attached to their name. In 1781 Gabriel Tupac Amaru, grandson of Philippe Tupac Amaru, having tried to revive the past, was cruelly executed (*écartelé*) at Cuzco. His wife, his two sons, his uncle, and his nephew, accused of being his accomplices, perished with him. This descendant of the Incas had said before dying that *the germs of liberty which he had sown in the spirit of his compatriots would develop and fructify one day under the breath of tyranny.* Forty-three years afterwards Simon Bolivar and San Martin verified in the plains of Ayacucho the prophecy of Tupac Amaru by driving out of Peru the last of its viceroys and proclaiming its independence.

In this resumé of the historic period of the Incas—the last gleams of a civilization which mounts perhaps to some thousands of years—we have been compelled to treat the matter summarily. While avoiding details, we may observe that if the history of civilization among the American indigenes is obscure, it is because the East itself has been little known. During late years, however, a great change has taken place. The study of Sanscrit and of the languages derived from it, and the explication of historical documents concealed beneath hieroglyphic and cuneiform characters, have dissipated in some measure the darkness which had shrouded the past, and opened up fresh paths to European erudition. Problems apparently insoluble have thus had unexpected light thrown upon them, and immense *lacunæ* in history have been satisfactorily filled up. By what has already been accomplished, we may form an idea of what will be achieved hereafter.

[1] Some authors state that he was stabbed with a poniard.

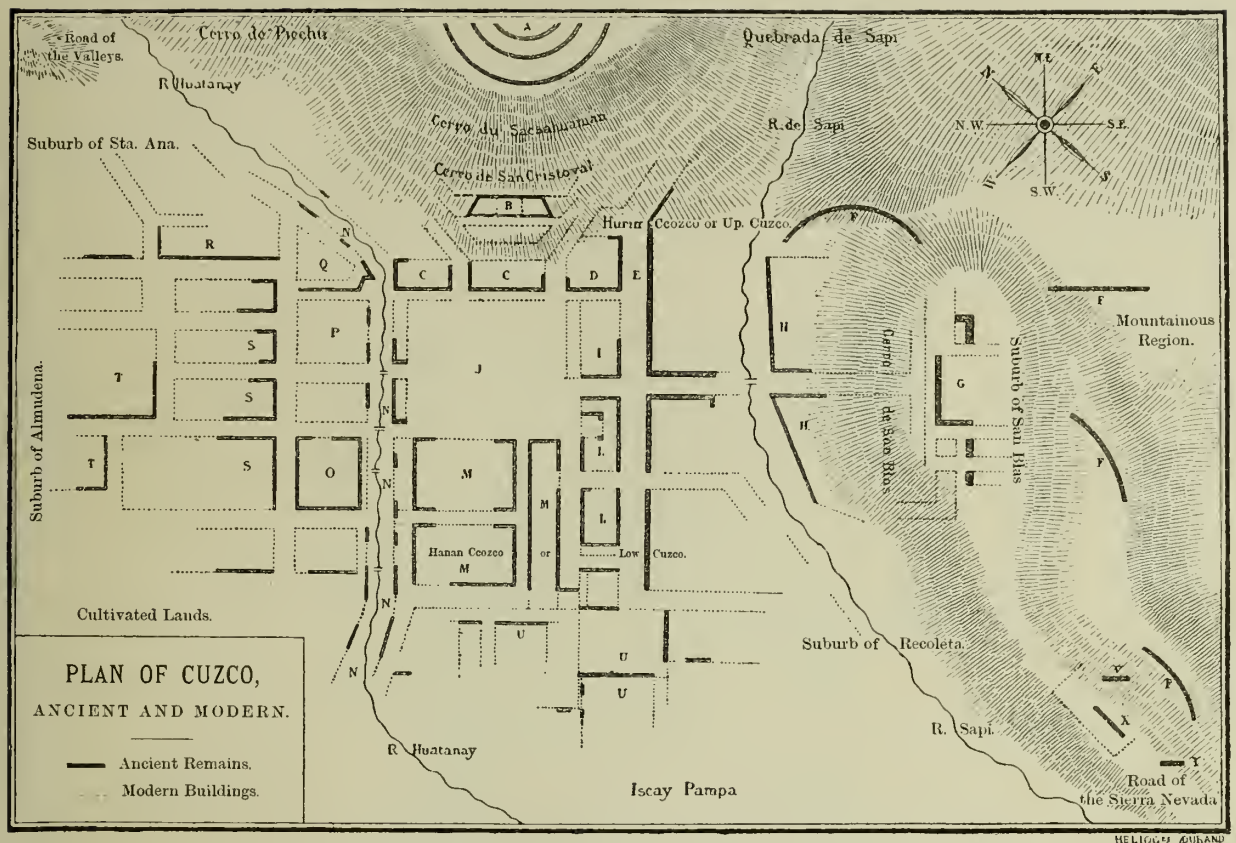
The ethnography of America, so obscure at present, will have fresh light thrown upon it by these studies. Already we are aware that it is not to the people of the time of the Conquest that we must look for the secret of their origin. It is by investigations at the source itself, in the north of Asia, India and Persia, and the extreme East, that we can alone hope to obtain satisfactory results. This is the road which the first civilized nations followed in remote times when they wandered from the south to the north. It is therefore by retracing the same journey from north to south, thus by remounting from the effect to the cause, that the studious generation of our epoch and their successors will come upon the track of this ancient migration.

The time will come, let us hope, when the active concourse of intelligences, and the application of new means to ethnologic researches, will bring the solution of many problems which at present baffle the skill of the learned. The archæological examination of still existing American monuments will lighten up some obscure points in the theogony of the peoples to whom they are attributed, while at the same time it will make us acquainted with the religious schisms which divided them. Anthropology and philology, those important clues in pre-historic research, will assist us to refer to a primitive type and a primordial language the scattered traits of the physiognomy of these peoples and their diverse idioms. We shall recover the relationship of one to the other, establish by unanswerable proofs their fraternity with the peoples of the primitive group, and, in fine, determine the chronological order of their migrations, starting from those legendary ages when the human race, flowing like a river from its source, spread itself over the world, and took possession of its great inheritance.

While we await that future, let us leave undisturbed in the obscurity of past ages the ancient Cuzco and the Incas by whom it was founded, and give our attention to the modern city, which we find very nearly such as it was when reconstructed by Pizarro after the Conquest, and as it was left, in 1824, by La Serna, the last viceroy of Peru.

To judge from the remains of the walls, which, from San Juan de Dios to the heights of San Blas, defined the limits of the ancient city, and at the same time protected it from the falling in of the cerros, the modern city has gained but little in extent. That which it has lost in architectural character is compensated by a proportionate gain in symmetrical arrangement—a poor compensation, indeed, in the eyes of artistic travellers, but more than sufficient for people of a realistic turn of mind.

The area of the existing city—the figure of which is that of an irregular parallelogram, developed from north-west to south-east—may be about 33,000 square yards, if measured from San Blas in the Almudena, and from the Recoleta in Santa Ana. A rapid torrent, the Huatanay, which takes its rise in the Cordillera of Sapi, and runs from north-east to south-west, traverses the city, which it divides into two unequal parts. This stream, flowing through a deep trench, almost dry in winter, and rushing like a torrent when the summer heats have melted the snows of the Cordillera, serves as the common sewer of Cuzco, which it relieves of its house drainage and other uncleannesses. In the west part of the city its high banks, which are united in various places by extemporized bridges of timber covered with slabs of stone, are cut to a perpendicular face, and supported by walls of coarse construction.



REFERENCES AND DESCRIPTION.

A. Fortress of Sacsahuaman.

B Palace of the Inca Manco Capac, now the quarter and parish of San Cristoval.

C. C. Ancient wards or quarters, now occupied by bakers.

D. A similar ancient quarter, now the college of San Antonio.

E. The principal street of the city, Calle del Sacsahuaman.

F. F. F. F. Andanerias, or walls, to prevent the falling in of the Cerros.

G. Palace and Ménagerie of the Inca Tupac Yupanqui, now the quarter and parish of San Blas.

H. H. Walls of an old inclosure, now the street of San Blas.

I. Palace of the Inca Hueracocha, now the cathedral and annexed buildings.

J. The Great Square, in which public festivals were celebrated in the time of the Incas, now the Cathedral Square.

K. Palace of the Inca Sinchiroca, now the Calle del Triúnfo, and south-west side of the Cathedral Square.

L. L. Ancient palace of the Vestals of the Sun, now the convent of Saint Catherine, church of St. Augustine, and adjacent streets.

M. M. M. Palace of the Inca Mayta Capac, recently a Jesuit church, guard-house, and public prison.

N. N. N. N. N. Walls forming the ancient revetment of the Huatanay, a stream which runs through the city, and divides it into two unequal parts.

O. Ruins of unknown edifices, now the church and convent of the order of Mercy.

P. P. Ancient inclosures, now the Place du Cabildo and the quarter of San Juan de Dios.

Q. Sustaining walls, forming also an ancient inclosure, now the Hospital Quarter.

R. Sustaining walls, now inclosing the quarter of Santa Ana.

S. S. S. Ruins of unknown edifices, now the quarter and convent of San Francisco.

T. T. Ancient inclosure walls, now the quarter of the Almudena.

U. U. U. Temple of the Sun and its dependencies, now the quarter, church, and convent of Saint Domingo.

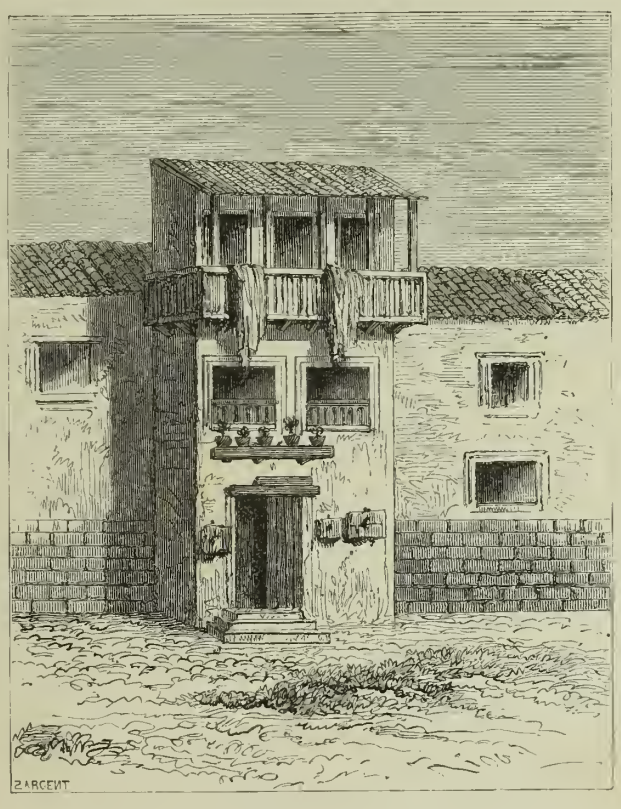
V. Corridor du Ciel.

X. Ancient sustaining walls, now the church and convent of the Recoleta.

Y. The Devil's Pulpit.

These walls, let me hasten to say, are historic. They date from the reign of the Incas, and reverence for their antiquity causes archæological travellers, who appear at Cuzco once in half a century perhaps, to make a close study of them, notwithstanding the stench of the filthy waters, which imparts a slimy verdure to their base—a stench which these savants dispel either by holding their noses, or by tickling the pituitary membrane with Spanish snuff.

The Cozco of the Incas was simply divided into a higher and lower town, com-



HOUSE AT CUZCO IN WHICH THE HISTORIAN GARCILASO DE LA VEGA WAS BORN.

prised in two quarters, called Hurin and Hanan. The Cuzco of the Spaniards comprises seven districts:[1] the Cathedral, Belen, Santiago, the Hospital, Santa Ana, San Cristoval, and San Blas, which are divided, good and bad alike, into squares or *cuadras*, giving a total of 3000 houses for a population which, at the last census, amounted to 20,370 souls. Of these 3000 houses about a thousand are nothing more than filthy kennels, at least one-half of which are beer-shops (*cabarets à chicha*). One entire street, the Calle de las Heladerias, is devoted to the trade in sherbets and ices. In this street, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was born the historiographer Garcilaso de la Vega, of an illustrious Spanish family on his father's side, and with a skin sufficiently dark to betray his relationship to the Incas on the other. The house in which he first saw the light was inhabited at the period of my visit by a washer-

[1] I do not include within the limits of the city the villages of San Sebastian and San Jeronimo, which the reader has visited in my company, although the statisticians of the country treat them as suburbs (in orig. *faubourgs*) of Cuzco, from which they are nearly ten miles distant.

woman, a Semiramis in humble life, who occupied the ground-floor and the first story, where she had created on the window-sill a hanging-garden with pots of carnations and cages of birds. The second story, usually decorated with wet rags hung upon lines stretched across the windows, was the abode of a one-eyed Indian who was a trainer of performing dogs.

Cuzco, formerly the capital of a vast empire, but now only the chief town of a department and the seat of a bishop, possesses, besides its cathedral and fifteen churches—seven of which belong to religious communities—four convents for men, San Francisco, La Merced, Santo Domingo, and La Recoleta; three convents for women, Santa Teresa, Santa Catalina, and Santa Clara; and six béguinages or retreats, Las Nazarenas, Santa Rosa, Santo Domingo, Las Carmelitas de San Blas, Las Franciscanas de Belen, and San Francisco. There are also several houses of spiritual exercise, where, during the evenings of Holy Week, men and women, shut up in separate apartments, extinguish the lights, and flagellate themselves in expiation of the sins committed in the course of the year.

The churches and convents of Cuzco are, for the most part, built of a hard stone, such as carboniferous sandstone, porphyritic trachyte, or a feldspathic granite, in place of wood, loam, or plaster, like those of the coast towns. This difference in the nature of the materials has been determined by the situation of the last-named edifices at the foot of the chain of the Andes, in the neighbourhood of some volcano, where they are exposed to frequent earthquake shocks. Hence, too, the use of plaster daubed with a wash of pearl-gray, or perhaps some shade of pink, to disguise the wood-work of the building. The edifices of Cuzco have no need of resorting to such vulgar artifices. They display in all its natural simplicity the stone of which they are built, sobered in colour by the lapse of time and the effects of sun and rain. Their physiognomy is marked by a sad grandeur or gloomy majesty not easy to describe, but which harmonizes well with the melancholy of the sky, the unchangeableness of the climate, and the heavy outlines of the neighbouring mountains.

The interior arrangement of the churches is nearly always in the form of a Latin cross. Some have nothing but a nave, without side aisles, as the church of the Jesuits; others have a principal nave and two secondary ones, as the church of the order of Mercy; or three chief naves and two collateral, as the cathedral. Their semicircular vaults, more than twice the height of those on the coast, are sometimes quite simple, sometimes strengthened by double arches, and supported by engaged columns or mere pilasters. The architectural decoration of the interior of these churches is generally very simple. Occasionally that simplicity extends to the exterior of the edifice, their whole ornamentation being limited to a triangular pediment engaged between two advanced towers, supported by pairs of columns, and surmounted by a story pierced with square windows, and decorated with small columns like the façade of the cathedral. Sometimes, again, the ornamentation is indebted to the Hispano-Lusitanian taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for its embellishment of pinnacles and acroteriæ, pyramidions and balls, to which is added the luxury of scrolls, eggs, volutes, roses, and chicory, borrowed from the same period. The church of the Jesuits and that

of the order of Mercy present on their façades a complete assortment of these fantastic devices. Let it be observed, however, that these various specimens of architectural bric-a-brac, instead of being moulded in plaster and afterwards stuck in their places, are laboriously sculptured in the trachyte or granite of the Andes, so that the mason may be said to have succeeded where the architect has failed.

The display of luxury which, as we have seen, characterizes the churches of



GREAT SQUARE AND CATHEDRAL OF CUZCO.

Arequipa, is rivalled by those of Cuzco. There is the same profusion of costly materials, mingled and combined according to all the rules of an unsophisticated piety and uncultivated taste. To behold on some solemn religious occasion, sparkling in the blaze of the wax-lights, the magnificence of these churches, their altars encrusted with gold and precious stones, one might well say, knowing their deficiencies in all that regards art and style, that the mere show of wealth is considered a sufficient substitute for them, as women sometimes imagine their plainness will pass unnoticed if they make a sufficient display of jewelry.

The cathedral of Cuzco, whose high-altar is of solid silver, as likewise is the reredos and all the ornaments which crown it, possesses a fabulous store of riches in the shape of reliquaries, remonstrances, pixes, chalices, patens, stars of diamonds, rubies, topazes, and emeralds, enough to fill with jealousy the heart of any pope of the time when the popes were in their greatest glory. It is true the architecture of this gorgeously-

endowed monument, both exteriorly and interiorly, is but little worthy of the strong box of so much wealth. Built on a platform where stood, in the fourteenth century, the palace of the Inca Viracocha, its plan, as before observed, is that of an oblong square, and its elevation presents two stories with salient wings or towers. The three doors and three windows of its façade are separated by coupled columns, and this part of the work is finished with a pediment. The trachyte sandstone of which it is built has acquired by age a sooty hue, which contrasts strongly with the chalky whiteness of the cupolas of its five naves and its two towers.

The interior of the building consists of a pronaos or portico opening to three chief naves and two lateral ones provided with chapels. The most celebrated of these chapels—the second to the right on entering—is that of the *Señor de los Temblores*, or "Christ of Earthquakes." We shall have to speak of this more in detail when we come to describe the religious fêtes and processions of Cuzco. The few windows in the walls of the edifice admit but a faint light into the interior. The heavy mass of the arches which form the vaulted roof, and the pillars which support them, add still more to the obscurity which the external atmosphere renders cold and forbidding. The only ray which brightens and warms a little this darkness, the only inestimable jewel among all the priceless jewels with which this melancholy basilica is enriched, is a picture of Christ crucified, in the vestry, a splendid painting in the later style of Murillo.

Around the cathedral extends an atrium or court, bounded by a wall about the height of a man, which is surmounted at regular distances by square pedestals with pyramidal terminations. All along this wall, as if to break the uniformity of its straight line, a picturesque kind of bazaar has been extemporized, consisting of awnings and great umbrellas, under which industrious traders of both sexes display to the gaze of the passers-by the sordid finery and thick shoes, with six rows of nails, which are worn by the governors and fashionable alcaldes of the villages of the Sierra.

According to a tradition which the dark-skinned and long-haired Nestors of the country have spread among the people, there is a lake under the cathedral. This lake, the water of which reposes in a profound calm all the year, swells up and beats against the pavement of the choir with a hollow sound on the anniversary of the entry into Cuzco of the Spanish conquerors (Nov. 13th, 1532). On that day of mourning for the population of the old stock, it is no uncommon thing, when traversing the court, to see a number of credulous souls kneeling in the dust, with their ears close to the ground, endeavouring with the most serious air in the world to catch some murmur of the enchanted water.

A church built of loam rammed into moulds[1] by Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and consecrated by his chaplain, Vincent de Valverde, occupied during six-and-thirty years the site of the cathedral. In 1572 the viceroy, Francisco Toledo, had this wretched structure pulled down, and laid the foundations of a new edifice. A sum of about £13,000 sterling was at first devoted to its construction. Fifty years then run their course, and as the new church, like the famous web of Penelope, was always in

[1] *En pisé*, a well-known method of moulding clay or stiff earth for building purposes, by ramming it into moulds, which are continually shifted as the work proceeds.

course of erection yet never got erected, and as fresh sums of money were incessantly voted for it, Philip IV. one day impatiently demanded *if they meant to build it of solid silver.* The fame of the royal *jeu d'esprit,* after making the tour of Spain, reached America, and though we cannot positively say that it stimulated the zeal of those engaged in the work, it is certain that at the end of eighty-two years the cathedral was finished. Its cost amounted to nearly three millions sterling, a thing that would appear incredible, considering what a sorry edifice it is.[1]

The church was consecrated on the 15th of August, 1654; but before this could be done it was necessary to clear the approaches, blocked up by the accumulated rubbish of labours which had extended over almost a century. All the canons, inspired by holy zeal, applied themselves to the work, using rush-baskets to remove the earth, stones, and rubbish, which had converted the holy place into a region of mountains and valleys.[2] The example of the canons was followed by the corregidor, and by four knights of the order of Calatrava; then the priests of the city and its environs arrived in a crowd, followed by their curates; the monks of the four orders were equally ready to lend a helping hand; the ladies of the city imitated the monks, and soon the entire population joined the throng, and worked like one man, till, in the course of five days and nights, the work was perfectly accomplished.

On the right of the cathedral, attached, in fact, to that edifice, stands the chapel of "Triumph," which at first was nothing more than a house of clay, like the first church of which it was the humble dependant. During an *émeute* excited by the partisans of the Inca Manco, brother of Huascar, some Spaniards who had sought refuge in that chapel, in consequence of the city having been fired at several points by the Indians, were miraculously preserved from the flames by the intercession of the blessed Virgin. From this circumstance a chapel arose on the spot with a cupola of stone, built in commemoration of the miracle. On its threshold, every anniversary of the Assumption, the Indians of both sexes decorate an altar, before which they sing and dance, eat and drink, and most devoutly make beasts of themselves, in honour of what they are pleased to call *Jesu mamachay*—the dear mother of Jesus.

From the year 1538—in which Father Vincent de Valverde, whose character would have shamed a hangman, was nominated second bishop[3] of the thatched building, which had been elevated to the rank of an episcopal church by a bull of Paul III. in 1537—to the year 1843, when Don Eugenio Mendoza y Jara was appointed to the bishopric by his holiness Gregory XVI., twenty-eight bishops, inclusive of the last-named, have succeeded to the spiritual government of Cuzco.

[1] Spanish authors have commented on the *fifty* years of labour devoted to the fortress of Sacsahuaman, but none of them mention the *eighty-two* years employed in the construction of the cathedral, or they simply indicate the fact by giving the two dates. Let us add that such figures, which anywhere else than in Peru would be very significant, here prove one thing only—that the Indian of the southern continent is naturally of so supine a disposition, that whatever he does occupies him twenty times as long as it would anybody else.

[2] *Alturas empinadas y hondos valles,* says the manuscript of Doctor Carrascon, from which I have borrowed these details.

[3] The first Bishop of Cuzco was Don Fernándo de Luquey Olivera. Father Vincent de Valverde did not enjoy his bishopric longer than three years. He was assassinated or killed—we do not know the exact facts—by the Indians of the province of Quispicanchi.

On the right of the Great Square, of which the cathedral occupies the south-east side, stands the church built by the Jesuits on the site formerly occupied by the palace of the Inca Capac Yupanqui and the ménagerie of serpents annexed to it. This



CHURCH OF THE JESUITS AT CUZCO.

church, constructed of a carboniferous sandstone, is by no means of an ignoble aspect, notwithstanding the bad taste (Hispano-Lusitanian) of the sculptures of its façade, the odd details of which have nevertheless been treated with great care. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, the church was closed until 1824, when the patriots, on their return from Ayacucho, broke open its gates in the name of Holy Liberty, and trans-

formed it into a guard-house. After the proclamation of independence it was again closed, and remained so, until one day the idea having occurred to me to borrow the keys of the sous-préfet of Cuzco, Don Jose Gregorio Llanos, we had it opened, to the astonishment of several indigencs who happened to be crossing the square, and who used their utmost speed to enter with us. Our attendant disappointed them by cleverly shutting the small door in the grand entrance gates, and so baulked their curiosity.

This church, of which the inhabitants of the city know very little beyond the exterior, has only one nave, the simple semicircular vault of which rests upon an entablature supported by fluted pilasters of the Composite order. At the entrance a large gallery, supported by square pillars, forms a kind of vestibule or pronaos to the edifice. No chapel interrupts the grand lines of the nave, which is continued in its majestic severity as far as the rounded chancel, which is separated from the nave by a stone balustrade. The church was completely destitute of any object belonging to worship; its only altar had disappeared; no picture, no cross, no votive offering hung on its walls, the stone of which, of a faded pink colour, was remarkably clean.

While walking up and down over the great stones of the pavement, our steps awaking a hollow echo, we picked up some fragments of sculpture, which had belonged to a pulpit, the position of which was indicated by the iron cramps still visible in the wall on the right. Among these fragments was the winged head of an angel, the size of one's fist, remarkable for its charming expression and for a delicacy of execution which did honour to the chisel of the indigenous Berruguète who had sculptured it.

In the gallery, to which we ascended by a stone staircase protected by a balustrade of carved wood of beautiful workmanship, the organ still displayed its battery of various sized tubes, but all in disorder, leaning the one upon the other like the trees of a forest in a high wind. The keys were disjointed, worms had eaten the leather of the hammers, and huge spiders' webs enveloped, as in a winding-sheet, this poor harmonious body from which the soul had fled.

In front of the balustrade which separated the chancel from the nave gaped an opening some four feet square, looking down which we could see only the first few steps of a staircase, the rest being lost in darkness. Followed by the Indian with the keys, who was visibly impressed by this empty church and dark hole, I descended. Some twenty steps led us into the crypt of the church, which was divided into little square cells, the walls of which were as clean as if they had been recently washed. These cells had formerly served as vaults for the dead. Some open and empty coffins still remained, and the form of the corpses was marked on the bottom plank by a silhouette of a sepia colour. Some fragments of the grave-clothes made of the cotton of the country (*tocuyo*) were hanging to the nails of the coffins. At night, by the light of a torch, this spectacle must have been a very cheerful one! But it was mid-day. The crypt was filled with the pleasant summer air, and the sun peeped in at the barred windows, through which might be seen a mallow in bloom gracefully bending before a gentle breeze, so that the gloomy details, which I realized one by one, only awoke in me a sentiment of quiet melancholy. It was otherwise with my companion, who,

on regaining the street, assured me that the sight of these coffins and their odour of human rottenness had made him so sick at heart that he felt it necessary to get a drink of brandy at a place he knew of. I approved the idea, and giving him two reals, charged him to present my thanks to his master.

After the church of the Jesuits come the churches of St. Augustine and the Almudena, both elegantly constructed, and both unused for worship, which implies a certain amount of indifference in matters of religion among the present inhabitants of Cuzco. Though without priests and altars, these two churches, however, are not left to entire solitude. *Positivism*, while despoiling them of their sacred prestige, has known how to profit by the advantages which they had to offer. A college, with all its furniture of benches, tables, and desks, is installed in the first, and is well accommodated there. The second has been converted into an hospital for poor women by a society of philanthropists whose benevolent intention cannot be too highly praised, though it is impossible to speak so approvingly of the manner in which they sold their original building by auction, and divided the price among themselves.

This architectural review of the churches of Cuzco naturally leads me to speak of the clergy who conduct the services in them, chanting the praises of God in a Latin to which the use of the Quichua idiom has given a drawling accent and a guttural pronunciation extremely offensive to the lovers of euphony.

These respectable priests, men of the world in their manners, and jovial fellows in conversation, besides the general information they possess, are generally masters of some special science to which they have taken a fancy and acquired as they could from compilations and other books which have by accident fallen into their hands. Each has selected, according to circumstances or the bent of his mind, geography, physics, chemistry, or the higher mathematics. The science which they publicly profess is contained substantially in the form of questions and answers in a manual which has been edited with great care, and which their pupils, whose ages range from sixteen to twenty-four, are expected to learn by heart after having written it out under their dictation. Such of the priests as do not pretend to any special science content themselves with the profession of scholastic theology, canonic theology, or mystic theology—three sciences comprised in the programme of a liberal education at Cuzco.

The costume of these indigenous canons and priests is not unlike that of the Spanish clergy, *minus* the quality of their lace ruffles, and *plus* the golden links by which they are fastened to their wrists, and the huge umbrella of red tafeta—an indispensable addition to the ecclesiastical toilet in the country of the Incas.

The manners of the clergy of Cuzco are sweet and agreeable, recalling somewhat those of the biblical times and the patriarchal ages. Most of them have a niece, whose mother fills the office of governess (*ama de llaves*) in the house, but whom the priest, in deference to the *convenances* of society, never calls his sister. It may be they receive an orphan or a poor young widow, whose children they adopt, into the house. These pious works of the good priests of Cuzco are dictated by the real love of their neighbour, by the dread of isolation, and the need inherent in fine natures of being surrounded by affectionate hearts. Their solicitude for such dependants on their bounty is most

paternal and tender; not only do they share with them whatever they possess and supply all their wants, but, on occasion, they do not hesitate to make sacrifices to provide them with superfluities. Has a merchant received from the Pacific coast some novelty or article of fashion, the good priest loses no time in informing his adopted family of the



AN INDIGENOUS PRIEST AND COLLEGIAN.

fact, and arranging for a visit to the shop. On arriving there the reverend father enters alone to examine the goods and to discuss their price, the widow and her children standing aside. It sometimes happens that the worthy ecclesiastic, unable to decide between two articles, or doubtful about different prices, beckons to his protégée, who advances timidly.

"*Que le parece à U^d.*"—What is your opinion? he asks.

"I am always of the opinion of my *señor padre*," the sly puss invariably replies, at the same time pointing with her finger to the most expensive of the two articles.

At last the man of God makes his choice. He has the stuff cut off and made up into a parcel; and putting it under his arm says graciously to the merchant, "I will send you the money in a few minutes." These canonical minutes, however, almost always extend to a year or eighteen months; they are sometimes eternal.

On arriving at home the good shepherd receives the warmest thanks of his flock if the article bought by him is of superior quality; but if it leaves anything to be desired



AN ADOPTED FAMILY.

in this respect, a storm, which had been brewing all the way from the shop to the house, breaks sharply over the patriarch's head, and the epithets *sicatero* (stingy), *raton* (rat), and *arariente* (miser), are his reward.

The most perfect picture of this kind, and the most affecting example of these domestic manners, is presented by the house of a canon, a friend of mine, a philosopher by instinct, and by opportunity a professor of experimental physics. His study was a loft lighted from the roof; an indefinable but poisonous odour exhaled from this sanctuary of science, into which I never entered without holding a lemon to my nose. No den in the dirtiest quarters of Orleans, no marine store-shop, ever presented a more confused heap of books, instruments, rags, and waste-paper; no dirty nook was ever so covered with dust or interlaced with cobwebs. Our canonical friend, seated at a table, occupies himself in working out his ideas on paper, and keeping them bright by repeated

draughts of Carlon wine. If his hands stay, it is only to notice, with a smile, the three young monkeys—his adopted children—who are screaming and tumbling over each other on a mat. By a caprice worthy of his philosophy our friend has given to these children, whose mother, an Indian, is his cook, names taken from the vegetable kingdom; the eldest is called *Sapallo* (melon), the next in age, a daughter, *Zanahoria* (carrot), the youngest answers to the name of *Apio* (celery). The maternal *amour propre* of the



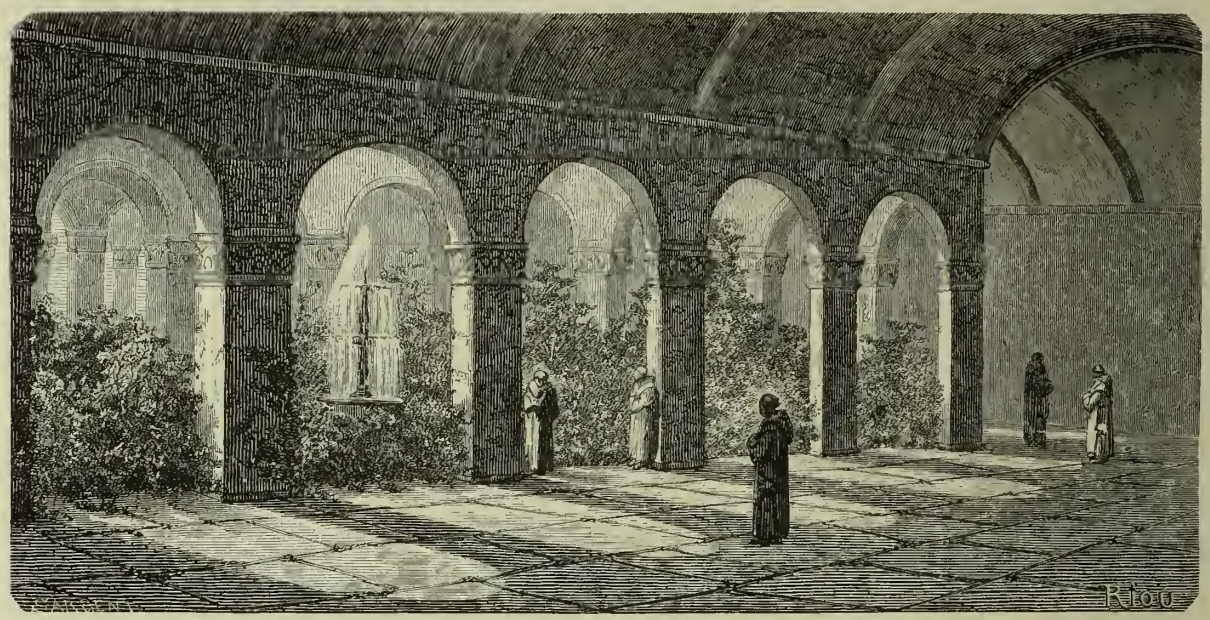
ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDS. A CANON OF CUZCO AND PROFESSOR OF EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS.

Indian was a little shocked at first by these ridiculous names, but her master maintained his point by pretending, with or without reason, that the names of vegetables were very proper for the children of a cook, and would recall happy memories of the *pot-au-feu*.

Let us leave our friend to his experimental physics, his brimming wine-glass, and his interesting family, and from the manners of the clergy and the architecture of the churches, pass on to a description of the convents.

The exterior decoration of the convents of Cuzco is far from equalling that of its churches. All these edifices are heavy parallelograms, the walls perfectly plain, roofed with tiles, or crowned by cupolas, and entered by an arched door, over which is placed the sign of salvation. This door leads into a little court inclosed within high walls, and abutting on one of those dark and tortuous passages which Mrs. Radcliffe loved to

depict in the old castles of her romances, or such as lead into the dungeons of the Inquisition. One can hardly enter without feeling a little fear; but when, having groped one's way for a few minutes, the interior cloister unexpectedly opens upon us full of air and light, the disagreeable impression quickly vanishes. Imagine a vast court surrounded with an arcade, the arches of which are supported by elegant pillars or groups of columns extending in a charming perspective, and in the centre of this court, which is formed into a garden, a granite fountain with three basins, one above the other, from the summit of which springs a jet of water which falls from basin to basin as from the urn of a naiad! Add to this the fine masses of daturas, cherries, and myrtles, and



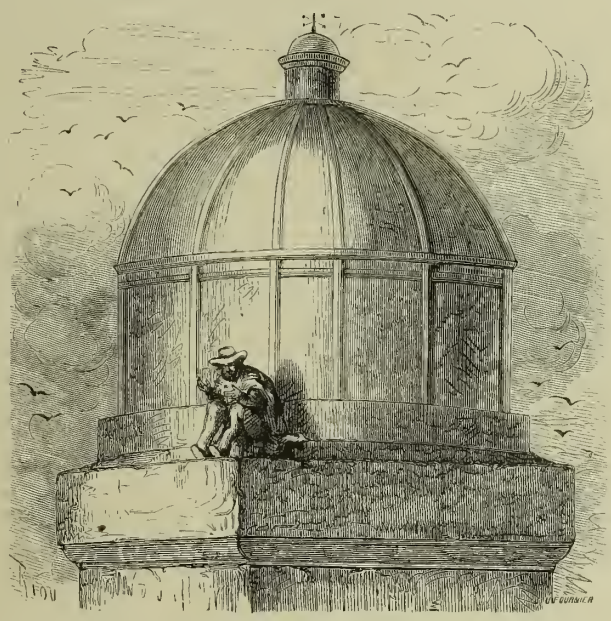
INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT OF MERCY AT CUZCO.

the baskets of flowers symmetrically arranged, all mingling their living foliage with the sculptured leafage of the architecture. A profound peace, an ineffable calm, pervades the scene. A complete solitude is around him who muses in its pleasant shades. No discordant noise offends his ear; the murmuring of water, the sighing of the wind, the twittering of a bird in the branches, are the only sounds which break the silence. Never was a safer asylum, a more retired and mysterious retreat offered to the poet, the artist, or the dreamer, to develop his theme or nurse his fancies. For these Edens of Cuzco, hidden within four walls, it only requires a few degrees more of temperature to make them worthy of being compared with the true Paradise.

The convent of Mercy is a marvel of the kind. If the elegance of its cloister, the beautiful proportions of its arches, and the monumental staircase which leads to the first story, are worthy of the admiration of the curious and of connoisseurs in art, its gardens, its waters, its pleasant shades, offer to the meditative mind the most charming of *alamedas.*

This beautiful convent, the prior of which was a friend of mine, has no corner with which I am not acquainted. I know the exact number of pillars in its galleries,

and every kind of vegetable that grows in its garden-beds. One of my pleasures during the short summers of Cuzco was to mount after dinner to the platform of its steeple, and lean my back against the cupola, to enjoy the unspeakable pleasure imparted by the heated masonry. Wrapped in my cloak, and smoking a cigar, my eye wandered leisurely over the city, and indiscreetly penetrated the neighbouring houses and courts. In particular, the monastery of Santa Clara attracted my attention by the arrangement of its cells, and its prettily laid out garden, diapered with charming though common flowers. From the height of my observatory I could see the nuns come and go, and at their various occupations, utterly unconscious that a profane intruder, a crea-



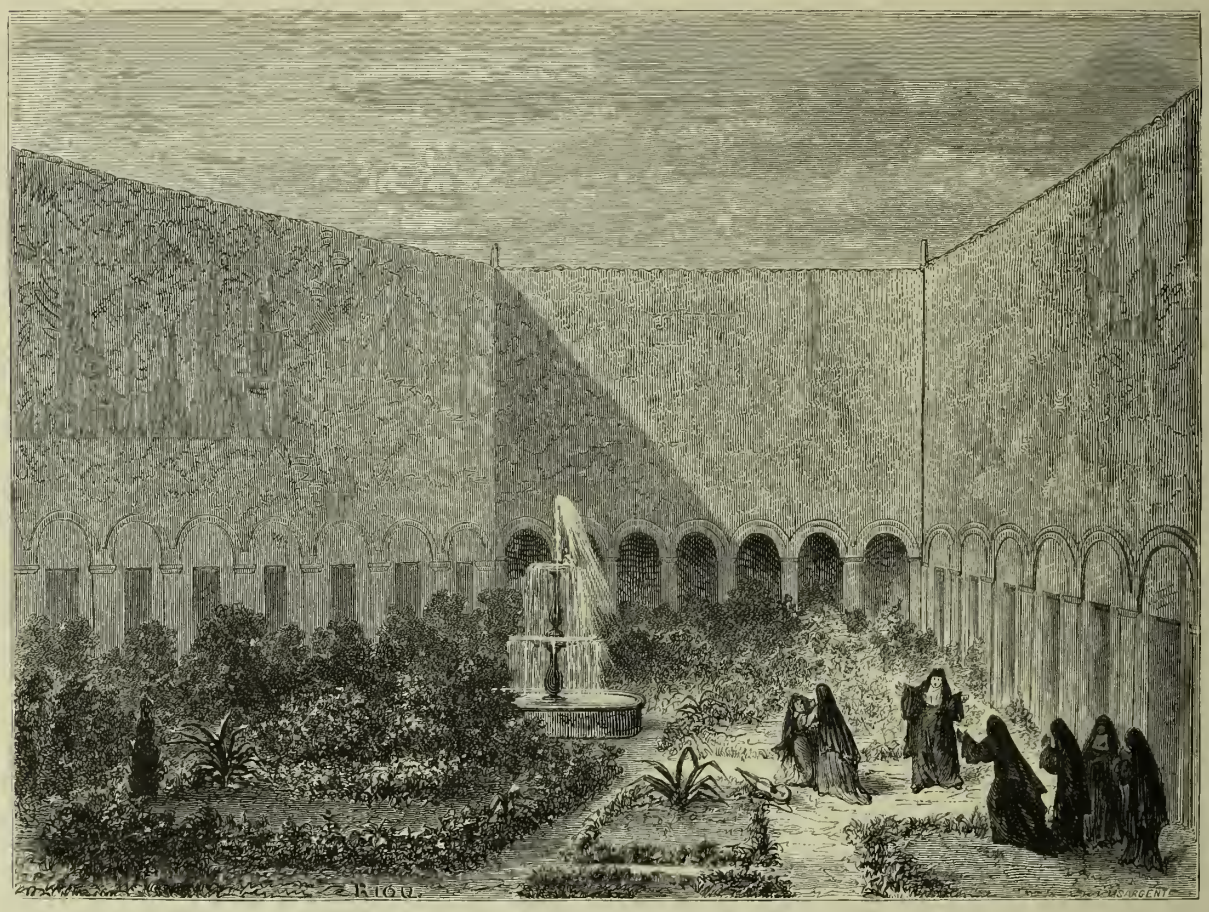
THE AUTHOR'S OBSERVATORY.

ture of the abhorred sex, had his eyes fixed upon them, and missed no detail of their pantomime.

One afternoon in particular I was at my post watching, for the hundredth time, the convent garden, when chance made me the witness of a strange scene. I speak of it here for two reasons; first, because a traveller, being under an obligation to see everything, if not to know everything, has some sort of right to say everything; secondly, because the episode in question relates to the manners of the country and explains certain customs. I say then I was looking into the garden of Santa Clara when one of the nuns left her cell and placed herself opposite a neighbouring one. She had a guitar, which she played as an accompaniment to a *copla*, a *yaravi*, or some kind of song. At the distance at which I was—about 150 yards—I could not hear either the air or the words, but the languishing *pose* of the performer, her head thrown back, her eyes raised to heaven, plainly indicated that her song was one of the tenderest kind, and her music suitable to it.

As she was thus occupied, the door of a cell on the right suddenly opened, and a nun rushed out, her arms extended, and her vail streaming in the wind. Running to

the performer, she snatched the guitar from her hands, and broke it over her head. Then seizing her in her vigorous grasp, and bending her like a reed, she inflicted on her that sort of chastisement with which it is not uncommon to threaten naughty children, while there flashed before my eyes a flutter of colours, blue, yellow, red, and green, as when one turns up the leaves of a "Civil Code" (or a "London Post-office Directory") with their variously-coloured edges.[1] The cries of the unfortunate brought out several of her companions, with the abbess at their head, and not without trouble three of the nuns released her from her assailant. What followed I do not know.



GARDEN OF THE CONVENT OF SANTA CLARA AT CUZCO.

In the evening I related this occurrence to some ladies of the city, and asked for an explanation. They replied, with a smile, that the nun had probably been beaten for serenading the beloved friend of one of her companions, precisely as in Spain a gallant would punish the rival who should dare to twang a guitar under the windows of his lady-love!

Let us return to the convents of the men and their architecture.

Next to the convent of Mercy, the most beautiful of all, the foundation of which dates from 1537, comes that of Santo Domingo, which dates from 1534, and was

[1] Under the parallel of Cuzco, the *enaguas*, or petticoats worn by the fair sex, are always of woollen stuff, and of the most brilliant dyes. The colours *à la mode* are deep scarlet, sky-blue, bright red, apple-green, and yellow.

founded by the four Dominican monks, Valverde, Pedraza, San Martin, and Oliaz, who accompanied Francisco Pizarro to Cuzco. This convent is built on the site occupied by the temple of the Sun and its dependencies in the time of the Incas. Some remains of



THE CHURCH OF MERCY AT CUZCO.

the walls of the older edifice, built of a porphyroid trachyte, of a dull gray colour, are included in the modern construction, and enable the archæologist to study the old material and workmanship. The convent garden is bounded on the north by the remains of an ancient wall, semicircular in form, and the only one of the kind belonging to the epoch of the Incas that we have discovered. The position of this wall corre-

sponds to the place where the colossal image of Inti-Churi, placed on an altar of black porphyry, was exposed to the adoration of the faithful. Real flowers and vegetables now grow in the garden once planted with flowers and grasses of gold, if one may credit the marvellous descriptions given by the historiographers of the Conquest. That garden, or rather that golden inclosure (*ccoricancha*), though deprived of its treasures, has given its name to the quarter.

The convent of San Francisco, founded in 1535, in the quarter of Toccocachi, a dependency of the parish of San Cristoval, was transferred in 1538 into the quarter of

A. Temple of the Sun, now the church and convent of Santo Domingo.

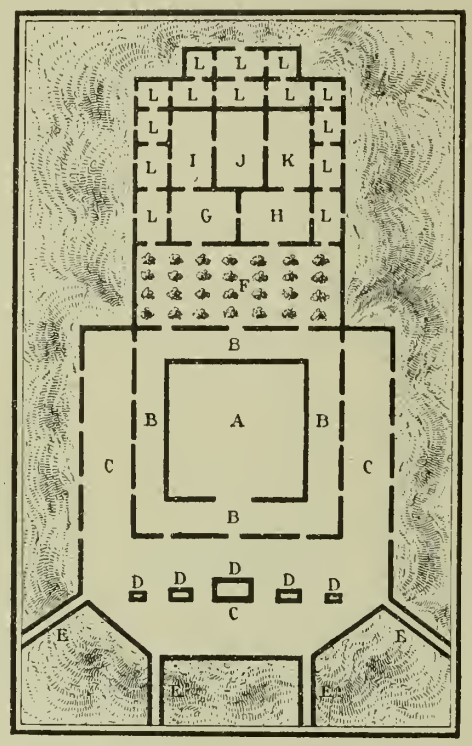
B. B. B. B. Quadrangular cloister.

C. C. C. Outer court of the temple, with its side walls.

D. D. D. D. D. Fountain and lavers for purification.

E. E. E. E. Ancient streets leading from the outer court of the temple to the Great Square of Cuzco, now the streets of St. Augustin, the Prison, the Lower Brook, and the Corner (*Recoin*).

F. *Ccoricancha*, or golden garden of the Incas, now the residence and kitchen-garden of the canon Justo Apu Ramo de Sahuaraura.



G. Chapel dedicated to the moon —*Quilla.*

H. Chapel dedicated to Venus and the Milky Way—*Coyliur chascca y Catachillay.*

I. Chapel dedicated to Thunder and Lightning—*Illapantac.*

J. Chapel dedicated to the Rainbow—*Ckuychi.*

K. Council-hall of the *Huillacumu*, or grand pontiff, and priests of the Sun.

L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. Apartments of the priests and servants attached to the worship of the Sun.

GROUND-PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, AS DETERMINED BY THE EXISTING REMAINS, THE PRINTED TEXTS, AND THE MANUSCRIPT CHRONICLES PRESERVED IN THE CONVENTS OF CUZCO.

Casana, nearly opposite the College of Sciences. In 1549 it was definitively established at the corner of the place which it still occupies, and to which it has given its name. In this place every Saturday, from mid-day to six o'clock, a market is held (called the market of Baratillo), where connoisseurs in such things, of both sexes, go to buy old clothes, old lace, old hats, and old shoes.

The existing convent of San Francisco presents nothing exteriorly to the lovers of architectonic art but an agglomeration of square basements, surmounted by a square tower. In the interior there are courts, gardens, and long arcades, the arches of which are supported by groups of columns, and the walls decorated with great frescoes, in which are portrayed St. Francis of Assisi in every possible position and action of his pious existence. The only remarkable thing about these frescoes is their naïve piety. In an artistic point of view, as to composition, design, and colour, they are mere memoranda, and give occasion to strange misunderstandings and curious perversions of the

artist's meaning. Notwithstanding, in these crusted daubs, exposed to the external air, and growing paler each returning spring, like consumptive girls, one is sensible of a faith so fervent, and, in the artist who painted them, an intention so manifest to honour the patron of the place, in order to secure his intercession at the throne of mercy, that the severest critic, though his heart may be steeled against emotion, must needs drop his pen in spite of himself.

After the monasteries, let us speak of the monks.

In Cuzco, as in the cities of the Littoral, the monk enjoys the consideration of all classes. The high functionaries clap him on the back in the friendliest manner, merchants and citizens shake hands with him heartily, the women smile on him and trust their consciences to his keeping, while the children climb his knees, and fearlessly play with the tassels of his cloak-string. The freedom of action which this pious personage enjoys at Cuzco is unbounded. We rarely find him in his cell, but, on the other hand, we meet with him everywhere else, and at all hours; advising with one on the most serious matters, discussing with another the most trivial affairs; speaking to every one in the language proper to him; moved by his temperament as well as his education to make light of the troubles of the world; freely seasoning his pleasantries to the taste of his auditors; preferring the wines of France to the water of the country, and the exact word to the periphrasis; bearing with his neighbours' little defects, excusing all his weaknesses, veiling with a mantle of charity the peccadilloes of the fair sex, always ready as a citizen to blame in public the acts of the government, and as an ecclesiastic to censure in secret the doings of the bishop—such is the monk of Cuzco.

Most of these monks quit the convent after the morning office, and do not return until nine o'clock at night. How do they employ the day? That is just what no one has ever known. Desirous of learning something about this constant truant-playing, which seemed to me at the least very strange, I questioned the prior of a convent who had often been my *vis-à-vis* at little family dances:

"Why do all your monks leave the convent every day?" I asked.

"To seek their pasture," he replied, laughing.

And as I insisted on knowing what kind of pasture he meant, the worthy prior added, with a wink,

"Are they not men like yourself?"

I was obliged to content myself with this ambiguous answer.

At Cuzco the monastic state does not entail upon the novitiate any of those rough trials of his constancy which mortify the body and weary the spirit. It is along roads clad with soft herbage, and paths sown with flowers, that these novices reach the period when they must pronounce their vows, and seriously commence their vocation. How often in our walks, through town and country, have we not seen through the half-open door of a *chicheria* a merry swarm of these *monigotes* (lay brothers of religious orders) roaring their bacchanal songs, drinking their brimming glasses, or dancing the *maicito* and the *moza mala* with all the abandonment of their age!

The priors of the convents of Cuzco have made it a rule to tolerate among the novices of their order these honest pastimes, of which religion, as they profess it,

does not disapprove. They pretend to know by experience that human nature has need of a safety-valve to let off its surplus steam, without which precaution the machine might be blown up. These priors are, generally speaking, men trained to the battle of life, and tempered like fine steel in the furnace of the passions. All have been, or are still, exposed to the temptations of the evil one. If the most part succumb without showing fight, it is because they are persuaded beforehand that all resistance on their part would be useless, God, they say, not having gifted man and the demon with equal power.



MONKS OF CUZCO—THE FOUR ORDERS.

One of them, already advanced during his lifetime to canonization, who was well known to me, but whom I will not name for fear of shocking his modesty, has been the victim of one of those terrible passions which upset society, and which, let us charitably hope, may at last tend to their greater perfection in righteousness. That passion had been to the prior of whom I speak the source of a thousand evils, and at the same time an occasion of the most foolish extravagancies. After having devoured the savings of the community, and hypothecated the lands of the convent, he had, say his enemies—which of us, alas! has not enemies?—sold to a goldsmith of the Calle del Plateros a statue of the archangel Michael, as large as life, and of solid silver, which for two centuries had adorned a certain chapel, where it had been the pride of the community and the admiration of the faithful. The devout public made a stir about this affair, and the bishop was arranging to open an inquiry, when lo! the image which it was said had been sold and melted into ingots was found one fine morning in its old niche. The prior was raised to the skies. In vain his enemies asserted that a collection made for the purpose among the ladies had enabled him to buy the image back again. The common sense of the public did justice to that calumny, and the prior's reputation for sanctity was suddenly increased a hundredfold.

If the monks of Cuzeo have neither the softened manners nor the mellifluous tones aequired by familiarity with the world, nor that ordinary niceness of person which St. Augustine ealls a virtue, and whieh their religious brethren of Arequipa earry to exeess, they substitute for these virtues a roundness of manners, a frankness of language, and a keen appreeiation of men and things, which puts the stranger who is near them at his ease. Among the monks of Arequipa the form is more than the substance; among those of Cuzeo the substanee predominates over the form.

The parallel we have drawn between the convents of men in the two cities may be extended, with some modifications, to their eommunities of women. Less bountifully gifted by nature and education than the nuns of Arequipa, those of Cuzeo have none of those pleasant links with the outside world which the former have established by means of little presents and sweets. Like the Virgins of the Sun, to whom they are related by family ties, the nuns of Cuzeo live ehastely within the shadow of their eold walls, and though, following the example of their sisters beyond the Cordillera, they sometimes make for sale creams, fritters, and other dainties, they never invite, as the nuns of Arequipa do, their neighbours and friends to eome and partake of sueh things with them.

These moral and physical differenees between the eommunities of Cuzeo and Arequipa seem to be resolvable into questions of altitude, of climate, and of raee. Arequipa, situated in a pleasant green valley, enjoys a mild temperature, and an almost always serene sky. Its proximity to the eoast of the Pacifie, and its daily relations with strangers during a period of three eenturies, have eaused a mixture of raees, and substituted for the pure Indian blood, in the *élite* of its population, mueh of Spanish, English, German, French, and Italian origin. Cuzeo, owing to its geographical situation, has enjoyed none of these advantages. Situated 300 miles from the sea, and 12,558 feet above its level, surrounded with barren mountains, saddened by a eold elimate and a elouded sky, its population has only had passing relations with the eivilized world, and has preserved almost intaet its primitive manners, as well as its peeuliar idiom and the eolour of its skin.

We would willingly have developed at greater length this eomparison between Arequipa and Cuzeo, but our minutes are counted, and the reader must undertake that task for himself. We will only add, that from the geographieal and elimatologieal differenees between the two eities there results a sentiment of mutually hostile sharpness in their populations. The eitizens, small and great, of the Littoral provinees, like the religious bodies, eall the inhabitants of the Sierra *Indios piojosos* (lousy Indians); while the latter on their side stigmatize the eoast inhabitants as *Yuracuy* (white rabbits) and *Masamoreros* (lickers of eream).

Notwithstanding the severe seelusion of the nuns of Cuzeo, and their superiority to the opinion of the world, ealumny has not serupled to whisper the aeeusations whieh seem so natural to the earnal mind, and to tarnish with its unclean breath these mirrors of purity. The nuns of St. Catherine have been the espeeial butt of the arrows of the wieked. It is enrious that the site of their eonvent was formerly oeeupied by the *Aceilhuaci* or House of the Virgins eonseerated to the worship of

Hélios-Churi. They are now subjected, however, to the severity of the laws made by Sinchiroca in the twelfth century. Christianity has much softened the lot of these vestals. Instead of being put to death, the nun who has forgotten her vows—and some instances of the kind are on record—is simply but severely whipped by two of her companions, and deprived of her chocolate for breakfast during a year. As for her accomplice, he may be censured by public opinion, but the law does not reach him.

The earthquake of 1650, one of the most violent on record—like that of 1590, which was felt at Cuzco, where it overthrew 100 houses—destroyed a portion of the convent



BEGUINE OF CUZCO.

of St. Catherine, built in 1599. Dispossessed of their abode, the nuns found an asylum in the house of a chevalier situated in the Calle del Cuichipuncu. On the 17th of December, 1651, after vespers, the first stone of the present monastery was solemnly laid. The Bishop of Cuzco, surrounded by the clergy, the religious communities, and a vast number of the population, deposited under this stone some pieces of golden coin stamped with the effigy of Philip IV., a ring, and a tooth-pick. The money, it is naïvely stated, in a long inscription engraved upon a leaden plate which was placed under the stone along with the objects, was meant to typify the spiritual riches which the soul acquires by prayer and by renouncing the pleasures of the world; the ring betokened the mystic espousal of the virgins to their heavenly Bridegroom; the tooth-pick alone was apparently meaningless. We have vainly tried to fathom this little mystery. Was this tooth-pick an advertisement of some kind? Was it a symbol? If a symbol, did it refer to the soul or the body? What was its signification? Was it a token of cleanliness? Here is a fine opportunity for those who are fond of rebuses and charades to find the solution of a puzzling enigma.

The nunneries of Cuzco have nothing to say to questions of art. Those of St. Catherine and Santa Clara are plain square edifices, dating back to 1651 and 1558.

As to the *béguinages*, of still humbler pretensions, they all date from the middle of the eighteenth century. The beguines of various orders who reside in them form a distinct type among the population of the city. Clothed in black, white, blue, or gray, according to the order to which they belong, a leathern belt round their waists, from which is suspended a string of beads, a crucifix, and a number of medals and death's-heads, which make a melancholy rattling as they walk, these beguines—old, brown, bony, and sullen for the most part—are intermediary between the world and the cloister. As they have the privilege of going out at all hours, and are received everywhere, they circulate, in private houses and monasteries alike, all the small talk and scandal they can collect in the course of their peregrinations: some of them, like the Spanish duenna of the olden time, serve as letter-carriers and links of communication between unhappy and persecuted lovers; others make a secret trade of love, and offer to sell at a high price that which is elsewhere given away.

If from the architecture of the churches and convents of Cuzco we pass to that of its houses, we shall observe that the majority of them have for their basements old walls of the time of the Incas, the more easy to recognize, as they are never coloured or whitewashed, whilst the rest of the house is always daubed over with lime or some gay-coloured wash. This speciality dates from the time of Pizarro, who, to economize time and workmanship, contented himself with discrowning the old edifices, and erecting new stories upon the old basements. Thanks to this circumstance—a happy one for archæologists—the city is only transformed, as it were, to the middle of the body, the upper half being catholic and modern, the lower heathen and antique.

The style of these dwellings is, with some slight differences, that of all the houses built in America by Spanish constructors and the masons of their school. It is monotonous, heavy, and freezingly cold. The enormous square mass which forms the building has a door like a tomb, studded with nails. This door opens into a court paved like a street; a staircase in one of the walls leads to the first story, which has an internal gallery of wood or stone. From this gallery open the sleeping and reception chambers, the folding-doors of which, in place of any kind of glass, have only a grated judas, or a little sliding shutter (*chattière*). An exterior balcony, shaped like a long wooden box, is supported by projecting timbers, and is apparently quite closed, but lozenge or heart shaped openings enable the inmates to see what is going on in the streets without being seen.

Some decorate the sides of the entrance court with granite vases called *mazetas*, in which a vivacious thlaspi, rue, or *yuerba buena* (*Mentha viridis*—spear-mint) may be languishing out its days; others have a garden *peopled* with green myrtles like those of ancient Idalia mentioned by Voltaire in his *Henriade*. These unhappy shrubs are tortured by the local gardeners into the shape of men and animals, of ramrods and distaffs, butterflies and cauliflowers. A few clumps of dahlias, asters, gilliflowers, and red and white carnations, make agreeable breaks in these fantastic masses of verdure.

The furniture of the houses, as in those of Arequipa, is of two kinds and two epochs. Families faithful to ancient tradition have preserved articles of Spanish manufacture made and carved out of the solid wood, painted in bright colours, which are heightened

in effect by fillets of burnished gold and a pattern of roses or tulips. The houses which sacrifice to modern taste and pique themselves on elegance are furnished in the Græco-Parisian style of 1804. Both classes of dwellings have their windows protected with iron bars, and seldom have any curtains. Instead of a floor the ground has a coating of *argamaza*, a kind of cement, and is thickly carpeted as a protection against the cold.

A gray-coloured paper or a painting in impasto decorates the walls of the aristocratic drawing-rooms. Upon the tables or consoles, over which are octagonal mirrors in steel frames, are displayed specimens of Peruvian bric-à-brac, consisting of statuettes of Incas and Coyas (empresses) found at Huamanga, and vases of painted earthenware, more or less cracked, of a date anterior to the Conquest. Oil-paintings by artists of Cuzco and Quito once adorned the saloons of the old aristocracy, but political revolutions have disfigured, burned, or sold these often remarkable canvases. Deprived of the



A LADY OF CUZCO.

gallery of pictures which had been their pride, some noble families of the city, among whom a taste for art is hereditary, have tried to provide a substitute for them by painting the wall of their staircase either with the colours and designs of their heraldic honours, or with their genealogical tree, represented as a vine with tortuous branches. This emblematic peerage, at the top of which is found Francisco Pizarro, extends from the ground-floor to the first story, spreading along the walls its garlands of green vine-leaves, from which hang like wall-grapes the heads of bearded Spaniards and native women. One of these staircases, that of the late Countess Roza de Sanz y Traganabos —a woman as remarkable for her small stature and beauty as for her exploits in the wars of independence—has been for a long time the admiration of strangers.

The families of the doubtful nobility, or those which can only boast of a small number of ancestors, being incapable of pretending to the honours of the emblematic vine, console themselves with the possession of a piano of English or Chilian manu-

facture. This piano, provided with wax lights always fresh, and with Rodolph's exercises on the scale always open, is placed in the most conspicuous part of the reception



A WOMAN OF THE LOWER RANKS OF CUZCO.

room. No one ever touches it, for reasons which it is easy to conceive, but the show it makes is satisfactory to the *amour propre* of the family. It is at once a certificate of



A WOMAN OF THE LOWER RANKS OF CUZCO.

civilization and an attestation of taste and genteel manners. It is the *mode* to have a piano, as in Paris to have an English service of silver from old Saxe, and furniture from Boule. Every family happy enough to procure one of these instruments, though

it may be all askew and without strings, is raised to the level of the nobility, and keeps with it the crown of the causeway.

Notwithstanding the almost constant lowness of the temperature of Cuzco, and the storms of rain, hail, and snow which succeed each other so frequently, that the neighbouring cities say of that capital: *Llueve 13 meses en un año*—it rains thirteen months in the year—the use of chimneys, stoves, or braziers is unknown. The ladies wrap themselves up as well as possible in their shawls or mantles, and the gentlemen in their great cloaks. As for the Indians, both men and women, they wear woollen shirts and coats



WOMAN OF THE ENVIRONS OF CUZCO.

or habits, to which the men add the *llacolla*, and the women the *llicclla*—large and small sized woollen mantles. To warm them more effectively, and set their blood in more rapid motion, great and small, rich and poor, have, besides the wines and liquors of Europe, the local chicha and rum from the hot valleys. Aided by these various drinks, the consumption of which never ceases, they bear with but little inconvenience the minimum of temperature to which they are exposed.

Under this inclement and almost always clouded sky it is conceivable that cleanliness of body is not one of the virtues of the indigenes, and that their aversion to water approaches the character of hydrophobia. People who mix in society, it is true, perform some little ablutions once a week; but Indians go from the cradle to the grave without having felt for one moment the need of washing their face and hands. Generally they take their rest without undressing, and in fact never renew their clothes until those they have on are reduced to rags. A native woman puts on a new petticoat over her old ragged one, and as she habitually wears three or four, it is credible that the first is at least eight or ten years old. This fact sufficiently accounts for the parasites which infest them, and for that sickly odour which so unpleasantly counterbalances, in the eyes of the artist, the picturesque side of their nature.

From October to January the severity of the climate softens a little; a blue sky succeeds to the monotonous gray, and some rays of sunlight struggle to the ground, which leaps for joy. The population hails with transport the advent of the luminary they once adored. Society hastens to profit by the short summer. Processions are organized, and little journeys undertaken. Families flock to the valleys of Yucay and Urubamba to eat the strawberry and peach (*unuela*), both accompanied by the always indispensable liquor and the pleasant sounds of the flute and guitar. Others are satisfied with a daily trip to Huancaro, a hamlet just outside the city, where there is a large bath, constructed of stone, in two divisions, and filled to the brim with pure cold water.



INDIAN OF CUZCO.

There, from noon to four o'clock, and for a small payment, both sexes, separated by a partition, disport themselves at pleasure, and, their teeth chattering with cold, taste the delights of a bath which are interdicted during the rest of the year.

We are now approaching an essentially delicate point in our review of modern Cuzco —the monograph of those who everywhere constitute the ornaments of society. May we not fail to satisfy at once the curiosity of the reader, and the *amour propre* of a sex to which, as Legouvé says, we owe our mother! We are conscious of the difficulty of the enterprise; it is like undertaking to navigate between two rocks, with the risk, in avoiding Charybdis, of running upon Scylla. While satisfying the one, we may offend the other. Nevertheless, the purity of our motives, and the uprightness of our intentions, will justify us in our own eyes if, by chance, we founder before reaching the shore. This premised, we hoist sail and dare the voyage.

The women of Cuzco have generally brown skins, are of middle height, and somewhat full of figure. With them the Indian type of physique still predominates over the Spanish, as the qualities and defects of the indigenous race crop out from under the varnish of education which covers them. Nevertheless, to remind a woman of Cuzco of her incontestable origin would be to do her a mortal injury. The ambition of all

is to prove that they are Andalusian from head to foot, and, if intimate enough, they will show their shoe as an indisputable proof of their descent. The tiny shoe may, in fact, remind one of the pretty Andalusian foot, and might serve for the slipper of Rhodope or Cinderella; but as for birth, a shoe, however pretty it may be, proves very little. More than one shepherdess has had the foot of a dwarf, and many a queen the foot of a king. It is only women between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, however, who fly to this argument of the shoe. Illusions vanish as women get older and miss the homage of our ruder sex; thus the older women of Cuzco do not scruple to acknowledge their origin in a very loud voice when occasion offers: "*Somos Indias, para que negarlo?*—We are Indians, what is the use of denying it?" they say, laughing. An avowal of this kind from the lips of these venerable ladies has always appeared to us, besides being a homage rendered to holy truth, as a pin-prick meant for the younger women, and a fashion, peculiarly feminine, of protesting against the isolation to which their wrinkles and their gray hairs have consigned them.

These little weaknesses, common to the fair sex in all ages and countries, are amply compensated among the Cusqueñas, old and young, by many sweet and amiable qualities, attentions, and gracious condescensions, which lend a charm to any intercourse with them. Their monotonous life, barren of incidents, their distance from civilized points, a certain difficulty which they find in speaking Spanish—as the women of Arequipa say of them, they bungle (*chapurean*)—all these causes combine to impart to their manners I know not what ingenuous timidity and modest *gaucherie*, which is quite charming in itself, and which we should look for in vain among the women of the coast-towns. That timidity before strangers whom they see for the first time—a timidity which becomes fear among the lower class—seems to be the result of that unfriendly relationship which formerly existed between the Indians and the conquerors, though it has been weakened among the higher classes by reason of their alliances with the Spaniards.

Apart from the weekly visits of intimate friends, the women of Cuzco hardly go from home at all, where some occupy themselves with needlework, others with the preparation of sherbets and sweetmeats, mixing with their various labours any amount of harmless gossip, for which the text is supplied by their *chinas, camáristes*, or chambermaids, who collect their information out of doors. To assemble any number of the fair sex nothing less will suffice than a grand fête, an official ball on Shrove Tuesday, the solemn entry of a bishop, the installation of a new préfet, or the nomination of a president. Except on these rare occasions, the women voluntarily seclude themselves, and keep their doors shut. It is only the stranger who commands the watchword, and can visit them freely at any hour of the day. But the stranger enjoys so many privileges among the fair sex of Peru! He is that *rara avis* of which Juvenal speaks, to whom every young lady presents some little delicacy upon a trap, of which she persuades him to eat with sweet words, in the hope of snaring him and shutting him up in a cage.

Along with their natural timidity and grace, the women of Cuzco have preserved the old national costume of the time of the viceroys, still used at Lima, where it serves to cover the amiable weaknesses of the sex rather than the woman herself: but this costume, which is gradually disappearing from the capital of the Pacific, to the delight of

the unhappy husbands whose torment it has been for these two centuries, is far from being worn by the women of Cuzco in the *no-fashion* and *desinvoltura* of the fair Limanians. Its picturesque character in the City of the Kings degenerates to the grotesque in the City of the Incas. A woman of Cuzco, muffled up in that folded tonnelet, shortened and fringed, called a *saya angosta* or a *pollera apresiliada*, resembles somewhat, seen behind, a huge scarabæus, to which, however, some one has added antennæ.

This garment, worn by the majority of the women of Cuzco—from those of the mercantile class to the comfortable artisans' wives—is repudiated by the women of the aris-



CHAMBERMAIDS (CAMÉRISTES) OF CUZCO.

tocracy, who dress themselves *à la française*, but with modifications and additions in the taste of the country. There still flourish in all their past splendour the tunics *à la grecque*, the robes *à la Vierge* and *à la Sévigné*, the spencers and the scarfs as they were worn by the fair Parisians in 1820. The long drooping feathers which made a woman's head-dress appear like that of a herald-at-arms, and the tall indented combs *à la giraffe*, which remind one of the tower-crowned Cybele, are also perpetuated with touching fidelity. This respect for sumptuary traditions, which is common to the women of Cuzco, and which for pretenders to their hand should be of good augury, as evincing their singular constancy, is, however, destroyed or weakened by two strange customs. The first, in honour with the women of the *bourgeoisie*, is that of washing their hair with stagnant urine, and greasing it with mutton-fat in place of pomade.[1] The second of the customs referred to consists in covering their faces with those ointments and cosmetic plasters which were once used by the Assyrians and Medes, and which queen Jezebel

[1] The ammonia contained in this liquid prevents, so say those that use it, the contraction and drying up of the root-bulbs of the hair, and consequently the falling off of the hair. Whether true or not, it is remarkable that baldness is unknown among these aborigines; on the contrary, they have luxuriant hair which they preserve perfectly black to advanced age.

employed with success, if we may believe the indiscreet revelation of her daughter Athaliah. Only, the ladies of Cuzco, instead of using it like the queen of Judah,

Pour réparer des ans l'irréparable outrage,

employ it simply to hide the colour of their skin, and to give them the fine rosy hue of our buxom European lasses. Among these ladies there are some with natures



A LADY OF CUZCO GOING TO CHURCH.

superior to artifice, and who, disdaining the use of white-lead and vermilion—thinking that well done that God has done—content themselves with varnishing their faces with the white of egg, to which they add a few drops of eau-de-Cologne. This innocent glaze, like certain cosmetics puffed by tradesmen, *clears the complexion, softens the skin, prevents wrinkles from appearing, and effaces or conceals the old ones*—in short, gives to the face the appearance of a freshly silvered looking-glass.

As my readers, and above all my lady readers, may be surprised to see me so well up in these little secrets of the toilet, which they hardly acknowledge even to themselves, and take great pains to conceal from others, I must confess, though neither a perfumer, nor even a manufacturer of Macassar oil and *pâte d'amandes*, that I have sometimes, in amiable condescension to the weakness of the sex, left graver studies, to prepare with my own hands, with such materials as flake-white, ochre, carmine, and some kind of essence, a pomade, the fresh colour of which might rival that of the nymphs of Rubens. With what bouquets of flowers, what sweet words and sweet smiles, to say nothing of boxes of sweetmeats, have I not been repaid for this little condescension! On the other hand, what angry explosions have I not provoked, what abuse have I not received from the



A WOMAN OF CUZCO—CLASS OF TRADESMEN.

woman to whom I have, *par ordre*, refused a similar kindness, in order that she might not compete with a rival, and have the chance of surpassing her in loveliness! Sweet memories—winged sylphs who have fluttered for a moment over this virgin page, urging my pen till it bends and sputters, notwithstanding the hardness of its metallic nib—away with you! vanish, never to return! Graver subjects claim our attention. After this sweet *soupçon* of homage to the weaker sex, we have to speak of the fathers and husbands, brothers and cousins, who constitute the stronger.

We cannot say that the Cusqueños are graceful and retiring, like the women of the country, but we can assure the reader they are touchy and mistrustful. In the measure that the one, when the ice is once broken, show themselves sympathetic with the stranger, the other manifest their repugnance to encourage similar relations with him. That repugnance has a little the character of moroseness, and very much of pride in their own attainments. The physical and moral superiority of the European offends their vanity, and when it happens that they are compelled to recognize it in public, it is with a reserve which betrays at once how much it costs them to do so.

Wanting the exterior advantages which distinguish the men of Arequipa, the Cusqueños endeavour to compensate the niggardliness of nature by the advantages of instruction. They are all ardent students of theology, philosophy, common-law, statute-law, and the civil and ecclesiastical codes. The natural sciences, living and dead languages, the belles-lettres, and other esthetic studies, they regard as unworthy of a manly education, and banish them from the programme of their studies, as the divine Plato banished from his republic the makers of sonnets and dithyrambs. The effect of the serious education they receive is to increase the imposing gravity of their carriage. A learned Cusqueño, wrapped in his cloak, walks the street with the majesty of a doge going to wed the Adriatic. The subtle definitions with which he has stuffed his brain enable him to choose his career either in the magistracy or at the bar. Sometimes he



A LIONESS OF CUZCO.

devotes himself to instruction, but instances of this kind are rare. Generally he prefers the rostrum to the professorial chair. He knows that the advocate has the world at his foot. In Peru we have seen men who rival Cicero at the bar transformed at once into generals of brigade, and, passing on to the rank of field-marshal, seat themselves at last on the president's throne. Such examples of success account for the prodigious number of barristers found in the old capital. It is true most of them die without pleading a cause, the reason being that causes are as rare at Cuzco as the appearance of comets. These barristers, however, console themselves by strumming the guitar, stringing quatrains, and agitating against the government, or perhaps in growing a few potatoes or maize and lucerne in some kind of *chacara*.

The scientific establishments of Cuzco enjoy a well-deserved reputation in every part of the Sierra comprised between the 15th and 18th degrees of latitude. Its university, *Abbas Beati Antonii*, founded in 1592, has a chancellor, a rector, a vice-rector, a director of the studies, a secretary, three professors, a treasurer, two mace-bearers, and a pongo, who fills the office of porter. The subjects taught are theology, canon-law, and a little logic.

The College of Sciences and Arts, founded or rather reconstituted in 1825 by Bolivar, bore in the eighteenth century the name of San Francisco de Borja, which succeeded to that of the College of the Sun. Simon Bolivar wished to make it a focus of light not unworthy of the luminary under whose patronage it had been placed. But the smallness



A CUSQUEÑO SAVANT.

of the revenues devoted to the support of this college did not permit the liberator to realize his vast designs. Nevertheless, the programme of the studies is sufficiently liberal to satisfy the demands of the paterfamilias of Cuzco. Religion, the Castillian and Latin tongues, philosophy and orthology, are all taught; and, in addition to these subjects, the scholars receive parenthetical lessons in politeness and courtesy.

An institution for young girls, which bears the name of *Las Educandas del Cuzco,* is renowned for fifty miles round. Every year the pupils sustain before an enthusiastic public and delighted parents brilliant examinations on the catechism, arithmetic, and

dressmaking. The sum devoted by the government to this interesting school is £1600 sterling. To keep in remembrance the benefactor and the benefit received, the girls are clothed in the Peruvian colours, consisting of a white frock and a scarlet cloak.

Printing, which has existed in China from time immemorial, and in Europe since the



PROFESSORS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABBAS BEATI ANTONII AT CUZCO.

middle of the fifteenth century, was not introduced into Cuzco till 1822. It is to the viceroy La Serna that the City of the Sun is indebted for this advance. Driven from Lima by the arrival of the patriot troops, La Serna fled to Cuzco, carrying with him a flying press, by the aid of which he circulated on the Pacific coast and in the Sierra his proclamations and manifestoes. When the royalists were beaten, La Serna fled precipitately from Cuzco, leaving behind him his press, of which the Cusqueños possessed themselves by right of conquest. From 1824 to the present time that historic press has printed, one after another, six octavo journals—the *Sun*, the *Phantom*, the *Watchtower*

(*Atalaya*) the *Extractor*, the *Observer*, the *Guide*, and Dr. Higinios' celebrated Castilian and Latin grammar, in the form of question and answer, the questions printed in blue, the answers in red ink.

If we say nothing of the library and the museum of Cuzco, it is from a sentiment of propriety which every one will appreciate. There are misfortunes nobly borne which one may inwardly pity, but which it would be indelicate to make public, especially when the institutions or the persons who are the objects of them do their best to conceal the facts. Let us mention only *en passant* some specimens of pottery dotted about the museum, or the room which serves for one, a few bits of gold and silver ore, and two horrible daubs on paper by M. Paul Marcoy, the writer of these lines, which represent —the daubs, not the lines—two Siriniris Indians of the valley of Marcapata.
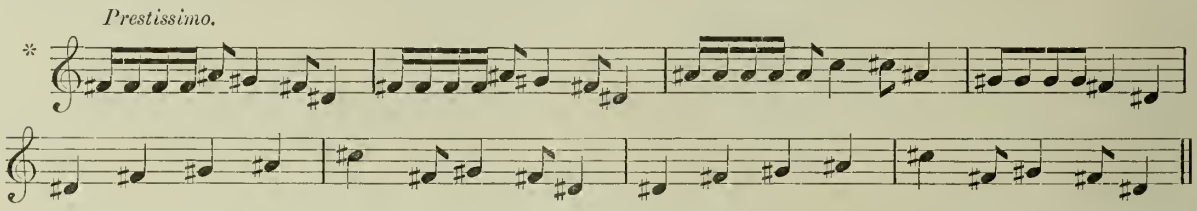
Besides its scientific establishments, Cuzco possesses a few useful and philanthropic institutions, such as the Hospital of the Holy Spirit for men, and that of St. Andrew, of which we have already spoken, for women. There is still a third, that of San Juan de Dios de Urquilos; but as it receives few sick (in which respect it resembles the two hospitals just named, because the Indian, when he is ill, generally prefers to a bed in the hospital a shakedown of straw and a rag to cover him in the dirty corner of a chicheria), three monks and the prior of a mendicant order have taken possession of it, and there get as fat as possible on the charity of the faithful and a daily income of something like a shilling which the government allows to each.

Cuzco also boasts of a mint, a treasury, and a post-office. In the latter, on the arrival of couriers from Lima, Puno, and Arequipa, which takes place every fortnight, a list of names, stuck to the wall with four wafers, informs the citizens—postmen being unknown at Cuzco—that a letter addressed to such and such a person lies in the office, and will be delivered on the payment of three reals (two shillings) if it comes from Arequipa, and three reals and a half if from Lima.

The Alameda, or public promenade, the creation of which is due to General José Miguel Medina, the gravest and most taciturn prefect we have ever known, is an ill-kept kind of slums which every one is careful to avoid. Close by it is another place quite as ill-conditioned and repulsive, where all the world, however, resorts. This is the Cemetery, which dates from the same period as the Alameda. It is divided into compartments apportioned to the several convents. The thick walls, with three rows of cells, are for the public at large. The corpse is introduced head first into this sheath-like sepulchre, separated from the living by a few bricks, hastily plastered up, and abandoned for ever to its lonely tenement.

Theatres, circuses, and other places of recreation for mind and body, are utterly unknown at Cuzco. Among the pleasures of society, the first place must be given to what we should call "parties" or carpet-dances on a birth-day or other special occasion. Only relations and intimate friends are admitted to this kind of réunion, which commences with a ceremonial dinner, at which the guests drink pretty freely, and is kept up by a succession of square dances *à la francesa*, during which they drink more freely still, till it ends, when they have drunk too much, in a cadenced and frenzied rampage, in which all classes, ages, and sexes are mixed and confused. This rampage, called
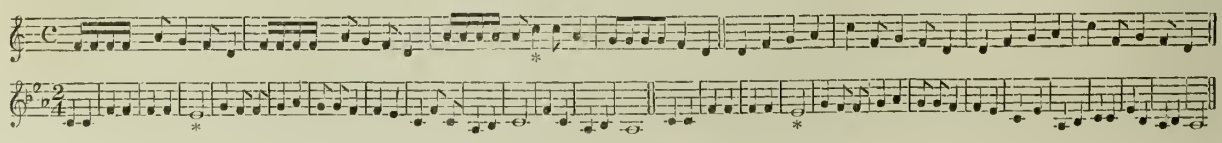
the *zapateo*, from the verb *zapatear* (to strike with the shoe), is the final round of the ball, the grand closing "flare-up." All the dancers exert themselves to the utmost, scorning to break off till, from fatigue and breathlessness, their knees give way under them. This local dance is reproduced in the following notation. Out of the five or six movements of the *zapateo* which are ringing in our ears while we write, we have seized upon this, as we would on a troublesome fly to get rid of its buzzing.



To these amusements of the family are allied other pleasures of a temperate kind, in which music and a little brandy make all the cost. A dozen or fifteen persons meet in an upper room. A man or woman distinguished in the company for a clear ringing voice and for skill in lengthening out the notes, sits on a sofa, the place of honour, and receives from the hands of the mistress of the house a guitar, decorated with a cockade of blue or pink ribbon, like the shank of a dressed ham trimmed with a bit of curled paper. While the musician is tuning the guitar, and practising all the little fopperies which are the usual prelude to a musical *morceau*, the auditors are settling themselves down, so as not to miss the slightest gesture of the singer, or the least note or word of the *yaravi*, which is the great air, I may say the only one, honoured at these musical réunions. The first note and the first syllable escapes at last from the throat of the performer; a profound and admiring silence—Milton would have called it a ravished silence—hushes the company. One might suppose the angel of melody had descended amongst them, and had inspired them with a feeling of rapt enthusiasm. Their necks are stretched, and their eyes expanded. Every ear, every mouth is open, as they seem to devour the singer with hungry looks, and to hang upon his lips in a blessed rapture. Excited by the sympathy of his audience, the singer gives full swing to his powers; the timbre is more and more intensified; the burden of the air is indefinitely prolonged, until, in a climacteric spasm of melody, he throws his head back and only the whites of his eyes are seen. This innocent artifice of the performer and immobility of *pose* in the audience may be sustained for an hour or more, according to the number of *coplas* in the *yaravi*. It is hardly necessary to state that after every couplet the artiste and the guests alike refresh themselves with little glasses of eau-de-vie.

Thinking that some of my fair readers may have a fancy for trying over, upon a modern piano, one of these ancient songs, the first conception of which dates from the

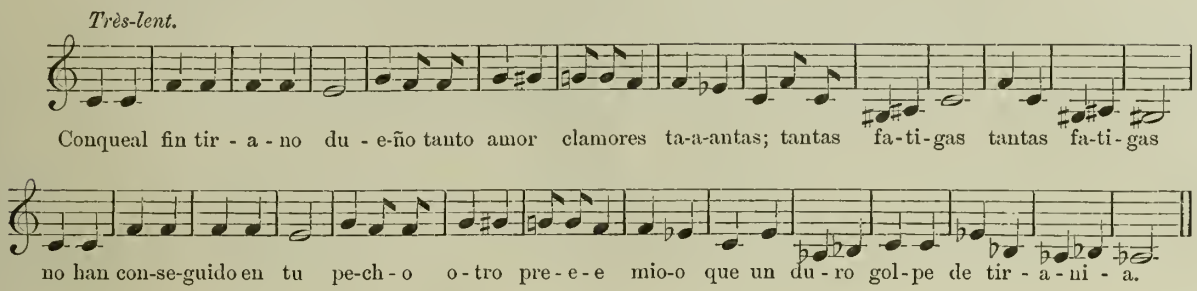
* Divested of all accidental notes, this tune and that on page 277 appear to be in the modes of the 2d and 4th of the scale (Dorian and Lydian). These modes are quite common in Scottish music, and are characteristic of all old national airs. The tunes are here given in simpler form,—the notes marked * have probably been erroneously written in the text.





POPULAR CELEBRATION OF THE DAY OF THE DEAD AT CUZCO.

time of the Inca Loqui Yupanqui, I subjoin a *copla* from the most celebrated of the ten or a dozen *yaravis* of which the Cusquinian répertoire boasts.



After these pleasures of the dance and music which the two sexes share in common, we must not forget to mention the bacchic pilgrimage which the women of the lower



A POPULAR PIC-NIC AT SACSAHUAMAN.

class make every year to the Cemetery, and the rompish "outing" or picnic of the smaller bourgeoisie to Sacsahuaman. This pilgrimage takes place on the "Day of the Dead." From eight in the morning, the approaches to the Panthéon are obstructed by a crowd of native women carrying in their arms jugs of chicha. Once in the Cemetery they collect in the common fosse the heads, thigh-bones, and ribs of skeletons, the wreck of the dead, which have been thrown out of the ground, and which they suppose to be

those of their relations, friends, or acquaintances. They select and assort these bones,



LILIACEÆ OF SACSAHUAMAN:—AMARYLLIS AUREA—CRINUM URCEOLATUM—PANCRATIUM RECURVATUM.

arrange them in little heaps, and one after another set up the most plaintive wailings



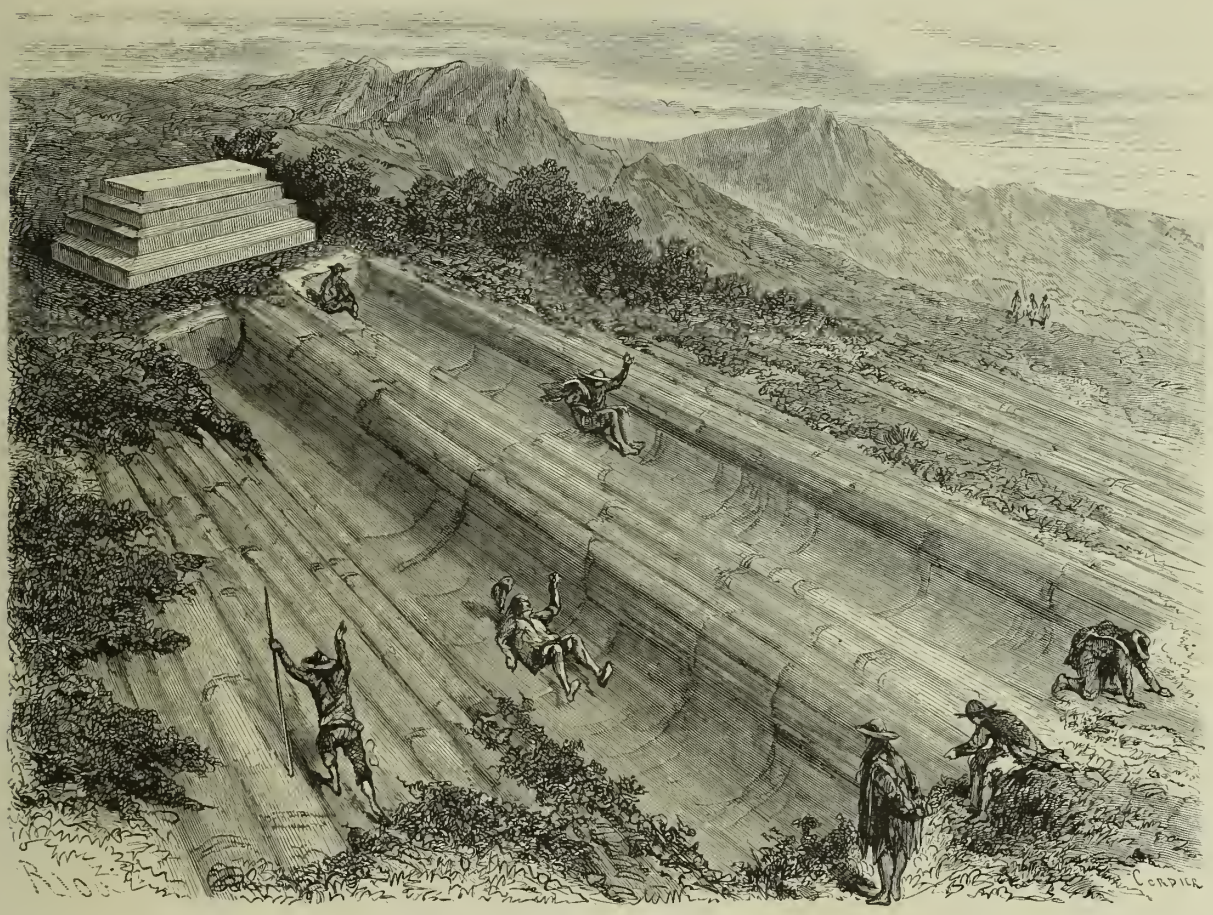
CURIOSITIES OF SACSAHUAMAN—THE CHINGANA.

over them, tell them the gossip of the quarter, and the news of the year; how the wife



PERFORMANCE OF A TRAGEDY BY THE STUDENTS IN THE COURT OF THE COLLEGE OF SAN BERNARDO AT CUZCO.

of Juan has left her husband to follow, in the character of *rabona* (vivandière) a soldier on the march; how Pedro's sow has had a litter of eight pigs, one of which has five feet; how, in fine, José is gone into the hot valleys to work at the coca-gathering. They mix this childish babble with tears, sobs, and draughts of chicha, taking care every time they drink to water with the local beer the bones of the dear departed whom they apostrophize, to the end that they may still enjoy in the other world a lingering odour



CURIOSITIES OF SACSAHUAMAN—THE SLIDE.

of the sweet liquor of which they emptied so many jugfuls in this. As this business goes on the whole day, it is sure to happen by nightfall that the mourners are all thoroughly drunk, and return to their homes tumbling against the walls and howling at the full stretch of their lungs.

The outing at Sacsahuaman, which takes place on Whitsunday, is an al-fresco orgie under the shadow of the walls of the fortress built by the Incas. Men and women, furnished with provisions solid and liquid, climb, on foot or on horseback, the abrupt slope which leads to the summit of the eminence. Arrived on the platform which crowns it, each party selects a site, spreads on the grass their provisions and bottles, and then fall to eating and drinking, singing and dancing, or collecting the charming flowers of the neighbourhood, the *Scillæ* and *Amaryllidæ*, of the genera *Crinum* and *Pancratium*, which bloom every year in nature's greenhouses. When the sun has dis-

appeared behind the three crosses on the hill, the drunken mob takes the road back to the village, rolling about, stumbling, and supporting one another as well as they can, and all the time accompanied by laughter, and shouts, and songs sufficient to awake the dead. In the cathedral square the throng breaks up, and each party accompanies one of its members to continue at home the orgie commenced in the open air.

The spectacle of the annual processions, which are viewed by the ladies in full



A BULL-FIGHT AT CUZCO.

dress from the height of their balconies, must also be reckoned among the pleasures of Cuzco. As for public rejoicings, they are so rare that it is hardly necessary to mention them. The two great solemnities which we witnessed during our stay were the grand entry of a bishop surrounded by a brilliant staff of priests and monks, and the nomination of a president, on which latter occasion the citizens of Cuzco went to considerable expense. The programme of the rejoicings was spread over three days. On the first day a mass was celebrated by way of thanksgiving, and a fine display of fireworks made in the court of the cathedral exactly at noon. On the second day the pupils of the College of San Bernardo performed a tragedy entitled *Antony and Cleopatra*. The ladies of the city, previously invited by notes printed on white and pink satin, lent the adornment of their presence to the representation. A student of theology, whose skin was dark enough for the character, but who was less appropriately dressed in a



THE PLAZA DU CABILDO AT CUZCO—PONGOS OR WATER-CARRIERS AT THE FOUNTAIN.

white robe with six flounces, his hair in corkscrews surmounted with a plume of feathers, took the part of the beautiful queen of Alexandria. One of his companions, with a great beard, a cocked hat and feather, a black dress-coat, and booted like a riding-master, played Antony. This tragedy, in a single act and in octo-syllabic lines, was a tremendous success.

The entertainment of the third day was a scuffle with tame bulls, *corrida de toros*



EVOLUTIONS OF SOLDIERS IN THE CIRCUS OF THE PLAZA DU CABILDO AT CUZCO.

mansos. The Plaza du Cabildo, where the water-carriers are accustomed to fill their pitchers at all hours of the day, and spend the time in idle gossip, had been transformed into a circus, and surrounded with six rows of ascending seats. From the hour of noon till four o'clock a dozen bulls, whose horns had been cut and mounted with guards, to prevent accident, as the programme said—the art of bull-fighting being still in its infancy at Cuzco—were let loose in the arena, where they tumbled over the *chulos* (jesters or clowns of the circus), clothed in white and green satin. As four o'clock struck, a detachment of some thirty soldiers in a gray uniform and white calico hats (*bonnets de police*) entered the circus to the sound of martial music, and drew up in the centre. After a short rest, only disturbed by the word of command, *carry arms* and *present arms*, they commenced spinning round like tee-totums, crossing each other, mixing with each other, and winding in and out with remarkable nicety, while their hands were con-

tinually occupied in taking from their cartouche-boxes, as if they were cartouches, handfuls of the petals of flowers which they dropped on the ground. This choregraphic



A PONGO OR WATER-CARRIER OF CUZCO.

rather than strategic evolution ended, these defenders of their country saluted politely the assembled multitude and retreated backwards. The public then discovered written



BREAD AND BUTTER SELLER AT CUZCO.

upon the yellow sand of the arena in capital letters made of flowers, and a couple of yards long, these three words—VIVA EL PERU! A thunder of applause, which made the seats of the circus tremble, saluted this fine achievement à la Robert Houdin.

In the absence of real pleasures, Cuzco has amusing scenes and curious episodes at every street-corner to attract the idle, and the observers and painters of local manners.



MILK-WOMAN OF CUZCO.

Among the number may be mentioned the little trades and industries carried on out of doors, the street-altars of the Fête-Dieu, and the symbolical masquerades, the sworn



MEAT-SELLERS OF CUZCO.

"slaughterers" of the police, and the verification on the spot of the number of dogs killed by them every Monday morning.

Let us mention in the first place the sellers of *chicharrones,* fag-ends of salt pork

prepared in fat, the sellers of bread and butter, or bread and lard, a class habitually found squatting against the pillar of an arcade or under an arched gateway. In this category also are comprised the milk-women seated on the steps of the Jesuit church, where they await their customers in the attitude of the Sphinx, taking an occasional draught of milk out of the jug itself from which they help their customers; and the meat-sellers of the great square, whose stall is a simple cloth spread on the ground, and



A SELLER OF ICES AT CUZCO.

held down by four stones, on which cutlets, beefsteaks, and fillets, torn rather than cut with the knife from the beast, provoke the appetites of the lovers of a roast or a *pot-au-feu*. In general the rags of these tradespeople, and their wares too, are revoltingly filthy, but their filthiness is ameliorated by a certain stamp of picturesqueness which satisfies the imagination, in default of the taste, and excuses it in the eyes of the artist.

Among other individualities of this kind I well remember an Indian girl some twelve or thirteen years of age, with brown skin and dishevelled hair, clad in mere cobwebs of various colours, and mounted on long shanks of legs, by the help of which she traversed all parts of the city, and repulsed like a young colt the attacks made upon her by the street-boys of her own age. She regularly passed my house about two o'clock in the afternoon, carrying in her right hand, on an iron tray, two ices, the one *blanche à la crême*, the other *rose au carmin*. With her left hand, which was left free, she

foraged in her blowsy hair, and from time to time carried her fingers to her mouth. Puzzled by these gestures, always the same, one day, when for the hundredth time she had offered me her ices, which for the hundredth time I declined, I asked her what it was she was eating. *"Un piojito, señor"* (a little louse, monsieur), she replied with a frank smile.

The symbolic masquerades, which number with the gaieties of Cuzco, form two very



SCENE AT THE CARNIVAL—THE AGUE OR TERTIAN FEVER CARICATURED.

distinct series; one set of them only appearing with the saturnalia of the Carnival, and disappearing afterwards like birds of passage. Such are the *chucchu* (ague), the *chunchos* (savages), and the *dansante* (dancer). The first-named is an Indian of middle age, wearing a battered straw-hat, a sheet by way of a cloak, and carrying a medicinal mallow. Two merry youngsters, grotesquely dressed, accompany him in his promenade through the city, the one carrying a chair, the other an enormous syringe. At every hundred steps this symbolic personage, whom the supposed fever causes to tremble like a leaf in the wind, stops and salutes the passers-by; then kneeling upon the chair and dropping the sheet, he repeats, with the help of his syringe-bearer, the familiar scene indicated by Molière in his *Malade Imaginaire.*

The *chunchos* are great dark-skinned fellows, with floating hair, dressed in their ordinary manner, but wearing immense conical hats made of osier, and covered with

feathers of macaws and perroquets. They play the part of savages in the streets during the three days of the festival, drinking and shouting their hardest.



THE CHUNCHOS—WILD MEN.

The dancer wears a straw-hat, round which are hung little bells and rattles. His dress is a fringed spencer of faded velvet, and a petticoat, or rather a framework of osier,



THE DANCER.

ornamented with silver plates. He goes from house to house, dancing a *zapateo* of his own composition to the tinkling accompaniment of slips of copper which rattle as he moves. Under the régime of the viceroys, this dancer enjoyed similar privileges to those

which the old pagan times accorded to the river-god Scamander. A girl about to be married, went, on the eve of her nuptials, to have the most mysterious of her duties as



THE HUYFALLA, OR MAN-BIRD.

a wife explained by him. These consultations were not gratuitous. The maiden, besides surrendering herself to her adviser, presented him with a fat chicken, a dozen



THE HUAMANGUINO, OR DANCING BUFFOON.

of eggs, a bladder of butter, or any other little *cadeau*. Happy dancer! Now that his privileges of grand seigneur are abolished, the maidens of the country turn their backs upon him, and freely sell to others what in old times they gave him gratuitously.

Besides these profane masquerades, there are sacred exhibitions, the actors in which accompany the processions, frisk about before the litters of the Virgin and the saints; apostrophize noisily the holy images; nay, put out their tongues and shake their fist at them. Of this sort are the *huyfallas*, or men-birds, whose wings are formed of two strips of calico, and who turn about, or throw themselves forward with their heads bent till they almost touch the ground, in imitation of flying, at the same time uttering a cry like hawks.

With the huyfallas must be classed the *Huamanguinos*, inhabitants of the ancient Huamanga (now Ayacucho). From the time of the Incas that province had the privilege of providing Cuzco with dwarfs, buffoons, actors, and mountebanks, destined for



TARUCA AND TARUCACHA (DEER AND BUCK).

the entertainment of the court. Now that the Incas have disappeared, the Huamanguinos, fallen from their estate, follow the fairs as common clowns, or figure in the annual processions. Their customary performance is a kind of Pyrrhic dance, which they perform to the clinking noise made by the two blades of a pair of scissors, one suspended from their thumb the other from their forefinger, which they use as castanets. Some of them play juggling tricks with daggers and balls, pierce their tongue with needles, or, like Mutius Scévola, hold their hand over a brazier to the astonishment of the gaping crowd.

The huyfallas and Huamanguinos are escorted by *tarucas* and *tarucachas* (deer and bucks), young fellows disguised in the skins of the animals whose name they take. All these strange and wildly accoutred revellers leap, gambol, grimace, and yell to the utmost extent of their ability in the midst of the processions, or opposite the temporary street-altars, the arrangement and decoration of which are due to the corporation of fruiterers. These altars consist of a long table, covered with a cloth ornamented with stars of tinsel; a sort of reredos is formed with an elliptic framework of osier, decorated with mirrors and ostrich-eggs; besides which, old two-globed piastres

and silver reals, having holes made in them for the purpose, are hung up by threads. Altogether they present a singular mixture of objects of art and industry, and specimens taken from all the three kingdoms of nature. Sometimes macaws and monkeys mount guard at the opposite ends of the erection, and as the natural restlessness of the animals is but ill adapted to the immobility of *pose* to which they are condemned, and would naturally seek to gratify itself by investigating too curiously the decorations of the altar,



FRUITERERS OF CUZCO.

a couple of young scapegraces, armed with a switch or a whip, are charged to recall them to order every time they stretch out a paw to snatch at anything.

The *sastres* or tailors, and the *pasamaneros* or lace-makers, work in the open air; the former seated in oriental fashion on wooden benches, the latter standing behind one another, manipulating the thread, make a picture of *genre*, perfect in composition and sufficiently picturesque in its character of vagabondage. Generally the tailors have dishevelled hair, naked feet slipped in old shoes, and shirts so open as to expose their chests. With this négligé costume they wear, however, very correct, though patched, pantaloons and dress-coats or walking-coats, which, notwithstanding that they are without buttons, and sometimes have but one skirt, enable us to recognize them at a glance as the proper working representatives of French fashions.

The lace-makers are poor devils, who go about without shoes, and with their dirty

shirts hanging out behind through the holes in their trousers. Standing before a box of spools perched upon two trestles, they pass the whole day weaving backwards loops or ribbons, and making their bobbins fly with various-coloured silks. There is nothing more curious and laughable than to see these *industriels* surprised by a storm of rain.



STREET-ALTAR ON CORPUS-CHRISTI DAY AT CUZCO.

Suddenly stopping work, they break their threads, mingle their woofs, bundle their bobbins together, and rush with frightened cries towards the box, which they carry under shelter of a gateway. When the storm is over they replace the box on its trestles, the ragged operators resume their position in line, and the bobbins begin twirling again.

The weekly massacre of dogs by four sworn slaughterers, commissioned by the police, the ædileship, or the highway board—I know not what to call it—constitutes a spectacle at once grotesque and pitiful. At Cuzco, as at Valparaiso, dogs wander

about the city in numerous troops, to prevent the too great multiplication of which these slaughterers make the round of the city at an early hour every Monday morning. Two of them, holding the two ends of a rope, walk along by the houses on either side of the street, their companions following, armed with bludgeons or knobbed sticks. Every dog that happens to be passing through the street at that fatal moment is unmercifully thrown into the air by means of the rope, and then bludgeoned. Between eleven and twelve o'clock these victims, of all sizes and colours, are laid side by side



LACE-MAKERS OF CUZCO.

in the square of the Cabildo, where a verifier appointed for the purpose comes to count them. The artists of Cuzco are permitted, by leave of the verifier, to cut off the hair from the bodies before they are dragged into the square. They make their pencils of it.

As this weekly massacre has been going on for many years, the instinct of the dogs, developed to an unusual degree by the danger which menaces them every Monday, has all the appearance of reason. A singular agitation is apparent in the various troops on the morning of the fatal day; they walk slowly and cautiously, with their eyes fixed, their ears pricked up, and their noses in the wind. On perceiving a suspicious group they stop, and should two or three individuals wrapped in ponchos appear at the end of a street, they scamper off at full speed. The confidence of the poor wretches returns again on Tuesday morning, and during all the rest of the week they are so forgetful

of the proscription which hangs over them that it is necessary to use one's cane or foot to make them move from the middle of the road, where they are in the habit of sleeping.

I remarked, when commencing this enumeration of the pleasures presented at Cuzco, that the city possesses nothing whatever in the character of a theatre or assembly-room. But it has just occurred to me that it boasts of a *cancha de gallos,* a little circus



THE DOG-DESTROYERS OF CUZCO.

of about thirty feet in circumference, where cock-fighting is practised with birds properly trained and equipped with steel spurs. All these cocks are in name and genealogy thorough-bred. Every Sunday, from three till six o'clock, a public, greedy for the cruel sport, crowd round the door of the cancha, the entrance price of which is a silver real. The proprietors of the birds excite them by voice and gesture to combat to the death, and considerable sums are staked upon their valour, the lookers-on betting as at a game of *high-and-low* or *écarté.* Umpires appointed for the purpose decide on doubtful strokes, and any difficulties that arise between the parties to the sport. It often happens, in spite of the conciliatory intervention of these judges, that players of perverse temper or bad taste come to blows, to the great delight of the spectators, whose semi-barbarous tastes are even more gratified by a gladiatorial combat than a cock-fight.

This brief account of the *cancha de gallos* leads us to speak of the state of the fine arts at Cuzco; but as the transition to such a subject may appear a little sudden to the reader, he must understand that the most celebrated painter in the city in our time had his studio and his dwelling next door to the cancha above referred to. This artist, whom we frequently visited, and whom we surnamed the *Raphael of the Cancha*—a name which we believe he still bears in the circle of our friends—will serve as the link to unite the preceding observations with those which are to follow.

The churches and convents which the conquerors built in the two Americas remained for a long time without pictures, because the Spanish school of painting, which was one



THE VERIFIER COUNTING THE DOGS KILLED AT CUZCO.

day to present the world with so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, was still dormant in its original limbo. It was not till the reigns of Philip III. and his successors down to Charles IV. that the canvases of Morales, Ribeira (Spagnoletto), Zurbarn, Velasquez, Alonzo Cano, Murillo, and their various pupils, were carried into the New World with the works of the Flemish school.

The sight of these pictures awoke in some of the indigenes a taste for painting. Gifted with that faculty of imitation possessed in so high a degree by the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, and which makes them soil or tear a picture if the original which they copy has by chance a stain or a hole in it, these children of the country set to work, and in time arrived at such perfection, that, favoured by the obscurity of the churches, travellers have been so deceived as to mistake for unknown originals the copies which had no other merit than that of a servile fidelity. These pretended originals, when exposed to full daylight, and relieved of the dirt which covers them, instantly betray to a practised eye their plebeian origin, as certain hands, when the gloves are pulled off, show the callosities and marks of hard labour.

Subsequently, for want of original works—which had become the objects of private

speculation—the artists of Cuzco had to derive their inspiration from the copies made by their predecessors. A few engravings which have from time to time fallen into their hands have completed that artistic education which for a century past has made no advance. To speak to living artists of anatomy and osteology, of studies from the round, and the anatomical or living model, of linear or aerial perspective, would be to talk in a language incomprehensible to them, and expose the interlocutor to a bad compliment. This absolute defect of the first notions of art interdicts all original creation, and obliges the artists of Cuzco to resort to existing canvases, and take from them the various details which they form into a fresh whole. Hence that constraint, that crude-



COCK-FIGHTING AT CUZCO.

ness, and that want of animation, which instantly strike one at the first sight of their works. Every figure in their pictures, made up of bits, seems as if it had been cut out with a punch and pasted on the canvas. There is no back-ground or foreground, no breath of air, no movement in these wretched silhouettes, which are notwithstanding recommended to attention by their often fresh and charming colours, the result of traditional rules.

Fine old works, we have remarked, are extremely rare in the churches and convents of Cuzco. Nevertheless, one may sometimes find in an obscure corner, where it is covered with dust and spiders' webs, an artistic gem, which its possessors never refuse to sell if the proposal is whispered in their ears, and the price offered is sufficient. A single fact, which may be related in a few lines, will tell more on this subject than many pages of assertion.

A friend with whom I was conversing one day about the pictures in the churches and convents of Cuzco, asked me to which of these works I would give the preference. I mentioned a picture some two feet square, representing the Flight into Egypt, having discovered it under a staircase in the convent of La Recoleta, where, like a burning

lamp, it seemed to light up the gloom. My friend, curious to verify the fact, accompanied me to the place indicated, where I pointed out the *chef-d'œuvre* in question, the glowing colour of which, no less than the strange and luxurious accoutrement of the figures, seemed to proclaim it the work of Rubens, or of some artist of his school. My friend looked at this picture for a long time, called it *bonito* (pretty), and went out without saying anything. Some days later, on calling upon him, the first thing I saw was this precious canvas which he had cut out of the frame, but so awkwardly, that the naked feet of the Virgin were left in the margin. To think that a man whom I called my friend could be guilty of so unworthy an action, brought the blood to my face, and I was on the point of refusing to shake hands with him. A few words, however, sufficed to prove his innocence. A monk of the Recoleta to whom he had offered, through an old beguine accustomed to this sort of thing, an ounce of gold (86 francs 40 cents.) in exchange for the unknown Rubens, had not hesitated to charge his conscience with this sacrilegious theft. At the same time, fearing to be surprised by one of the brothers, and to have a bone to pick with the prior, he had cut out the canvas secretly, and this with such precipitation as to cut through the ankles of the Virgin. A month afterwards, going to smoke a cigar in the place which had been despoiled of this artistic gem, I saw the old frame with the margin of the canvas, on which the rosy feet of the Virgin-mother seemed to protest energetically against the cruel amputation to which they had been subjected by a simoniacal monk.

Political revolutions, domestic troubles, and, more than these, the serious temperament of the Cusqueños, devoted to the study of theology and canon-law, combine to depress the fine arts, whose muse at Cuzco walks a-foot, when, upon that classic soil, she ought to be winged. The churches and convents, filled with paintings, have no commissions to bestow on modern artists, and the need for economizing compels families to follow the example of the religious communities. The two or three painters of whom the city boasts would run the risk of starvation if the merchants and conductors of *tropas*, whom business brings to the city, did not commission subjects upon which, when returned home, they realized large profits. These commissions consist of dozens of Stations of the Cross, Good Shepherds with or without sheep, *Virgins au Raisin, à la Chaise, au Poisson,* copied from engravings; saints, male and female, of all kinds, either as busts or full-length figures, and with or without hands. Each of these canvases is paid for, be it understood, according to its size and the more or less skill which the subject demands. Some are not more than four reals (say two shillings), others may be as much as two pounds. When once the merchant has given his commission, and has settled with the artist when the work is to be ready, he pays him something on account, and departs with perfect confidence in his good faith. It is seldom indeed that the good faith of the artist fails him, but his customer is absent, and may not return for six months—and "out of sight, out of mind." Other work comes in, and other money is taken on account. In fine, the artist forgets so entirely the merchant and his commission, that nothing is done. Hence arise recriminations without end on the part of the patron, and excuses without number on the part of the artist, who at length, when threatened with a good thrashing, applies himself to the work.

As "artists' repositories" are unknown in the country, the painter is left to his own resources to procure the articles necessary for his work. Ochres and other earths he finds in the ravines near the city; a few colours in powder he may get from the apothecary near the Convent of Mercy; the *pulpero*, or grocer, will supply him with oil and essence; incense in powder serves for dryers; bones half-burned supply him with bitumen, and the smoke of his candle with black. As for pencils, as we have already incidentally stated, the hair of the dogs killed every week enables him to renew them at little expense. For his canvases he is contented with English calico at 6*d.* or 7*d.* a yard; this he prepares himself and stretches, not on a frame, but a board with the aid of six or eight nails; for a pallet he is satisfied with a fragment of a plate, or a bit of a broken square of glass.

The reader must not do us the honour of attributing to our imagination the invention of these details. Every item is from observation in the artists' studios, where often, while smiling at their various preparations, we have wondered at the good result they obtained.

One of these artists, the same whom, by reason of his talent, we have surnamed the "Raphael of the Cancha," honoured us with his special confidence. Although he well knew that in our leisure moments we dabbled in colours like himself, he did not hesitate to reveal to us the little secrets of his art, knowing that we were morally incapable of using or abusing them to take away his trade. The gift of a few bad lithographs had opened wide for us the door of his atelier, where we often went to see him paint. That atelier, the rent of which amounted to five francs a month, was below the level of the ground. The descent was by three steps, which limped like one of Martial's distichs. A light à la Rembrandt flashed in the interior. The ground was invisible under a litter of vegetable pickings, among which fowls and guinea-pigs disputed with each other for every nibble they could get. A dog, whose framework was plainly visible under his skin, slept by the side of the artist. A black cat without a tail or ears, like a Japanese idol, purred upon his shoulder while he painted, subject to the harassing abuse of his wife, a thick-set and chubby-headed native woman, whose face was purple with erysipelas, and who divided her time between trying to make the pot boil and annoying her husband.

The favourite theme of this dreadful Fornarina was to reproach our poor Raphael with his idleness and his drunkenness. To hear her talk, he passed whole weeks without doing the least work with his ten fingers, and the little that he at last earned he was sure to spend in drink. The artist disdained to reply to these shameful imputations. Dipping his pencils in the pomade-pots, for which he was indebted to the munificence of the ladies of the city, and which served him for saucers, he continued his work. When his patience was exhausted he filled a bowl with chicha, emptied it at a draught, and having dried his lips with his sleeve, courageously resumed his work as if to give the lie to the allegations of his horrible wife. Poor Raphael! If his head now rests in the common fosse provided for the low-class Indians and artists of Cuzco, may the remembrance of thousands of *chefs-d'œuvre* which he has painted upon calico make the dreams of his last sleep pleasant!

What we have said of the painters of Cuzco is applicable to its statuaries, whose first models were the images sent by the kings of Spain to adorn the churches and convents. These artists have a manner of their own of *working* which deserves to be explained. In the first place they are all very far from being rich. Most of them may even be called poor, since their naked toes are seen protruding through the holes in their shoes, or their shirt hanging out from their tattered inexpressibles when the



THE ATELIER OR STUDIO OF THE RAPHAEL OF THE CANCHA.

wind blows aside the rag of fustian which serves for a cloak. Their studio is a low chamber of the most unpretending appearance. A board laid on a couple of trestles serves as a table or bench. On the wall are hung plaster-masks of all sizes, arms, legs, feet, hands, and busts of all dimensions. These members are provided with pegs which serve to fix them to the bodies. A quarter of an hour's work suffices for the artist to fit together all the pieces of a "Christ," a "Virgin," or any kind of saint. The clothing and draperies of these images are fragments of stuff joined together with a liquid plaster, which hardens while drying. The art of moulding the clay, of sketching the first conception of their thought, is utterly unknown to these statuaries. It is not always, indeed, that they have any thought to sketch, and plastic clay is not found in the environs of Cuzco. Their work is simply to adapt the ready-made limbs to the ready-made bodies, of which their predecessors have left them the moulds. If any

difficulty of design presents itself, if any detail is demanded which is not to be found in the collection prepared beforehand, the artist provides it on the spot by cutting to the pattern a piece of plaster as a sculptor in wood would carve a block of oak.

These statuaries have to avail themselves of colour as well as form, because no customer would tolerate a "Christ" or a "Virgin" entirely white, were it even of Carrara marble. With the help of white-lead, ochre, vermilion, and carmine, they prepare a colour, more or less brilliant, which they spread and equalize with the finger of an old kid-glove, which serves them in place of a badger. It then remains to fix the glass eyes in the face—for these images have eyes, and sometimes teeth and hair, like the "Virgin of Belen" and the "Christ of Earthquakes," two images venerated at Cuzco. To make the eyes they have a metal sauce-pan, or rather a frying-pan, pierced with a score of holes of various sizes, over the most suitable of which they place fragments of window-glass, cut to the shape of the eyes, and then set the pan over a fire. When the heat has softened the glass sufficiently, the operator takes a rounding tool, and pressing each piece of glass into the hole gives it a convex form. He then, by means of colours, depicts the pupil and the globe of the eye in the concavity, and this object, inserted in the eyeholes of the images, gives to their faces that life-like and radiant look which astonishes the stranger.

The chisels, files, polishers, and other artistic tools used by these indigenous statuaries, are the bones of sheep or poultry, old worn-out blades of penknives or table-knives, old nails, old brushes, and old gloves. Their ingenuity, stimulated by wretchedness, makes fish of all that comes to their net. Rubbish of every kind, that is contemptuously thrown aside in European cities, is collected by them with the greatest care, washed, cleaned, scrubbed, and serves for years to make those beautiful images which on the great festal days they drape with sumptuous garments and precious stones, to carry through the streets.

The most celebrated of the annual processions of Cuzco is that of the *Señor de los Temblores* or "Christ of Earthqnakes," which takes place on the afternoon of Easter-Monday. Two days beforehand children are sent to despoil of their flowers the shrubs of *ñuccho* (*Salvia splendens*), of which they obtain basketfuls. The street-altars to be erected and dressed in the cathedral square set in movement the corporation of fruiterers, upon whom this business exclusively devolves. The houses before which the procession has to pass display the hangings of velvet with golden fringe or other rich stuffs, and handsome carpets which, during all the rest of the year, remain shut up in their wardrobes. The important day at length arrives. From an early hour the *camaretos* (small howitzers) awake with their thunders the echoes of the city. Petards, squibs, rockets hiss on every side, notwithstanding that their luminous trajectories are lost in the light of the sun. The people in their Sunday attire flock into the streets or fill the balconies. Floods of chicha, wine, and brandy have been running since the first vigil to celebrate the end of Holy Week and the grand day of the Resurrection. At four o'clock precisely a triple salvo of howitzers makes the place tremble; churches and convents strike up a joyous *carillon;* all the bells of the Cathedral, from the thorough-bass, called the *madre abadesa* (the mother abbess), to the silver *esquilon* of the Chapel of

Triumph, are rung at once in a volley of sound. Ten thousand excited and howling Indians fill the square, while the windows are crowded with the curious of both sexes waving their handkerchiefs. All three entrances of the Cathedral have their folding-



A SCULPTOR OF CUZCO.

doors thrown wide open, allowing the dark interior of the nave to be visible, in which, shining like glowworms, are the lights of a thousand wax-candles. At this moment a religious shiver runs through the multitude. All necks are stretched, all eyes are turned towards the central gate, from which the procession is beginning to issue, preceded by crosses of gold, which are carried by vergers with collarettes, and great silver candelabra, which the brown-skinned acolytes in white clothing carry with their two hands.

The first image that appears, standing on a litter carried by eight men, is that of

San Blas, from whom a quarter of the city derives its name. The crowd salutes it with acclamations and prolonged clapping of hands. The costume of the holy bishop consists of a black velvet coat descending to the knees, with puffed sleeves embroidered with gold. Flesh-coloured small-clothes define his legs, a large quilled ruff encircles his neck and covers his shoulders. His head-dress is a sort of university hat (*béret*) of black velvet, with white plumes. His feet are cased in red buskins; in his right hand, covered with a gauntlet of varnished leather, he carries his breviary, a quarto book with gilt edges. An angel with spread wings is perched upon a spiral spring behind the saint, whom he shades from the sun with a pink silk parasol. At every jolt of the litter the mobility of the angel's support causes his sunshade to sway gently up and down.

San Blas is immediately followed by San Benito, whom the crowd receives coldly, under the pretence that the reverend abbé was descended in a direct line from Ham the son of Noah. The image in fact is of a jet black, like the cloth of its cassock, and this, with its great white eyes and blubber lips of a reddish violet colour, give it a sufficiently repulsive aspect.

To San Benito succeeds San Cristoval. The hermit Christ-bearer supports himself by holding an up-rooted palm, which bends to and fro under him like a reed. He is clothed in a white robe embroidered with golden stars, and relieved with poppies. He has purple fillets in his hair like an Assyrian king; moustaches of great length and ferocity, and a long-pointed beard like that of King Charles.

San Cristoval is followed by San José, the husband of Mary. The lonely carpenter is dressed in the robe of a Carmelite pilgrim. He carries a framed saw in one hand, and in the other a knobbed stick, with which he supports himself. The only profane decoration which disfigures this severe costume is a peacock's feather stuck in his felt-hat.

Behind San José comes the image of the Virgin of Belen, or Bethlehem, standing on a litter carried by sixteen men, who seem to stagger under the burden. In fact, this litter is made of heavy huarango wood covered with silver plates, and surmounted with massive chandeliers of the same metal, in which are lighted candles of sweet-smelling wax. The mother of the Saviour is radiant with beauty; never statuary modelled the oval of a face with more consummate perfection; never Chinese painter traced two arches of ebony more delicately than the eyebrows of this image, the ideal colour of which is freshened up by a bright copal varnish which sparkles in the sun. As for her costume, the queen of saints and angels is dressed in a style which can only be described as ravishing. Her petticoat, of blue and white brocade, worked with gold, has panniers more than six yards round; a stomacher of silver lace adorns the front of the corsage, the voluminous sleeves of which allow to escape from their *bouillonné* (bordering) of Venetian lace naked arms whiter than those of Here—may we be pardoned the profane comparison—and these arms, circled with rich bracelets, are terminated by patrician hands whose fingers are covered with rings. In one of her hands she holds a scapulary embroidered with gold and precious stones; in the other she flutters a costly fan. The head-dress of the Virgin harmonizes with the elegance of her apparel. Her soft blonde hair is slightly curled, and has a touch of powder. Her crown is a diadem of fabulous

value. Two costly pearls are suspended from her ears, and a collar of rubies sparkles on her neck—that swan-like neck which is encircled by an immense ruff of guipure lace, mixed with threads of gold. So placed in the centre of that funnel of lace the head of the Mother of God looks like the pistil of some strange flower.

The distinctive feature of Mary's face is the extreme mobility of her glass eyes, which a concealed wheel or spring causes to roll in their orbits with frightful rapidity. The stranger is terrified a little at first by the perpetual movement of these divine eyes, but on hearing the remarks of the crowd, "*Que ojos lindos y que dulce mirar!*" (What beautiful eyes, what a sweet look!) he soon begins to share in the general infatuation.

On leaving the church the bearers of the images are arranged in the following order: San Blas, San Benito, San Cristoval, to the left of the grand entrance; the Virgin and St. Joseph to the right. In this position all wait the arrival of the "Man-God," the "Christ of Earthquakes," who is always a little late in order to excite the religious fervour of the faithful. These arrangements are made beforehand by an ecclesiastical programme which assigns to the bearers of the images not only the hierarchic place which they are to occupy in the procession, but the various evolutions they are to make on leaving the Cathedral and returning to it.

Very soon a white-looking form begins to be visible in the penumbra of the grand nave; a religious tremor runs through the multitude; the men lift their hats or caps, and the women devoutly cross themselves. The Virgin, leaving the company of St. Joseph, advances in front of all the saints, in order that she may be the first to salute, on leaving the church, her beloved Son. The "Christ of Earthquakes" at last appears in the great doorway. A tremendous cry resounds in the great square; the balconies of the houses tremble upon their worm-eaten beams, and hats and handkerchiefs are waved before the revered effigy.

The "*Man-God*" is extended upon the infamous cross, become by his death the symbol of redemption. As faithful narrators we feel ourselves compelled to describe minutely the features of this image, and if any irreverent expression escapes us, unaccustomed as we are to the phrases it is necessary to employ, the fault is in the inflexibility of the French language, and not in our orthodoxy, which, thank God, is sufficiently sound to bear the test of councils, and defy the fire of the stake, if councils and stakes still existed.

Since Charles V. sent from Cadiz by a galley this venerated image, no profane pencil has retouched its primitive colour. Time, dust, the smoke of incense and of tapers, and the irreverence of the flies, have combined to change its once brilliant colour into a kind of violet red. The blood with which it was literally sprinkled from head to foot has acquired by age the tint of bitumen, so that the skin of the crucified Saviour looks like that of a panther. From the sculptor's point of view it is a block of oak scarcely hewn into shape, a barbarous and almost hideous form, reminding one both of the Hindoo idol and the classic *écorché*. This Christ, in place of the traditional drapery, wears a petticoat of English lace fastened round its hips by a ribbon, and descending half-way down its legs. The thorns of the three-spined acacia which form its crown are imitated in precious stones of fabulous value. The nails which fasten the image to the

eross are emeralds from Panama three inches long, and the lips of the wound made in the side by the spear of Longinus are defined by balass-rubies larger than gray peas. The hair, which is lifted and blown by the wind, is black and of extraordinary length. Before adorning the head of the Redeemer it embellished for a long time that of a sinful girl, who died prematurely from the effeet of the wild orgies in whieh she indulged. The father of this Magdalene, an officer of police whom I knew, but refrain from naming, himself eut the hair from his dead daughter and sent it as a gift to the ehapter of the Cathedral, as much to redeem the faults of the poor girl and open for her the gates of heaven, as to replace the old hair of the "Christ of Earthquakes," whieh the worms, who respeet nothing, had ignominiously eaten away in patehes.

This Christ, the sight of whieh inspired a sentiment of repulsion and almost of terror, was earried on a litter of silver by thirty eholos without shoes, with disordered hair, and their elothes in rags. It was surrounded by a great number of burning wax-lights. Invisible springs or wheels eommunieated a nervous movement to all its limbs, and made them eontinually tremble. It bears by metonymy the name of *Señor de los Temblores,* and proteets the faithful on the oeurrenee of earthquakes.

Its exit from the Cathedral is the signal of the departure of the proeession. The bearers of the images defile in suecession. Every five minutes the men who bear the litter of the Virgin stop and face about, that the Holy Mother may assure herself that her well-beloved Son has not abandoned her. Following the Christ of Earthquakes, eomes the dais of the holy saerament surrounded by the eeclesiastieal notabilities and the eivil and military authorities of Cuzeo. The four orders of monks—blue, white, blaek, and gray—form a double hedge to the eortége, and elose the mareh. A swarm of beguines, like birds of night, press upon the steps of the monks. A sea of people roll in upon the proeession behind the beguines, to the great disgust of the latter, who turn round with an irritated air, and interrupt their ehant of *Pange lingua gloriosi,* to treat those of their troublesome followers who press too close upon them with sueh epithets as *fils de chien* and *masque du diable!*

As often as the proeession skirts the walls of a house and passes near a balcony, basketfuls of the petals of the *ñuccho* are emptied upon the Lord of Earthquakes, eovering his shoulders with a purple stream. The *buffoons,* the *dancers,* the *deer,* and other masqueraders, previously deseribed, who have been to refresh themselves in the neighbouring eabarets, reappear, and play their anties round the saered litters, shaking their fists at the images and questioning or apostrophizing them with hideous grimaees. As the proeession advanees into the interior of the city the enthusiasm increases, and, spreading through the masses, reaets upon the most indifferent spirits. The sight of this "Christ," trembling like one just eome out of iey water, draws cries from the beholders which are heard above the normal diapason. Hoarse with shouting, the voiees of the crowd would soon die in their throats if brandy were not at hand to sharpen its ring. Among the Indians of both sexes, who snatch from eaeh others' hands the jug or the bottle, it seems to be a trial of strength who can shout the longest and hardest whilst shaking their fists at the pious effigy.

Soon this crowd, unable to control the religious and bacchic frenzy which possesses



PROCESSION OF THE LOR



OF EARTHQUAKES AT CUZCO.

it, rushes as one man upon the bearers of the litter of Christ, who bend under their burden. They seize them in their arms, grapple them by their hair, tear their clothes and shirts to rags, every one in his turn wanting to bear the litter, or only to touch the wood, believing that simple contact with it will earn for the sinner a remission of ten years of sin. But the Indians charged with this precious burden, having no doubt sins enough to expiate, repulse energetically the proffered assistance, and ward off the attacks made upon them by blows with the open hand or the fist, and even by kicks and bites. All this cannot be expected to go on for long without something serious resulting. The partial fight soon resolves into a general struggle, and furious blows are exchanged as the crowd sways to and fro, mingled with which are heard howls of pain and imprecations of rage.

In this conflict, which the indigenous spectators both lay and religious find perfectly apropos to the occasion, and which astonishes not a little the stranger, the image of the crucified Redeemer rolls and pitches like a ship in a tempestuous sea, and often totters on its litter though it never falls, supported as it is on every side by the surging mass of human heads and shoulders. It is a saying here—that as the Lord of Earthquakes *mueve mucho nunca cae* (is much shaken but never falls), so heresies disturb without overthrowing the foundation-stone of Christianity.

While the Indians and cholos dispute for the honour of bearing the litter, their women throw into the face of Christ handfuls of the flowers of the *ñuccho*, which they collect again from under the feet of the combatants at the risk of being crushed. These blossoms of the sage, sanctified by contact with the "Man-God," and done up in paper bags, are afterwards used in infusions, and possess, say these thrifty housewives, the sudorific properties of borage and elder (*Sambucus nigra*). The procession, retarded at every step by incidents of this kind, takes two hours to traverse the Great Square, the Calle de San Juan de Dios, the Square of San Francisco, and the Calle du Marquis —an ordinary ten minutes' walk.

At six o'clock the sacred litters have returned into the square of the Cathedral. The gates, which had been closed during the march of the procession, are opened again to the ringing of bells and explosions of howitzers. San Blas, San Benito, San Cristoval, and San José disappear in the gloom of the interior, and the gates of the church are closed upon them. There the Virgin and the Christ remain face to face, and the bearers of the two images perform a pantomime, the subject of which is a question of precedence between the Holy Mother and her Divine Son. The question is which of the two shall yield the *pas* to the other. After repeated hesitations and demonstrations, the Virgin decides to go in first. Arrived under the porch she is in the act of turning round to assure herself that Christ is following, when the gate of the church, which had opened to give her passage, suddenly closes behind her and she is separated from her Son. The representation of the religious drama must be carried out to the end. After the *epitasis* and the *catastasis*, comes the indispensable catastrophe.

The Christ of Earthquakes is alone outside the gates of the Cathedral, surrounded with 10,000 Indians, who question him in the local idiom. "*Where are you going?*" they cry to him from every side; "*stay with us; do not leave thy children!*" The bearers

of the litter cause the image to move from left to right, and *vice versa*, by way of replying to the faithful; the answer to these exclamations is understood to be in the negative. "*Ingrate! a God without bowels!*" the crowd again exclaims, weeping hot tears. "*You mean then to leave us till next year?*" The image of Christ makes an affirmative sign. "*Ah well, go then!*" roars with one voice the immense multitude. The central gate is half opened, the bearers of the image seem as if they would slip in, but the crowd presses upon them, and again the door is shut. After some minutes passed in this strange contest, both leaves of the grand entrance are folded back and the litter of Christ is borne into the church as by a tumultuous billow of human heads. The despair of the crowd then breaks out in a final crescendo: the women utter piercing cries and tear their hair; the men howl and tear their clothes; the children, frightened by the grief of their parents, cry pitiably; and the dogs take part in the fray by furiously barking.

Ten minutes later these noisy demonstrations of grief are extinguished in one immense roar of laughter. Fires are kindled in front of the Cathedral; chicha and brandy run in streams; guitars strike up, dances are organized, and when Aurora, with her rosy fingers, opens the gates of the East, she finds our good Indians lying dead drunk among their extinguished fires and empty bottles. The fête of the *Señor de los Temblores* is ended.

As our review of ancient and modern Cuzco is ended also, we will at once mount the mule which our Indian guide has brought and harnessed while the reader has been amusing himself with these strange scenes, and leaving behind us the old capital of the Incas, never to return, set off in a north-easterly direction, cross for the last time the chain of the Andes, descend their eastern slopes, and enter upon the unknown country we have proposed to visit.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 107850460